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WILL THERE BE WAR WITH MEXICO?

THIS question which has been in every mouth for months past, and which, during the last week or two, has seemed so near an affirmative solution, is still—while these pages are passing through the press—unresolved. The cloud indeed has gathered blackness, and all looks as though the bolt were about to fall, but it has not fallen.

Nevertheless, the preparations on the part of the United States for a warlike issue to the controversy pending with Mexico continue; the land and the naval forces have been concentrated on and around the Gulf of Mexico, and the public ear is daily saluted with some new fact or rumor about "the war." In this way men's minds are gradually habituated to look at, and even to look for, the occurrence of so untoward and calamitous an event as war, almost as an indifferent, and altogether as an unavoidable, proceeding.

Entertaining far other views ourselves—and wholly persuaded that all wars are fraught with crime, are dangerous to Liberty, and necessarily tend to the subversion of those institutions upon which our political and social fabrics rest—and that no war can be justifiable which is not, in its origin, strictly defensive; we propose—ere yet the trumpets have sounded, and the battle is joined—while, indeed, there is yet a hope that the battle may *not* be joined—to call the attention of our readers to the course pursued by the

President of the United States in this matter.

The project of annexing Texas to the United States, when first openly avowed and propounded by the late President, was at once met on the part of Mexico, by the official declaration of her minister resident here, that such a measure, if consummated, would be regarded by his Government as tantamount to a declaration of war. The friends of Annexation, however, persisted; and they were specially zealous to show, that this menace or warning on the part of Mexico was merely idle talk, that no just cause of war could arise from Annexation, because it was an arrangement between two nations, both independent, as we ourselves had recognized Texas to be—and that the claim of Mexico, in the face of that recognition and of like recognition by the chief nations of Europe, still, to treat Texas as a revolted colony, was too preposterous, to be admitted as a serious element in the considerations which ought to govern the course of this country.

It was on the other hand argued by those who were averse to Annexation—at least in the shape, and at the time, proposed by Mr. Tyler—that Mexico, in such a matter, was the judge of her own rights and her own remedies—that her people were proverbially tenacious of territory—and that there were circumstances connected with the revolution of Texas, which rendered the Mexicans

particularly sensitive to the measure now proposed by the United States. Hence, it was insisted that the warning by her minister was probably in good faith, and not mere bravado—and, therefore, it were better to postpone the measure of Annexation—to make it a matter of future negotiation, as well with Mexico, as with Texas, and thus to avert the possibility of war.

These wise and moderate councils were overruled—by what means and appliances it does not lie in our way now to consider—and Congress made haste to consummate Annexation, as a pacific measure! refusing to listen to the warnings of those who foreshadowed war as its inevitable consequences—and breaking up without making any provision even for the contingency of warlike demonstrations on the part of Mexico.

General ALMONTE, the minister of Mexico, as soon as the joint resolutions for annexation had received the sanction of the President, in conformity with his instructions and with his previous notification, closed his mission with a protest against the course of the United States, and withdrew from this country.

A step so decisive, although it had been distinctly announced in advance, occasioned for a time as much panic in our principal cities, as though it were wholly unexpected—and anxious eyes awaited the arrival of each successive vessel from Vera Cruz in order to ascertain what Mexico had done, or was likely to do. As week after week however passed on without bringing any declaration of war, and without any other decisive manifestation of a hostile purpose on the part of Mexico, the public mind in the commercial cities began to be reassured—the stock-market, that unerring political thermometer, regained its firmness and activity—and but for the notes of warning sounded now and then by a few journals still distrustful of the delusive calm, annexation and its consequences of apprehended war, would have been almost forgotten.

But suddenly in the midst of this calm, came rumors of extensive preparations for an expedition by land and by sea, of naval and military forces of the United States, to Texas and the Gulf of Mexico. Long antecedent to the sanction given by the Congress of Texas to the joint resolutions of annexation, orders had been issued, as has since appeared, for the transportation of a considerable portion

of our small army to the sea-board, to the end that they might be thence conveyed to Texas; while the second regiment of dragoons proceeded thither overland; and when both the Congress of Texas and the Convention of the people, called to deliberate upon the adoption of the joint resolutions, had given their assent thereto, Gen. Taylor, with a force of 1500 regulars, (which has since been increased to 4000,) was ordered at once to proceed to the Western boundary of Texas, and a large naval squadron was concentrated in the Gulf, under the command of Commodore Conner.

All this has been done on the sole responsibility of the President, without the certainty, and, so far as yet appears, without any great probability of an immediate and sustained attempt on the part of Mexico, to invade Texas or annoy the commerce of the United States. In this point of view, and considered in the light of impartial reason, the whole movement looks much more like one of aggression than of defence—more in the nature of a defiance to Mexico, a throwing down of the gauntlet, than of a reluctant and imperative preparation against impending attack.

This character of defiance rather than of defence seems to be still more clearly indicated by the fact that Gen. Taylor has been ordered to take post in that portion of what is claimed as Texas lying west of the *Nueces* River, and between it and the *Rio Grande*. This is emphatically disputed territory, which, for the most part, has been subject to Mexico, constituting (that part where Gen. Taylor is supposed now to be) a portion of the department of *Tamaulipas*—and which never has been in the occupancy, or subject to the efficient control, of Texas, although claimed by its laws, as within its territorial limits.

Within this region—this *Mesopotamia*, if we may so call it—Texas has not, and we believe, never had, a military post; while Mexico actually has, and long has had such posts there—small, indeed, but as distinctly marking sovereignty as larger posts could.

Now, for any purposes strictly defensive, it was wholly unnecessary to take this forward position in a disputed territory; and admitting—for the sake of argument, and for that only—that the President might justifiably order troops into Texas within the *Nueces*, it seems too clear to admit of dispute, that his

ordering them beyond that river was a taunting aggression, calculated to arouse into activity resentments which otherwise might have remained inert, though smouldering.

Finally, the orders which, it is understood, have been given to the Commanding General—to *respect any Mexican posts he might find east of the Rio Grande, but at the same time to prevent the strengthening of these posts by reinforcements, and generally to resist the passage of any Mexican troops across that river*,—seem deliberately calculated to cut short all discussion of boundary—to treat Mexico as already a conquered country, and, like the barbarian Brennus, to cast a sword into the scale with the exclamation of—*Væ victis!*

In such a state of facts, it is essential to inquire, and it would be a failure in duty on our part not to inquire, into the authority, if any, under which the President has exercised the high and perilous power of thus sending the troops of the United States to occupy a country, beyond the limits of the United States, and a portion of which is known to be in the occupation and garrisoned by the troops, of a country with which we are at peace.

The Constitution of the United States reserves to Congress the exclusive power of declaring war.

The President, by the Constitution, is "Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the United States, and of the militia when called into the service of the United States," and in pursuance of a law of Congress, passed in conformity with the Constitution, he is authorized to call the militia into actual service; in these contingencies, "to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasion."

The President is also bound by the Constitution "to take care that the laws be faithfully executed."

In these provisions are included all the questions arising in the inquiry we are now pursuing.

Congress, as we have already seen, adjourned without providing for the contingency of war, as consequent upon annexation. So far from appearing to apprehend, or to foresee war, they did actually reduce the ordinary estimates for the service of the army and navy, as though fewer, instead of more extended, calls upon those arms were likely to be needed.

On a former occasion, under the admin-

istration of Mr. Van Buren, when our relations with Great Britain were assuming an aspect that suggested—much more remotely, surely, than in this case of annexation—the possibility of hostile movements, during the recess of Congress—a discretionary power was by law vested in the President to raise both men and money to meet any such demonstration. Nothing of the sort was attempted, or suggested in the last Congress. On the contrary, as has been already said, every apprehension of war was studiously scouted by those who most urgently pressed the measure of annexation, and neither the President nor his confidential friends, asked for, or intimated a desire to obtain, such a mark of confidence as that awarded to President Van Buren. Yet before the distant members of Congress had reached their constituencies, we heard of rumors of movements of the regular forces—of great activity in our naval arsenals and dock-yards, and very soon these rumors took a consistent shape, and were embodied in orders from the Executive Department, for the assembling of a large naval force in the Gulf of Mexico, and for the march or transportation of a considerable military force to Texas. To the naval movement no objection could be made, either on the grounds of the Constitution or policy—for the sea is the highway of nations, open to all, and subjugated or controlled by none. As a wise precautionary measure, therefore, the reinforcing our squadrons in the Gulf could but be applauded, since it put us in position to defend our own rights, without previous violation of any rights, real or asserted, of others.

But far different was the movement of troops into Texas—a country not yet incorporated into the Union—over which our laws do not extend, and where, therefore, the provision requiring the President to take care that the laws of the United States be executed could not have any application.

The sole ground upon which the President's conduct is defended, is, that for the purpose of safety and defence from any attack by Mexico, induced by the measure of annexation, Texas, after accepting the joint resolution, must virtually be deemed part and parcel of our country; and that the President has the same right to protect it from invasion that he has with respect to any one of the existing States of the Union.

No one pretends that Texas and the

United States are in fact one—no one undertakes to show any law which makes them one—no one denies that the union of the two is simply inchoate, and that for its perfection the farther action of the Congress of the United States, as well as of the Convention of Texas, is required; and yet it is contended that there exists on our part such a degree of implied faith to defend Texas, and such a high and overwhelming necessity, as to override all constitutional objections, and supply all constitutional defects, and therefore that the President was bound to take the responsibility of prompt action.

The whole assumption seems to us alike false and disingenuous: disingenuous, because those who now ostentatiously put forth these apprehensions of invasion, were loud and earnest in their efforts to persuade Congress that nothing warlike was to be anticipated from Annexation; and false, because no such overwhelming necessity exists, or can be made to appear, as is invoked to justify the President. Moreover, on the ground of implied faith to Texas, that if assailed because of her assent to Annexation, she should be defended by us—giving to that argument all the weight to which an appeal to plighted faith is always entitled, we still maintain that there was ample time to consult Congress as to the mode in which this faith should be vindicated, and that to Congress, and not to the Executive, it belongs to determine such a question.

It is now three months, or more, since the first orders for preparing the movement of troops for Texas were issued: one month more than, according to usage, was requisite for convening Congress. It is to be assumed as certain that these orders were only issued upon such information as warranted a reasonable presumption that Mexico meditated an invasion. The same information would have warranted the call of an extra session of Congress—a proceeding so obviously proper under the Constitution, and which would not, and should not, have delayed any preparations that, within the compass of his lawful authority, the Executive might have judged it expedient to make. If, then, instead of proceeding to determine, and to direct, the whole matter by his own mere mandate, the President had convened Congress, and on their assembling had laid before them, in secret session if necessary, the motives and the information under which he had called

them together, and apprised them of the preparations he had made in advance of their assembling, to enable them to proceed promptly and vigorously in meeting the emergency, he would have acted up to the letter and spirit of his oath, and have shown a true regard for the Constitution of the country which has honored him with its Chief Magistracy. By such a course, all exercise of doubtful authority would have been avoided, all necessity for "taking the responsibility" have been done away; and the destinies of the country would have been committed, in the perilous issue of peace or war, to the hands where alone the country ever desired or designed that such an issue should be committed—those of the Representatives of the people and of the States, in Congress assembled. If, when they met, Congress had deliberately voted that Texas should be occupied and defended by American troops, the nation would have gone with them; for to Congress it belongs, as all know, to determine such questions.

Mr. Polk and his advisers have decided otherwise. Deeming their authority and themselves sufficient for the emergency, and willing possibly to escape the trammels upon their hot haste which a deliberating Congress might impose, they have taken the responsibility, and have so exercised it, as at once to violate the Constitution, and provoke a foreign war. We utter this with some confidence, because, if we have succeeded in showing that there was ample time for convening Congress, and consequently that there was no such overwhelming necessity as is assumed, we have demolished the only argument upon which the extraordinary exercise of power by the President is defended, and leave him open to the full force of the charge of violating the Constitution, by virtually assuming to wage war.

To send U. S. troops into any part of Texas, when Mexico had, as yet, made no demonstration for its re-conquest, seemed very much in the nature of a provocation or challenge to Mexico to come on; but to send them specially to that part of the territory which is in dispute, and which, even if the offer of Mexico to recognize the independence of Texas had been accepted by the latter, would not, without negotiation and compromise, have been included within its limits, seems the very wantonness of bravado.

If it were insulting to Mexico, it was not less derogatory to the Congress of the United States, which passed the joint resolutions of Annexation; for, by those resolutions, the "adjustment of all questions of boundary that may arise with other governments," is reserved expressly for "this government"—which, in this connection, can only mean the President and Senate—in other words, the treaty-making power.

We are quite aware that it is unpopular to seem to oppose the course of the Administration, when arrayed against that of a foreign nation; and we are not now to learn how easy and how profitable it is for designing demagogues to cover up their own lack of honesty and real patriotism, by imputing to their opponents an un-American feeling, and a disposition to take sides with the foreigner against their own country. But we are not to be turned from our path of duty by any such artifices. In standing for the Constitution, we are the true friend, and those who would nullify some of its most precious provisions, are the worst enemies, of the country; and we have no fear, when the people come to see the whole ground, that they will make any mistake as to who are, and who are not, disinterested and patriotic.

Nor, because we thus expose and condemn the usurpation of the Executive, are we to be set down as maintaining that Texas, if attacked on our account, is not to be defended by our arms. We admit, as fully as any of the most earnest advocates of this *quasi* Executive war, that Texas is entitled to look to us for protection; but it is Congress, and not the President, that must order and provide for this protection; and the difference between us and Mr. Polk simply is, that we would accomplish Constitutionally, and by the lawful and appointed means—for resort to which there was ample time—the same end which the Executive, under an unfounded plea of an overruling necessity, seeks to accomplish unlawfully.

That war, under either exercise of authority, may be the issue, is lamentably too true; but the chance of such a disastrous result would have been diminished, if Congress, instead of the President, had given direction to the affair; because that direction would not, as now, have been influenced by personal considerations—by the promptings of vanity, or the child-like delight of little men, in playing, as

with a bauble, at the fearful game of War.

And here the question naturally arises—has the executive, or have his advisers, shown themselves to be at all aware of the entailed consequences which go to make this a war in earnest. The tone of the government official at Washington is exceedingly mysterious and equivocal. Sometimes it would have it appear, that war is certainly to come—that great efforts are making on the part of Mexico to make it effective: at other times, it presents the whole agitation as a very slight affair—quite preposterous as a cause of alarm. Other Journals of the party in power assume the same vacillating course—now representing a war with Mexico as an issue to be expected, in truth, rather desirable—now styling her hostile demonstrations "a flash in the pan," and hinting that the utmost issue will be the quiet bringing in of foreign intervention. From this contradictory course of things it is idle to draw conclusions. One, however, of two alternative opinions, must be adopted. Either the most lamentable ignorance of many pregnant matters prevails at Washington, and the President is blindly determined upon hurrying the nation into a war, in the weak hope, that his own insignificance may be hid behind its smoke and glare, and in still weaker unconsciousness and disregard of the terrible elements he is agitating—or else through that "cunning Iago"—"the Organ"—he is playing a game of such profound subtlety as requires that not only the Public abroad should be deceived, but even our own here at home kept studiously hoodwinked. Of extraordinary subtlety, no one could be found to accuse either Mr. Polk, or Mr. Ritchie, or the Cabinet advisers of this Administration. We must then look for them on the side of ignorance, weakness, and most willful presumption.

The one-idea and incapable men who have led this Texas agitation have shown themselves unable to perceive more than a single object or conclusion at a time. By a mental illumination, as sudden as it was novel, the astonishing truth was revealed to them, that the idea of acquisition and conquest always had, and would, prove an attractive one to the Anglo-Norman instincts of our race. Acting upon this original discovery, with the uncalculating eagerness of all discoverers, they have made haste to ripen affairs, that by the aspect of things abroad,

and the presentation of a glittering lure to the minds of men, the country might be interested in the movements of an otherwise objectless and inefficient government. Their course has had the appearance of great boldness:—a clear eye discerns in it nothing but the most indefensible rashness.

They have rushed upon danger simply because they are incapable of recognising it as DANGEROUS! All in the perspective appears to them, as they would have it appear—promising a healthy popular excitement and a possible continuance in power. But the victim once in view—the hue and cry raised—the smell of blood on the gale—how we ask, and at what point in the red pursuit, shall the hounds of war be brought back to the leash? All enlightened opinions have long since condemned the purpose and spirit of war, and have been laboring to elevate the masses into an atmosphere of milder and more genial virtues. But our people were born a soldiery and the amelioration of "Progress" has not yet succeeded in tempering the stern metal of their humors. And here we have the spectacle of a Party—which has always identified itself with the most ultra-lunatic vagaries of "human perfectibility," which, in its zeal for social reformation, would crush the fruit that its canker might be reached—rousing the lower and most savage impulses of the reckless into madness, to subvert its cherished possession of sovereignty and the "spoils." Within a few days, a leading Administration paper in this city—the conductor of which ever professes himself strong in "human sympathies," refuses to lend countenance to *any* "shedding of blood," nay, pleads a piteous mercy for "unfortunate crime"—has been seen throwing out suggestions, hints, respecting the rich treasures, and the glory, that await some new Cortez and his rapacious followers in the ancient city of Montezuma! And what is to be thought of this audacious charlatanism, still presuming to arrogate to itself the title of "The Enlightened Progress-party." Yes! your "progress" is likely to be sadly enough "enlightened" by the blaze of churches and cities on your way to the plains of Mexico—your spiritual and moral elevation to be materially heightened amid the excesses of the murderous "sack," or brutal carouse around your camp fires,—your cant motto of "the world is governed too much," to be aptly illustrated by the

wild license of *Condottieri* bands, drunk with rapine—swarming over the land from the Red River to Panama—and in the almost inevitable violation of international laws, which *may* bring on a general war—deluge our Northern Frontier with violence and blood—wake along our Atlantic coast the thunders of foreign cannon—bring down upon our Western Borders the hoarded retribution of numerous savage tribes, remembering their wrongs—and through the whole extent of the South let loose the horrors of a servile war.

We prophesy nothing. We must not be so understood. The event of all things is happily in the hands of a Power higher than the present Chief Executive. But who, we ask again, can take it upon him to say, what devastation, however great, *may not* follow the opening of such a flood-gate as a war with any acknowledged independent nation of Christendom? That the suggestions we have presented are not the mere vagaries of an alarmist—that the Party in power are blindly and *ignorantly* doing "they know not what!"—for there has been even more of the fool than the knave displayed in all this—we believe can be easily shown. Can anybody with cool sense—can even the President himself—doubt for one instant that if this war be once commenced, there will soon be eager and rapid advances on the cities of Mexico? Has it not been actually the set and assigned duty of his party, for a long time past, to inflame the excitable imaginations of an impulsive People, by continually presenting the thrilling image of vast and easy acquisition; familiarizing them with visions of boundless empire—of extraordinary and sudden wealth; until now they have come to look upon these profitable dreams as actualities in the future, and to demand their realization of those who have so tempted them, since they have been placed in power. It is the voice of this demand before which Mr. Polk with his Cabinet is vacillating; and in his eagerness to meet the popular expectation, he has transcended his power, outraged the Constitution and his oath, and has assumed a "responsibility," from the mountainous crushing fall of which, it may be found, his own insignificance will escape annihilation only by crouching between the fragments! It is crediting *even him* with too much simplicity to suppose he does not understand, that when once an

army, of *such* volunteers as will flock to the frontiers of Texas, have heard the roll of drums to the charge, and the battle-cry of "Vengeance for Goliath! Vengeance for the Alamo!" shouted in their van, they will be controlled by his or any other power "given under heaven" into pausing this side of the city of Mexico. This is the precise result looked forward to in all the inflammatory tactics of this new phase of Loco-focoism. Its leaders have seen the desperate alternative either of precipitating the people into the delirium of a war of conquest, *glory* and plunder, or of submitting to the rule of a just and deliberate policy, which would turn their "rods" into ashes!

The people on the Atlantic sea-board are entirely ignorant of the powerful elements that exist in the Western and Southwestern States for the commencement and fierce prosecution of such a scheme. But Mr. Polk and Mr. Walker know, as well as any other men who have lived in the Mississippi Valley since the time of Burr, that the seeds of a yearning for easy conquests and the magnificence of a Southern Empire—scattered far and wide by his skillful hand—have rooted and flourished in the hearts of thousands—that by the half-revealed legends of their Fathers the present generation were exactly prepared for the reception of the congenial and insidious incentives they could offer. They know that all along the Western borders—in every straggling village—among the half-formed settlements—and away over the prairies, and hunting wild game among the Rocky Mountains—are great numbers of bold and restless spirits, men gathered out of all the orderly and civilized portions of society as its most turbulent members, and ready for any movement that can minister to their reckless manner of life and love of danger and of change. They know as well, too, that these fiery men, once with arms in their hands, and the *excuse* of an enemy before them, will not be balked in the attempt to realize this familiar romance, and satisfy this spirit of enterprise to the utmost. And is this mad and wretched Faction prepared for *all* the results? Do they not know that Mexico would hardly have presumed upon hostile demonstrations except under assurances of foreign support? That the occupancy of Mexican provinces by our troops will be the signal for the *open* interference of England? That England holds already two

entire provinces, as well as most of the valuable mines of Mexico, in mortgage, for sums advanced to her Revolutionary Presidents (Santa Anna, in particular),—and from mercenary as well as possible motives, can never be disposed to surrender those regions to us, or see them greatly encroached upon? Have we not had sufficient demonstration of the inquisitive determination of the British Government to interfere in this affair lately, to put us on our guard? But these things are unworthy of regard. A possible war with Great Britain is set aside as the vague and absurd conjuration of an excited fancy! Let this be so. We have truths to present more tangible and certain.

The Government has studiously endeavored to represent this war as involving only *our* (*alias* the Texan) right to the territory in question—leaving out of view entirely the Indian claim to the same territory. Of course the Indian, though an original, is an obsolete claim, and nothing could be more offensive to the eyes of Loco-foco-Texanism than the assertion of it. We do not propose to assert anything other than *facts*, however unpleasant they may chance to be to "the Democracy." The Texans wrested their territory first, foot by foot, from the coast tribes; as they advanced into the interior, tribe after tribe went down before them in their westward march, even to Bexar or San Antonio. Here Texas politicians were baffled. The country westward to the mountains was in the hands of the Comanches, and this country must be obtained at whatever risk! A convention of the chiefs was called, to meet at San Antonio. They came, in good faith, with their squaws and children, to meet the Pale-faces. What was the result? Like wild beasts in a pen, they were slaughtered, man, woman and child, with one or two exceptions, in the square of Bexar! and the exceptions were those who lived in spite of bullets. And these are the people we are to treat amicably with, and who, to use the language of a late correspondent of the Union, "are not so very formidable!" It is by the publication of such documents that the Administration are trying to blind the eyes of the people. This person, who has evidently been on the ground, endeavors to make it appear that in the event of a war, these savage tribes are to be regarded as comparatively insignificant.

We claim to know something about that region of the world ourselves, and we say that no assertion from a party claiming personal knowledge of the facts could be more willfully false than this. So far from being true, the Comanches are the most numerous and relentless of the savage foes with whom we have been compelled to dispute our territory, and in the event of their being furnished with arms, must prove altogether the most formidable! As yet, they have few guns amongst them, and their principal weapons are the lance and bow; but they have become accustomed to fire-arms of every kind (particularly since the Texan Santa Fé expedition), and are peculiarly sagacious and expert in availing themselves of any improvements in the art of war which may fall in their way. To superficial observers—such as the correspondent of the Union—they appear to be cowardly, from the fact that they are wise enough to know the inferiority of their own weapons, and keep cautiously out of range of those of the Americans. Like all people whose trade is war, they know the value of a warrior, and do not willfully risk the loss of one. In all the heroic virtues and energies of the savage, no people ever existed superior to them. Their tactics are exceedingly subtle; they prefer the Parthian mode of flying fight, and are wonderfully quick in their manœuvres. So far as activity and skill in horsemanship are concerned, they are the best cavalry the world has ever seen, not excepting the Mameluke, and they are mounted on horses of the same strain, the genealogy of which is as carefully guarded as by any Nomad of Sahara. They are, in a word, the Arabs of the West; mounted on horses of the same blood, of the same unconquerable game and speed, and are possessed of far more of vindictive ferocity than characterizes their Oriental brothers. They number from fifteen to twenty thousand warriors! Since the massacre at San Antonio, they have been righteously the sworn and uncompromising foes of our race. They have lost all faith in us, and never can be propitiated again—at least, many years must intervene before they will regain confidence. On their swift and untiring horses, they can sweep down from the valleys among the spurs of the Rocky Mountains, devastate the lowlands, and retreat to their fastnesses with impunity. It will always be an accident when our horsemen succeed in overtaking them.

They require nothing but arms to make them fearfully formidable.

In case of a war, how long will it be before arms are placed in their hands? The same potent gold which is arming Mexico will arm the Comanches! The same policy which edged the tomahawk in the last war, will make itself felt on our western border. It must not be forgotten, also, that in many of those tribes—whom we have ousted by legislation and otherwise from their native rights—we are to look for uncompromising enmity. The fact is not to be disregarded, that of the fragmented tribes—the Chicasaws, Cherokees, Seminoles, &c., comprising some thirty thousand warriors, who have been concentrated upon our frontier, between the Red and Missouri rivers—we may, at a moment, find the greater part our enemies. Is it to be supposed, for an instant, that these people will hesitate, when arms and vengeance are presented to them? These tribes are accustomed to the rifle, and here we have the fearful spectacle of many thousand foes upon our frontier, who constitute an infantry, man to man, equal to ours, and liable at any time to be reinforced by an armed cavalry superior to ours, and numbering from fifteen to twenty thousand. That Great Britain might furnish the arms necessary to make these hordes so formidable is too apparent. This is an infamous mode of warfare, of which England has before given us examples. We know no reason why we are to expect anything better in the present case. Twenty or forty thousand muskets, with munitions, will be a trifling expense compared with the mischief an equal number of warriors such as these could do us, and if this mischief can be done by indirect means what guaranty is there that it will not be done? And if England should shrink from such a course, Mexico would not. That the government organ should have thrown out such a statement with regard to the insignificance of these tribes, and backed it by a commentary of its own in the same spirit, is entirely consistent with the mingled recklessness and ignorance characterizing the whole policy which has involved us in this peril. We must not be understood as supposing that the late rumors may not end in smoke. That a war with Mexico, growing out of the consummation of Annexation must eventually occur, we have never hesitated to believe; and that all, and more than the

consequences we have hastily depicted may follow whenever such an issue is made, we consider equally certain; but whether the *present* is the crisis, farther developments must show. In any event our nation has been disgraced. If there be no war, it will not have been the fault of our government, for all its policy has aimed at this result. If a collision should occur—if a single gun be fired by our troops upon the frontiers of Mexico, and a drop of blood be spilt, a disastrous war can hardly fail to be the consequence, and the nation will have to deplore in blood and tears the infatuation which placed a rash and incapable creature of accident in the seat of Executive power—to the exclusion of an experienced, profound, and energetic genius.

Unhappily—most unhappily, as we have before said—the temper of the times, and of the country encourages the rashness of the government. There is a yearning for excitement, a desire of change—a restlessness—to which the prospect of war and its chances is soothing. Generations have been born and have perished since the sound of arms was heard within our borders. The active men of this day know of war only as a brilliant phantom, which shone across the path of their fathers. The memory of its valiant deeds, its high and stirring adventures, its perilous encounters and escapes, survives—and passes in many a glowing story from mouth to mouth—but the miseries which it inflicts, the crimes it encourages and rewards, the mangled limbs and unburied corpses of the battlefield, the bleeding hearts of distant and bereaved households, the smiling face of the land marred by the hand of desolation, towns and cities given to the flames, and the inhabitants to the sword, or worse than that, to the unbridled lusts of a brutal soldiery—these are forgotten or disregarded, and men, otherwise and ordinarily considerate, seem eager to rush into the fray. Witness the recent alacrity at New Orleans to seize

upon an unauthorized requisition by General Gaines—the pressure upon the War Department, chronicled by the official paper as so creditable, and so chivalrous, for army appointments—the ostentatiously paraded tenders of service by volunteer companies in different cities—and the general acquiescence, almost amounting to approbation, with which the prospect of a war is received. Party, too, is mingling with it, and men are to be hurried along the path of destruction under the pain of party denunciation. The truth so emphatically and justly enunciated more than a year ago by the Albany Argus, that “wars undertaken for the extension of dominion exalt the leaders and managers, while they crush the people,” has lost its force even for the journal which uttered it, and which now is foremost in the war halloo!

It were easy for us to fall in with the general tendency, and thus to gain the cheap popularity of professing patriotism. We prefer the rougher path of duty, and feel that we better discharge our obligations to country and to God, by exposing and reproving the unlawful Executive acts which seem to invite war,—when by adherence to the Constitution that war might be averted—than by any stereotyped phrases of flattery about the high spirit and valor of our countrymen. We have no half-way expressions of dissent, or hesitating condemnation of war:—in a just contest we shall never be found wanting; but we look upon it, when undertaken for selfish purposes, as one of the greatest evils that can afflict, as one of the greatest crimes that can degrade, a country.

And yet, if it must come, we hold undoubtingly to the policy of putting forth our strength to bring it to a prompt and prosperous issue—adopting for our country the sentiment expressed by Lord Wellington respecting England, and with which we close these remarks, that THE UNITED STATES MUST NOT MAKE A LITTLE WAR.

EXTRACT FROM THE "JOURNAL OF A WHALE CRUISER."

[We have to regret our want of space to give the opening of the chapter into which we have dipped—for our pleasant and faithful narrator has furnished, in his introduction, a carefully elaborated topography of N'Gooja; which it appears, is, in common with all Arab towns, remarkable for the narrowness of the streets, and for its division into several sections, inhabited by distinct classes. The name of each of these sections, (which is given,) expresses some peculiarity of local tradition, character, and nationality of its inhabitants, or of the principal article of trade. The singular location of the town itself, and the physical causes which render its harbor the only secure one on the Island, are described with great distinctness, carrying with it a pleasing interest, apart from the more substantial merit of being the only accurate account we have of this curious Island. We have thought it would better contribute to interest our readers, and exhibit what is evidently one of the chief purposes of the sketches, to give what space we have to the extracts below. In this our author has set forth with manly and indignant earnestness the murderous wrongs to which they who "go down to the sea in ships" are subjected in these "barbarous Isles," from the carelessness of Christian governments, and more particularly our own, in their Consular arrangements. This will meet the sympathy of all right-minded, men and we hope the continued exposure of such enormous abuses may have the effect of turning the eyes of Executive power upon them. We are pleased to hear that these sketches will probably be issued entire, in book form.]

To the narrowness of the streets, and the vitiated state of the atmosphere, from the want of a free circulation, is to be attributed in a great measure the frightful extent to which fevers prevail in this place. In the interior of the island, the wonderful density of the vegetation is a prolific source of disease. Take the climate generally, its deleterious effects are much more fatal than the few white residents in Zanzibar will admit. Short as my stay has been, I have witnessed many melancholy proofs of its dreadful fatality. In some of the preceding pages I have given an account of the shipwreck of the brig *Bogota*, of New Bedford, commanded by Captain Fuller, which occurred on a coral reef near the island of Monfia. The captain, with three or four hands, brought the vessel, with its damaged cargo, into the port of Zanzibar. Ten of the crew, under the command of the chief mate, abandoned her on the reef, and made their escape with the whale-boats and several nautical instruments, to the coast. It was more than ten days after the arrival of the *Bogota*, before we heard from them, and the natural conclusion was that they had all been massacred by the natives. About the 5th of June, however, a dow came in containing eight of the crew, and the mate—one of their number having died on the coast. They had landed in several places near Monfia, but were so barbarously treated by the natives that they were compelled to keep off shore. In this way they coasted down for three or four days, till they ar-

rived at a settlement where there happened to be two Banyans, agents for Jeram Bin Seera, who kindly provided them with a dow to reach Zanzibar. Six of them were prostrated with fever, and the remaining two were quite emaciated. Within a week or two the whole of the *Bogota's* crew—the stout and hearty as well as the sick—with the exception of one who had come from the coast, and two who had assisted in getting the vessel into port, were buried on the little island in the bay! Day after day I saw these brave fellows struggle in the agonies of death. A gasp, a convulsive shudder, a hurried word of remembrance to those at home, and all was over—their race was run. Their bodies were sewn up in a coarse shroud of cotton cloth, and carried over to the receptacle for foreigners, where they were hastily thrown into a sand-hole, and covered. I had seen these unfortunate men but a few months before at Johanna, in all the strength and vigor of manhood.

Scarcely an hour in the day passes, that I do not hear the wild, mournful funeral wail of the natives. Of the white residents who have become acclimated, about two-thirds are laboring under slow fevers, which gradually consume their vitals. A boat's crew of six men, who deserted from a whaler at Johanna, and arrived here in perfect health about a week ago, are prostrated to a man. The Hindoos, Banyans and Parsees, though accustomed to a warm climate, are carried off in great numbers. Out of fifty who

take up their residence in Zanzibar, not more than twenty live to return to their native country. And yet it is stated by writers who have visited the island, that it is by no means an unhealthy place. At this time the S. W. monsoon prevails, and it is considered the healthiest part of the year. I certainly cannot regard a climate as healthy, when, at such a favorable season of the year, out of thirty or forty white persons, transient visitors and residents, more than half of them were carried off by fevers within a few weeks, and not more than eight or ten free of fever. It is certain death to a white person to sleep a single night in the open air, or even under the shelter of a bamboo house at one of the *shambas*, or interior plantations. This has been tested by sad experience. How many vessels have lost the best portion of their crews, by suffering them to sleep a single night on shore, it is impossible to compute, but the number is enormous.

A melancholy instance of the fatality of the climate is deeply engraved upon my memory. An American whaler had hauled into port to repair her keel, which had sustained some damage on a coral reef off the southern point of Johanna. She was stranded on the beach opposite the English Consul's during the first spring-tide, and the men were obliged to turn out in the night to work upon her. One of the crew, a Scotchman, was kicked by the captain for not obeying the call with sufficient promptness. The same night, or the next, this man, with two of his shipmates, who had been severely treated during the voyage, escaped from the vessel, and concealed themselves in the town. In a few days the two last-mentioned returned to duty. After the vessel sailed the Scotchman came from his hiding-place. Day after day, I saw him wandering about the streets sick and destitute, without the power to relieve him. Far from feeling any sympathy for him, the white traders turned him from their doors with threats of imprisonment in the fort. The natives, fearing the displeasure of the sultan if they did not follow the humane example of the whites, kicked him out of their houses; and for more than two weeks he had neither shelter nor medical aid, nor, as far as I could learn, any food, except what he could beg from the female slaves when their masters were absent, or occasionally a scrap of bread from Captain Fuller's men, who had been wrecked, and were them-

selves in great distress. My own situation was so precarious, that it was only by stealth I dared to speak to him, for I knew the penalty of being caught aiding or befriending a deserter; nor was it in my power to relieve his distress, even if this were not the case. Early one morning, I heard that a man was found dead on the beach, and that he still lay there. I went down, and was shocked to see the body of the poor Scotchman stretched upon the sand, with his face down and his eyes and nostrils covered with sand. A more heart-rending sight I never witnessed. Such a death! far away from his native land, with no kind mother's hand to press his fevered brow, nor sister to pass the cup to his burning lips—no brother to whisper words of encouragement—no

“—— Silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hours,
And sunless riches from affection's deep,”

to rob death of its horrors, and sooth his last hours. The tide had swept up partially over him, and his light hair was matted with sea-weeds and water. His muscles were frightfully distorted, as if in all the agonies of a miserable death. A crowd of natives stood around the body, jeering at the barbarity of *Christians*. I did not understand sufficient of the language to gather the meaning of all they said, but Mr Fabeus, the Consul's clerk, kindly acted as interpreter, and from him I learned that the general inquiry was: “Is this the way Christians do in your country? When a man does wrong, do they suffer him to die in the streets? Do they drive him from their own doors to beg from people of another *caste*? And when he dies, do they pitch him into the sand, as the white people do here, and say no prayer over him? Better be Mahometan than Christian, if Christians do so. You say yours is the only good and true religion. Where is the good? We see all bad. Mahomet teaches us to be good to other men of our *caste*; you do evil. Better have no religion at all if it teach you to do evil. First you treat men of your own caste like dogs, let them die like dogs, and then bury them like dogs. When you die, where will you go?” This was unanswerable. It is perfectly useless to tell Mahometans that in America these disgraceful proceedings are not quite so common. They naturally believe what they see, and form

their opinions from it, in preference to giving credence to what they are told.

The unfortunate sailor, after such a miserable death, might at least have been decently buried; for it is not an uncommon feature in civilization, to be very kind when it is too late to benefit the object. But how was this poor fellow buried? After a comfortable breakfast, the whites tumbled him into a brig's launch, and had him taken over to a little island in the bay, by a set of half-naked slaves, without a soul to see him properly laid in the ground; and God knows whether they buried him at all or not. Of one thing I am certain, and can prove it by the Captain who lent the launch, that they *robbed the body of the few rags that covered it!* If this be introducing civilization into savage lands, I trust I shall remain uncivilized all the days of my life, for I protest against being considered one of that class, who could, while professing Christianity, shamefully neglect a fellow-creature while living, and treat him as a brute when dead.

With sickness and death staring me in the face wherever I went, and the consciousness of having a constitution less strong than any of those whom I had seen carried off by fever, it was not strange that I should feel depressed in mind. The fate of those who had fallen victims to this dreadful disease—the prospect of being the next to be buried on a desert island,* ten thousand miles from home, a stranger and uncared for, threw a gloom over my spirits that at times bordered on despair.

The fact that the entire crew of the *Bogota*, the brig which had been wrecked near Monfia, and the three men who had deserted from the *Bruce*, the boat's crew from *Johanna*, and all who had been more than two weeks ashore, had been stricken down with the fever, left me but little hope of escape; and I knew too well the horrors of death in a place where a man who has had the misfortune to be a common seafarer is considered no better, living or dead, than a dog.

There are few means of beguiling one's time in Zanzibar. From nine o'clock in the morning to four or five in the evening the heat of the sun is intense. Exposure to its rays is fatal. Consequently, all that time must be spent in the house. Those ceremonies and peculiarities of character

and costume, which at first interest a stranger, soon become monotonous. The streets are too narrow and dirty to be pleasant places of resort; the Bazaar is generally crowded with Souhelian slaves and their sluggish Arab masters, trading, quarreling or gambling; the beach, from Bunganee to Melinda, is a place of public deposit for all the filth of the town, and is often strewn with the dead bodies of slaves in the last stage of corruption. Go where you will within the limits of the town, and a sickening stench from decayed vegetable and animal matter, rendered peculiarly offensive from the intense heat of the climate, fills the atmosphere. The gaunt forms of men, rotting with fever, leprosy, and ulcers, are seen staggering from street to street, begging a morsel of food to prolong their sufferings; slaves crawling about on their knees and hands, in the condition, and bearing the appearance of brutes; half-naked skeletons tottering about with sunken eyes, maimed by the cruelty of their owners, and unsightly from disease.

The most disgusting part of the town is Banyan street, where the Banyans chiefly reside. From daylight in the morning till breakfast time, the Banyans may be seen squatted down at their doors, with their long black pigtailed streaming over their shoulders, and their clothes wrapped around them in a slovenly manner, busily engaged brushing their teeth with pieces of wood, which they dip in their snuff-boxes and make use of as brushes. The whole street is a complete puddle of saliva, and of course is very offensive. As there are no canoes convenient, it behoves the by-passer to keep in soundings, or, like a fly in a glue-pot, he may find swimming rather a violent exercise in so substantial an element. Although remarkably clean in their persons, the Banyans are an extremely disgusting people in some of their customs.

No doubt, the indolent habits of the natives, their filthiness of person, their sensual indulgences, and the piles of decayed vegetable matter in the streets, tend as much to the production of disease as the climate. That disease prevails, however, and to a fearful extent, admits of no question; but from the very nature of the country, low, flat, abounding in marshes, within a few leagues of the

* The Mahometans will not suffer white people to be buried on the Island of Zanzibar. All who die in port are carried over to a little sand-island in the bay.

deadly coast of Africa, and under a scorching tropical sun, it could not be otherwise than unhealthy.

Foreigners have resided at Zanzibar for years, without experiencing much apparent inconvenience, after becoming acclimated; yet this has been rather the result of increased care than the good effects of the climate. Every white person with whom I became acquainted while there, had suffered attacks of the fever, which required much care, and rendered him more susceptible of fevers, from exposure to the sun, or from cold, than he originally was. It is a singular fact, that I never knew a man who would acknowledge a sickly climate affected *his* constitution, though his sunken eye and sallow complexion proved the presence of disease. Every man seems to consider himself, by a special law of nature, exempt from the ills of the flesh which befall his fellow-creatures. The few who reside at Zanzibar will not allow that the climate is at all deleterious, but attribute the fatality attending those who visit the island, entirely to imprudence. That in many, perhaps in most cases, imprudence is the chief cause of disease, cannot be denied. Imprudence, generally the result of ignorance of the climate, can hardly be attributed to those who have resided there any length of time, and experienced its baneful effects; and I think the assertion, in regard to its healthiness, is sufficiently contradicted by their pallid faces and broken constitutions.

One of the most inhuman practices that ever fell under my observation, is that of imprisoning sailors in the fort. In such a climate as that of Zanzibar, it is positive murder, and that too, of the most cruel and nefarious character. The external appearance of the fort is that of a ruin, patched up by unskillful architects. Like nearly all the buildings in Zanzibar, its prominent characteristic is a loathsome smell. The walls are actually piles of filth, being thoroughly saturated with the drawings of dirt-buckets from the port-holes and windows. Unsightly as it is externally, the interior is still more disgusting. In the large square, formed by the four great walls and the towers at each corner, are a few miserable sheds, built of bamboo, and thatched with leaves of the cocoanut tree. These sheds emit an insufferable smell, from their extreme squalor and filth, and abound with vermin. The lazy sentinels, who have charge of the

castle, never think of cleansing their own disgusting persons, much less the place they lie in. There is no other shelter for prisoners than these miserable sheds, and they are so poorly constructed as to admit the night-dews, which are even more fatal than rains, or the burning rays of the sun. As a protection against the inclemency of the weather, they amount to nothing at all. With nothing to keep the inmates from the damp earth, not a single article of furniture being allowed them, and no comfort whatever to preserve health, these sheds answer but one purpose—to hurry the unfortunate wretch, who is immured in them, out of existence. Dead men occasion but little trouble. It is a sure and expeditious way to get rid of sailors, slaves, and others of that class, to immure them in His Highness's castle. A week will do for a man of ordinary constitution—tougher ones require two or three. Some, in a healthy season, have stood it a month; but these were mutinous sailors, who had a great deal of presumption, and deserved severe punishment for not dying immediately, according to the established rules of the place,—as all docile and well-disposed sailors should do. It is a piece of unpardonable audacity for a sailor to hold out a month. Prisoners of this class are not aware of the trouble they give their superior authorities by such conduct. I would suggest, as an improvement to the accommodations of the fort, the propriety of erecting a whipping-post in the middle of the square. Sailors, who have the presumption to live after the usual time allotted to them, could then be brought to a due sense of their ingratitude and moral depravity. A sound flogging every morning for a week, would no doubt effect the main object of their imprisonment—the gratification of arbitrary power, and the glorious pleasures of triumph over stupidity and obstinacy. There are some flagrant instances of this moral depravity on the part of sailors, recorded in the log-books of vessels which have visited Zanzibar. I shall only mention one; for I dislike exceedingly to impugn the characteristic “benevolence” of whaling captains.

In 1838, (if I am not mistaken,) a whaler came into port under the command of Captain N——, with the crew in a mutinous state. The cause, as I learned it, was this. During the voyage, the men had taken up all that was due

to them, in slops, at the usual exorbitant prices. The consequence was, when there should have been a handsome sum coming to them for their labor, they were either in debt or had nothing. This naturally caused them to take less interest in the success of the voyage, than they would have taken, had their earnings been withheld till the proper time, and what clothing they actually needed, sold them at an honest price. The Captain was a drunkard, quarreled with his officers, and made a practice of using profane language to the men, and flogging them without the slightest justification. This created discontent. When they arrived at Zanzibar, nine of them refused duty, and complained of the brutal manner in which they had been treated. Consuls seem to consider that there is but one course for them to pursue in cases of this kind;—to have a trial, hear all the Captain says, turn a deaf ear to all complaints from the men, and put them in prison. This may be the law—I will not dispute it. Captain N——'s men were sent in irons to His Highness's fort, and the vessel proceeded on a short cruise. In a few weeks she returned. Meantime, several of the men, who doubtless felt too grateful for the treatment they had received, to violate the established laws of nature, were sufficiently sensible of their obligations to die in great agony of body and distress of mind. The others took the fever. Whether they eventually recovered or not, I was unable to learn. However, they were taken on duty again, to enter upon another hard year's cruise, for the benefit of their owners—a piece of magnanimity unparalleled in the archives of this fort. I do not adduce this to reflect upon the conduct of Captain N——. Every Consul and ship-owner in the country will admit that he did *his* duty. The crew refused duty—they were tried, found guilty and put in prison. A number of them happened to die. Whose fault was it? The fault of the fort and the climate, of course. I merely relate it as a singular and striking instance of stubbornness on the part of sailors.

I have it from the best authority that *two-thirds* of the white men imprisoned in this fort, fall victims to the fever. Whether the offenses, of which they are presumed to be guilty, are in all cases criminal or not, or whether the offenders deserve death for every breach of duty, it is not my province to determine; but I must be permitted to say, I am not aware of any law, English or American, which provides that seamen shall, for offenses of *any kind whatever*, be immured in a prison, where death is inevitable. As I am but little versed in law, however, it may be that upon certain legal principles unknown to me, this particular species of murder is justifiable. If so, I devoutly trust, that as Christianity progresses in our country—as the march of improvement teaches us expedition, our government will see fit, in its magnanimity, to transmute the punishment for all these petty infringements of marine law, to immediate death. By practicing at rifle-shooting, our agents or Consuls would soon become expert enough to shoot sailors down scientifically, the moment one of these imposing trials is over. This will save a vast deal of vexation and trouble on their part, and be much more humane than the present plan of subjecting the poor wretches to death by torture. I would not be understood as casting reflections upon either the British or American Consul, now at Zanzibar. In justice to our Consul, Mr. Waters, I should state that he invariably represents to seamen the condition of the fort, when it devolves upon him to imprison them, and urges them to return to duty.* The laws of their country, or the customary rules in foreign countries, are conceived imperatively to compel them to make use of the fort. It is the only prison the place at present affords, and it is, no doubt, in their conception of their duty, that this detestable practice is pursued. But what law can require or justify inhumanity so disgraceful, crime so foul, barbarity so fiendish? I ask for information. I do not dispute the existence of such a law. I have been told the duties of Consuls are strictly defined in this particular—that they do not trans-

* I should be sorry to be understood as imputing to the American Consul dereliction of duty towards our seamen. He has certain powers vested in him, as an Agent of the Government, and cannot transcend them. Mr. Waters, the present incumbent, very humanely assisted me in my endeavors to procure my discharge from the Bruce; and, during my sojourn on the island, treated me with great kindness and hospitality. My strictures are intended to apply to the system—not to persons.

end them in punishing mutinous seamen by imprisoning them in the *best prison the place affords*. Vessels of war, from England and America, have visited Zanzibar. Its resources have been described—its advantages as a place of commercial resort, descanted upon. If then, with the knowledge of such an evil, this system of murder is officially sanctioned, humanity should prompt the ruling power to vest in its representative or agent, the privilege of shortening, in any convenient manner, the cruel tortures to which these prisoners are now subjected. Let it not be said, at this enlightened period, that a new Inquisition has sprung up. Let it not be said that while we are sending out missionaries to civilize barbarous nations, we are exhibiting a most detestable barbarism ourselves. The remark of Eymerie, the Dominican, that it is a great consolation to suffer justly for a crime, is very probably true. Apply it to the present case. Would it not be rather too late for a man to call upon his country, *after dying of a fever*, to state that his accommodations were bad while in prison, and that by some slight error of judgment, as to the culpable party, he had suffered unjustly? I am inclined to think redress would avail him but little, then. The punishment of death, in my opinion, should not be left at the discretion of Captains or Consuls. Even where the life at stake is *only* that of a sailor, he ought, according to the principles of our Constitution, to be entitled to equal privileges with the landman.

The Sultan, in the plenitude of his generosity towards America and England, had a fine house built for the accommodation of mariners. It was to be furnished in the European style, and to answer all the purposes of a sailor's home. His Highness intended having an American physician attached to the establishment, to take charge of the sick and disabled, at his own expense. The whole design was excellent—nothing could be better; but His Highness has omitted one important feature in the plan—to put it in execution. One of his sons, Syed Hallal, occupies the house. Whether it will ever be made use of as a hospital or sailor's home, it is impossible to say.

In most parts of the world where Consuls are stationed, accommodations are provided for the sick and destitute mariners, who are cast upon their hands.

Here, the greatest misfortune a shipwrecked mariner can sustain, is to be rescued from the perils of the sea. A fate far less preferable awaits him. There are no accommodations, fit for a white man, to be had. He must, in many instances, find such shelter as an old storehouse, or such lodgings as the natives may feel disposed to let him have. Indifferent lodgings, in such a climate, are the most productive causes of fever. It is no wonder that disease soon fastens upon him. What is his condition then? There is no hospital, where he can find rest and care—no physician in the place—no medicine to be had, unless some of his kind countrymen choose to spare him a little; and above all, he is destitute of those necessities, and that care and attention, which tend to promote recovery as much as medicine or professional skill. The result is that, in perhaps five cases out of six, these shipwrecked and distressed mariners, who by misfortune are cast ashore on the island of Zanzibar, fall victims to disease.

I have seen so much barbarity towards the sick here—so brutal a disregard for human life—so much selfishness and cupidity—that my blood runs cold to think of the number of valuable lives that have been willfully and purposely sacrificed, to avoid trouble and expense. Great God! Are such evils to be countenanced by American freemen! Must men, who, from choice or necessity, follow seafaring for a livelihood, who minister to all our luxuries and comforts at home, by their daring intrepidity, be treated like dumb brutes? Must a poor sailor, who has had the misfortune to be cast ashore, be browbeaten, scorned and neglected, when sickness and destitution come upon him; and for no other reason than because he is a sailor, who cannot make any direct return for the trouble and expense? Americans! will you suffer this? I have pointed out the evil—apply the remedy.

For the benefit of seamen, I shall say a word or two on the best means of avoiding fevers and other diseases which prevail on the island.

Previous to entering port, the stomach should be cleansed by an emetic, and the blood cooled by some gentle aperient, such as salts. Undue exposure to the sun is fatal. Too much sleep in this climate enervates and relaxes the muscular system, and renders the stomach more susceptible of fevers. Seven hours out of

the twenty-four are amply sufficient. All exciting liquors and strong food should be avoided. The French are less subject to fevers in this climate than the Americans or English, because they make use of lighter food, and their mode of cooking is better adapted to health. In our vessels, a large quantity of grease is used in almost every mess for the men. This is calculated to promote bile, and assist in the production of fever. Horsburgh cautions mariners against drinking the water fresh from the Motoney, and recommends them to make use of that which has been in the casks on board the ship for some time, in preference to any other. I have known a very fatal form of dysentery to be brought on by using this water. The stream is supplied, in a great measure, by the heavy dews in the interior of the Island. These dews are formed by noxious exhalations from vegetable matter, and contain a large amount of poison. The poisonous particles settle down or adhere to the cask, after letting the water stand a sufficient length of time, which accounts for the fact that it becomes quite wholesome in a few weeks.

Curry, a favorite article of food with the Arabs, is considered by physicians, very wholesome, and when properly prepared, with chicken, or fowl of any kind, it is an extremely palatable dish. When prepared for use, it resembles mustard, and has a pungent taste, without the exciting properties of that seed. It is most frequently used with rice. From my own experience, I regard it as the best food that can be used—being light, nutritious, and easily digested.

Fruits should be very sparingly eaten. In a tropical climate, there is perhaps no cause of fever so productive as an imprudent indulgence in this article of food. The cheapness and abundance of the most delicious tropical fruits are almost irresistible temptations to the seafarer who for months has whetted his appetite on hard biscuit and salt-junk; but it should be borne in mind that sickness and death are too often the penalties of indulgence. The pine-apple is the most dangerous of all tropical fruits. I have known two or three cases in which valuable lives were lost by even a moderate use of the pine-apple, in consequence of drinking the juice of cocoa-nut after it; and several cases of death caused by the

pine-apple alone. It possesses dangerous chemical properties, which, by contact with certain acids in the stomach, produce the most baneful results. A mixture of the pine-apple with the milk of the cocoa-nut is almost invariably fatal. This fact is so little known, that in many cases death seizes the victim without any apparent cause. The cocoa-nut is also a fruit that should be avoided. Travelers have enthusiastically described it as a most wholesome and nutritious fruit, but this is fiction. It is not only indigestible, but from its strong, oily properties, peculiarly calculated to vitiate the blood and promote fevers. The chief cause of the disgusting cutaneous eruptions, ulcers, cancers, sores, &c., so prevalent among the natives, is the free use which they make of the cocoa-nut. Plantains and bananas, when eaten sparingly, are easily digested, and may be used without any serious consequences. Undue indulgence in them, however, is apt to produce acidity in the stomach, dysentery, and fevers. Oranges are less objectionable than any of the tropical fruits yet mentioned. Care should be taken to avoid eating the small species called the China orange. It is very unwholesome. The danger is perhaps more in the quantity of oranges eaten than the quality. Charlottes, melons, guavas, and mangoes, are not unwholesome when prudently eaten, but as a general rule it is better to avoid them entirely than run the risk of being tempted to over-indulgence. The same rule may be applied to all tropical fruits. In the United States, where these fruits are dear, and are only eaten in small quantities, they seldom produce fatal consequences; but here they are within reach of all, and in the greatest abundance, and being peculiarly delicious from their freshness, are eaten with less moderation. Besides, many articles of food may be made use of in a temperate climate with impunity, which are almost absolute poison in a very warm climate. Febrile action is promoted by the heat; which enervates, and renders the body more susceptible of disease. The digestive powers are less vigorous, and the muscular system relaxed. Disease is more easily engendered. It would be better, therefore, to avoid fruit of every kind, where there is any fear of yielding to over-indulgence.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE.*

THE government of these United States has been called an experiment. There was certainly some novelty, and much boldness in the enterprise. Ancient republics had been overturned, and systems of a widely different character had been built upon their ruins. Little encouragement was found for the attempt in previous examples or existing models. The particular effort has been denounced for its rashness, scorned for its anticipated failure, and applauded, pitied, or condemned according to the temper of the foreign inquirer, for having thrown discredit upon a series of attempts to maintain free institutions, of which it is supposed that this will be the last. Should these predictions be verified, and these reproaches be confirmed, the result will perhaps be owing, not so much to a want of merit in the thing itself, as to a deficiency in the means supplied for fair experiment. While simplicity is a beauty, rudeness, which is *exaggerated* simplicity, is a defect. A people, abstractly speaking, and without allusion to ourselves, may be freer than freedom, and thereby may run into licentiousness. They may want some subordinate but indispensable requisites for prosperous self-government, while they are in possession of all the rest, and thus may practically fail in accomplishing ends which their main design and general arrangements are calculated to fulfil. They who expect that nations may be made happy, in an Utopian sense, either by a particular form of government, or by the mode in which it is administered—in other words, that human nature becomes perfect by a prudent modification or faithful execution of a body of laws, or by both combined—will surely be disappointed. Not less so will be those who believe that any plan of national polity can be wise or just that would exclude from its composition ingredients, which universal experience has proved to be necessary. Men, as Iago says, are but men. They

must be treated, ministered to, provided for and governed as such. Whatever may be their situation, something more than food and rest is required for their well-being and prolonged mortal existence. In like manner, something is required in their political, social and moral union, besides treaties of commerce, boundary, amity and alliance, to preserve their foreign relations; and divisions of department, levies of revenue, and punishment of crimes, to complete internal organization, prosperity, improvement, security and permanent repose. Now, it may well be that this superadded something is occasionally, and for a season dispensed with; or, at least, that the actual use of it is deferred, without positive suffering on the one hand, and without proving it to be immaterial on the other. Analogy here, too, is not wanting to our bodily condition. An infant's wants may be entirely satisfied by sleep and food. Maturity and manhood cannot be nourished with the milk of babes.

In taking a seemingly distant start from our real object, we have not for a moment lost sight of the productions at the head of our article, or of the ends which they have in view. A National Institute is not a mere national embellishment. It would sadly misrepresent its true character, and fatally interfere with the accomplishment of its designs so to describe it, if by embellishment be intended something distinct from usefulness. Ornaments are frequently nothing else than ornaments. True taste avails itself with reluctance of their assistance, on any occasion, in that narrow sense. If, according to the Greek writers, utility be the source of beauty, genuine ornament and practical use are inseparable companions. A ring at the nose of an Indian warrior presents to our sophisticated views, no substantial purpose, and it is probably in his rude judgment decorative merely. His rattling wampum pouch,

* Third Bulletin of the Proceedings of the National Institute, for the promotion of Science, &c. Also Proceedings of the Meeting of April, 1844. Washington: Printed by William L. Force. 1845.

The Annual Address delivered before the National Institute, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, January 15, 1845. By Levi Woodbury. Washington: J. and G. S. Gideon, Printers. 1845.

though a source of no less pride as an article of embellishment, serves him as a place of deposit for powerful elements of war; and his calumet is both tranquilizing to an excited nervous sensibility, and emblematic of the peace which it commemorates. The uses of a National Institute, if a distinction may be drawn, are far more important and striking than its ornamental qualities, numerous as the latter may be. It is calculated to fill the vacuum, otherwise incident to a confederated republic, which wants the usual facilities in its frame of government, which other national sovereignties possess, for the encouragement and promotion of science and the arts. It was a happy thought of the framers of the Constitution to provide for setting apart for exclusive Federal Legislation, a portion however small, of the vast territory embraced within the limits of the Union. While responsibility was withdrawn from each particular State to a certain extent, and jealousy among the States would be confined to generous emulation, if applied to objects belonging to them as such, the general government would assume the power and prerogatives of universal sovereignty without conflict with coexisting sovereignties equally supreme. Most of the objects of Federal supremacy are compatible with the domestic supremacy of each individual commonwealth. Each may exercise its allotted powers in harmony with the other. They are of a character so definite as to be in little danger of clashing. But exclusive jurisdiction exists in the general government in one small spot: and the States which everywhere else have cautiously reserved to themselves, by omitting to concede a long catalogue of attributes, with all the developments which time and subsequent events might unfold, have, in that one spot conceded all that could be taken without enumeration or reserve. Unless Federal authority can supply the wants and necessities of an intelligent people thus confided to its especial care, it is obvious that their condition must be in all respects deplorable, and the selected position of a nation's happiest and proudest exertions becomes a barren and a blighted waste. If it can, the effect is not limited to the narrow space allotted as a seat of government. The good seed planted in the ten miles square, will produce fruit for every corner of the land. Exercising jurisdiction only in the district of Columbia; looking to an establish-

ment whose roots are planted immovably there, the general government will not infringe a hair's breadth upon reserved rights, which will be sacredly and literally respected and observed. We close this preliminary matter with a reference to one or two not inappropriate illustrations of the advantage of government protection towards objects of the nature we are contemplating, and of the beneficent ends which they are competent to accomplish. In the year 1529, when Florence was taken, and the infuriated soldiers entered the monastery of the Salvi, they were so struck with the picture of the Last Supper, by Andrea del Sarto, that they felt an indescribable awe, and retired without committing any violence. An inaugural address of Professor Lieber, delivered at the college of South Carolina, contains a relation of the following circumstance, which he styles a precious gem to the student of history:—"When the city of Leyden, in common with all the Low Countries, had fought through the bloodiest and perhaps the noblest struggle for liberty on record, the great and good William of Orange offered her immunity from taxes that she might recover from her bitter sufferings, and be rewarded for the important services which she had rendered to the sacred cause. Leyden, however, declined the offer, and asked for nothing but the privilege of erecting a University within her walls, as the best reward for more than human endurance and perseverance." An Institution of a national character for the promotion of education, science and the arts, was a favorite object of the patriotism of Gen. Washington. His sentiments, and the frequent and recorded expression of them, were founded not merely in a regret at seeing the youth of these United States sent to foreign countries for education, whereby they contract "too frequently, not only habits of dissipation and extravagance, but principles unfriendly to republican government and to the true and genuine liberties of mankind." It was his "ardent wish to see a plan devised on a liberal scale, which would have a tendency to spread systematic ideas through all parts of this rising empire, thereby to do away local attachments and State prejudices." His view extended to education in a central position in all the branches of polite literature, in the arts and sciences, to the formation of friendships in juvenile years, to a freedom from local prejudices and habitual jealous-

sies, which, when carried to excess, he regarded as never-failing sources of disquietude to the public mind, and pregnant with mischievous consequences to the country.

"The National Institution," as appears by the introductory remarks of the first "Bulletin," "was organized at the seat of Government on the 15th May, 1840." Its objects, according to the same paper, "are to promote science and the useful arts, and to establish a National Museum of Natural History," &c. &c. With such declared designs its importance can readily be perceived. We shall perform no unacceptable service in tracing briefly its course from this beginning—in pointing out some of the individuals who have given it efficient aid—in explaining the character of its wants and possessions—and in accounting, if we can, for the strange and startling fact that with every promise and prospect of utility, more than five years have elapsed without the attainment of an existence sufficiently firm to defy apprehensions of a want of permanency, and without a fair fulfilment of all the reasonable expectations of its friends.

It was an auspicious opening that found associated with itself individuals of abilities, activity, public spirit and liberality. While the effort was purely private—that is, sustained by no government assistance, promise or preliminary movement of any kind—it contemplated from an early moment countenance from the national councils, and furtherance from the national funds. The birth-place was one created by the government. Its inhabitants, one and all, were either engaged in public duties, or attracted to a residence on the spot by objects and motives connected with public persons or public affairs. The first director was the Secretary of War; a gentleman who derived the least important share of his qualifications from his connection with the Cabinet; who had laid a deep foundation of taste and accomplishment in liberal education, cultivated taste and extensive foreign travel. Other members of the Administration brought to the design large contributions of official influence and personal merit, while officers of the army and navy, and others, of scientific habits and general accomplishments gave cheerful and efficient support to the undertaking. Departments were soon organized. These were so subdivided as to embrace the various branches

of science and the arts, in their most recent developments, and they were filled with a view to the utmost energy in each. They consisted of departments—of geology and mineralogy—of chemistry—of the application of science to the arts—of literature and the fine arts—of natural history—of agriculture—of astronomy—of American history and antiquities—and of geography and natural philosophy. To these was afterwards added, at the suggestion of Mr. Pickering, of Boston, a "department of natural and political sciences." These departments are susceptible of an expansiveness that may embrace the whole world of science, that, according to the antithesis of an Irish orator, may discover the cause of blight in an ear of corn, or a new fixed star. Like the nine Muses, which have continued, with occasional local assistance, to exercise dominion over knowledge in all its diversity and details, though they have long since ceased to dwell upon Parnassus, or to quaff the limpid waters of Helicon, the nine departments of the "National Institution" will probably meet all the wants of this portion of the scientific world for at least a century.

At an early meeting they were officially requested to collect, without delay, "all reports made by committees of Congress, and by Executive officers of the government, illustrating the geography, history, geology, manufactures, commerce, &c., of the United States." This was a measure of obvious propriety. It was one of no less importance. Stores of information are contained in these reports, not derived essentially, or even chiefly, from the persons by whom they are immediately made, but from the authentic materials which compose the subjects, and the statistical, political and even financial investigations by which they are accompanied. A single illustration will suffice. An examination was made by Professor Walter R. Johnson and Dr. King, under the direction of the Navy Department, of the various coals which abound in the country. The analysis was pushed probably to the utmost limits which labor and abilities, directed by profound and accurate science, could attain. Mere individual researches could not easily have been carried so far. A voluminous report embodies the result, and it has been printed by order of Congress. If this valuable document partake of the fate of many of a similar charac-

ter, it will be found, after a brief period, with diligent search, on an uppermost shelf of the "document room," or it may be furnished as an almost sealed book to the Members of Congress amidst crowds of less significant matter; but it will scarcely be accessible to a tithe of those who are interested in the perusal. If displayed among the appropriate archives of the Institute, and thence diffused and detailed through minds, and pens and lips that might become its heralds, incalculable good would be the effect. The argument may be pressed a little farther. If the superintendence and responsibility of these experiments, instead of resting with a Secretary of the Navy always burdened with a load of direct duty, were reposed in a scientific institution, equally with himself an organ of the government, the labors of the scientific investigators would be lightened, and their calculations, retaining all the virtue of individual talent, would assume the authenticity of combined learning, experience and dignity.

We may notice here another object, not long since smuggled into existence, which prolific of useful purposes as it is likely to become, would greatly expand in power to do good, if it were part of a greater scheme of science to which it should minister, and by which it would be benefited in return. We allude to a national observatory now in operation at the seat of government with excellent instruments, and most of the appliances for observations of the heavenly bodies. Astronomical ephemerides will be here annually produced which will enable the navigators of our own military and mercantile marine to keep their path securely upon the ocean in patriotic reliance upon the calculations of their countrymen.

At an early day the attractiveness of an Institute was manifested in the liberal donations of those who felt an interest in it. Possessors of valuable specimens of the rich productions of art or nature must feel that no tenure can be more precarious than that which depends upon individual health and unchanging pursuits; while permanence is secured by public care of interesting objects, and masses of them in one vast depository afford opportunities for comparison and deduction which could not attend separate or smaller collections, however costly to the proprietor. The philosophic student attains the great end of his inquiries by having before him an epitome of uni-

versal discovery in the particular sphere. All are effectively his own. He contributes a mite towards a complete and perfect mass when he yields the gatherings of his own store, and he is rewarded for his liberality in the enjoyment of united excellence and familiarity with its instructive details. Collections of objects of scientific interest furnish farther and greater usefulness, in multiplying particular specimens which can without sacrifice or loss be exchanged. Different depositories are thus supplied; and each philosopher in his own cabinet observes, and judges and compares, only to be gratified with a confirmation of his deductions, or a correction of his errors, in the exercise of similar observation, judgment and comparison elsewhere.

Among the early contributors it gives us pleasure to notice as a distinguished exemplar, the amiable lady of the "first director," who exhibited in her gifts both taste and munificence. The names of other fair donors are from time to time recorded. A tradition of the "Grand Conseil" of the ancient city of Malines in Belgium, runs thus: The conqueror of Francis the First having obtained a decree from this Tribunal against the rebellious inhabitants of Ghent, doubted whether the judges had not been influenced more by his imperial power than a simple regard for justice, and in the midst of such reflections on the way from Malines to Brussels, he ordered his coachman to drive through a flock of sheep that were feeding in a meadow near the road. The order was executed, and some of the unhappy quadrupeds perished beneath the feet of the horses and the carriage wheels. The courtiers marveled what could be the meaning of the Emperor. The owner of the sheep demanded justice at the hands of the Prince. Obtaining no answer, he had recourse to the "Grand Conseil," and the Emperor was summoned. He appeared in person: the witnesses were heard, and the decision was postponed until the next day; but the cause of the Plaintiff appeared so clear, that the condemnation of the monarch was inevitable. It was, however, no small affair to condemn Charles the Fifth. The Counselors, ruminating on his power, and dreaming of the vindictive temper which poets ascribe to gods and heroes, were ill at ease. One of them sighed and groaned so heavily during the night that he awoke his wife. She insisted upon knowing the cause of

his distress, and having learned the alarm of the judges she gave such advice as was calculated to relieve them from their embarrassment, and which they did not hesitate to adopt as soon as they were informed of it by the happy husband. At the appointed time the Emperor appeared at the audience. He remarked with surprise that the Members of the Council were not dressed in red, black and blue gowns, according to their respective callings as judges, clergymen and men of the sword. The red and the blue gowns had disappeared, and the whole council was dressed in black. The surprise of the Emperor was great. He was struck with what was a violation of every usage, and perhaps an insult to his greatness. "What is the meaning of this costume?" exclaimed he, in anger. "Sire," answered the President, "your parliament has gone into mourning, because the law, which is stronger than their sovereign himself, obliges them this day to condemn him." The reply satisfied the monarch. He perceived at once the equity of his judges, and their respect for him. He desired to know who had suggested the idea to the Council, engaging beforehand to confer honors upon the person. When he was informed that it was a woman, he did not retract his promise. He ordered that she should thenceforth have a seat in the "Grand Conseil," and that her opinion should always be first called for. From that time, says the tradition, this custom has been preserved out of respect for the decision of Charles the Fifth. A female has at all times been among the number of the Counselors, and it is often remarked that the more ingenious decisions are pronounced by the judge in petticoats. We are somewhat surprised as gallant critics at not finding the names of ladies in the list of honorary members of the National Institute.

In the beginning of the year 1841, a public discourse was pronounced before the association by Mr. Poinsett. He chose for his theme "the objects and importance of the National Institution for the promotion of science." Much credit is due to the speaker for his well-conceived arguments and happy illustrations. They could not fail to give impulse and energy to exertions yet in their infancy; to demonstrate the natural harmony between literature and the fine arts, and the tendency of them not only to improve and refine mankind, but espe-

cially to flourish where free institutions prevail, and where liberty loves to dwell, and effectually to tranquilize any apprehensions that a doubtful power would be exercised by an establishment for the promotion of them at the seat of government of the United States. "There can be no doubt," says he, towards the close of his discourse, "that a National Institution, such as we contemplate, having at its command an observatory, a museum, containing collections of all the productions of nature, a botanic and zoological garden, and the necessary apparatus for illustrating every branch of physical science, would attract together men of learning and students from every part of our country; would open new avenues of intelligence throughout the whole of its vast extent; and would contribute largely to disseminate among the people the truths of nature and the lights of science."

It is to be regretted that the retirement of Mr. Poinsett from public life should have dissolved his personal as well as official connection with the association. It was happily begun, and an equal degree of cordiality could scarcely be expected in his successors in office who did not like himself feel the pride and attachment of a founder.

At the head of the list of "Councilors" at the very outset of the establishment we find the name of Mr. Adams, the venerable Ex-President; and it is agreeable to perceive that with his untiring zeal for the public service, and his active engagement in the councils of the country, he continues by every practical exertion to manifest his love for science. Mr. Adams is still an efficient officer of the National Institute.

Among those who exhibited an useful interest in the scheme, was the late venerable Peter S. Duponceanu, for many years President of the American Philosophical Society. With an unsurpassed zest for study, a ready pen, and a prompt spirit, Mr. Duponceanu possessed extensive learning, and had pursued especially a course of philological inquiry, of great variety and extent. His residence being at Philadelphia, he could not immediately share in the personal deliberations of the founders; but his friendly advice was always communicated. He strongly recommended the occasional publication of a printed Bulletin, to be disseminated through all the learned world, well observing that "fame, next to the con-

sciousness of doing good, is the best reward of men of science, and they love to see their names and their productions made known to the public." Old age had at this time, and long before, made visible impressions upon the bodily frame of this learned octogenarian, but he did not cease to shed vivid flashes of intellectual light upon this and other objects of a kindred character, until the close of his long and valuable life. Of these "Bulletins of the Proceedings," the first was issued in March, 1841. If we may judge by the intelligence and zeal of individual exertions, or the cordial coöperation of those who, either at home or abroad, might be expected to contribute personal efforts to the design, seldom did a more auspicious dawn appear. A second Bulletin was issued, which embraced the proceedings from March, 1841, to February, 1842. They are full of interest. Some changes were announced in the plan of organization, without any departure from the original well-conceived and patriotic design. A promotion of science was the end, and it was to be reached through the great paths of philosophical inquiry which had been marked out, and were to be, with no hesitating step, thoroughly explored.

At a stated meeting, March 8th, 1841, certain officers required by the "amended constitution" were elected, and Mr. Poinsett was chosen President. A few sentences pronounced by him in accepting the place, contain sentiments of much general value, and develop and confirm one great leading characteristic of the Institution. In pledging his efforts to promote its objects and interests, he lays down the golden maxim, "that the distinction attached to office is in proportion to the means it affords to serve our country." He proceeds to declare the peculiar and unprecedentedly diffusive nature of the Institution, pronouncing it to be the first experiment of a popular institution of science, one intended for the benefit of the people, in the administration of which it is right that they should take part. This circumstance is entitled to the deepest consideration. Establishments more or less analogous to this abroad, partake to a certain extent of the character of the government which sustains them. Here everything is connected directly with the people. They framed the constitution. They appoint directly, or through the medium of their immediate agents, every

officer of the government. They reserve checks and balances in their own hands, which not only control the operations of things as they are, but provide and perpetuate means of changing the fundamental law itself, with all the extirpating and vivifying energy of a revolution, and with none of its violence. A scientific institution, established and sustained in such an atmosphere, would naturally partake of the nature of the elements that surround it. It opens wide its doors to universal membership. No especial title is derived from position, wealth, or even mental attainments. All who appreciate the value of science, and desire to enrol their names in a long catalogue of its votaries, enjoy an opportunity to contribute to its diffusive usefulness, with no other preliminary than a respectable character in whatever may be their station.

Scientific details, studies, arrangements, collections, classifications, instructions, correspondence, are duties confided to the care of scientific men. Happily such men are found willing and able to discharge them. The fruits of their exertions are forbidden to none. A just degree of dependence upon the government, or more properly of official connection with it, is provided for in the *ex-officio* condition as directors of the different members of the Cabinet, while an equal number of directors elected by the Institution, secures an active devotion of appropriate experience and abilities and permanent attention, without accumulating labor upon those already burdened with public occupations, and without exposure to the changes which are incident to mere official residence.

As the government is substantially the owner of the various objects which are to form the treasures of the association, it matters little whether its collections are in terms granted to the directors, or merely placed in permanent deposit, with all the incidents of such an arrangement in their care. If access, control, disposition and use, be made to depend on responsible and definite judgment, an exercise of it may be either vicarious or in absolute proprietary right. At a meeting on the 14th June, 1841, a vote of thanks to the then Secretary of War, was passed for the valuable and interesting deposit of Indian portraits and curiosities, and a copy was requested, and the request promptly acceded to, of the lithographic plates and historical sketches connected with the

portraits. The "effects, books and papers," of "the Columbian Institute for the Promotion of Arts and Sciences," an association some years before formed at Washington, the charter of which expired on the 20th of May, 1838, were transferred to the cabinet of this new and more comprehensive society. By an arrangement with the Secretary of State, the collections of the National Institution were transferred to the hall of the new Patent-Office, together with objects of science sent home by the United States Exploring Expedition. Mr. F. Castle-neau, recently appointed Consul for Lima, placed in the hands of the directors a complete entomological cabinet, which was considered one of the best in France. He accompanied his liberal offer with the remark that "the *Garden of Plants* of Paris, the greatest known collection of specimens of natural history, began with means in all regards far below those possessed by our Institution."

In the beginning of the year 1842, an intercourse was opened which has been already productive of rich results, and may in the future confer immense advantages. Dr. Linn, of the United States Senate, sent to the *School of Mines*, of Paris, a specimen of oxide of iron taken from the iron mountain of Missouri. It was done at the request of Mr. Alexandre Vattemare, of that city, who had not a great while before visited Washington, and communicated to Dr. Linn, and through him to the "National Institution," the letter of Mons. Dufresnoy, "Chief Engineer and Director of the Royal School of Mines." It is declared to be the ornament of their collections. In the name of the Council of the School he returns thanks "for this magnificent specimen," which he pronounces, notwithstanding its almost gigantic dimensions, (sixty-six millimetres in diameter,) complete in all its parts. Besides its interest in a mineralogical point of view, he adds that the present of Mr. Linn is highly esteemed by them, because it commences the system of exchange which Mr. Vattemare had sought to establish between all the nations of the new and the old continents, and which he says alone can secure the completion of their collections. From the period when this correspondence took place, Mr. Vattemare seems to have devoted his intelligent and active mind to this object. He has been the means of procuring and forwarding to Washington a perpetual supply of splendid and valuable productions.

His countrymen are always on the march of improvement in the various departments of the elegant arts. Every description of magnificent engraving has been communicated. Box after box of books has come from him in unmeasured profusion. It would be endless to recapitulate the objects of his friendly contribution. They are referred to emphatically because they have especially served to set in motion that system of exchange, without which nothing can be completely deserving of the name of a collection. That Mr. Vattemare does not weary in his efforts needed no new proof. As lately as the 9th of June, 1845, he announces that he has received for the National Institute, from M. Le Brun, Peer of France, Director of the Royal Printing-office, &c., the complete collection of the *Journal des Savans*, from 1816 to 1845, twenty-nine quarto volumes, bound. "This most interesting and valuable collection," he says, "was last year granted to the National Institute at the request of M. Le Brun, by the Minister of Justice, &c. M. Le Brun has also sent to me a copy of his works, to be presented to the Institute as a token of his friendship and good wishes. From the War Department of France a complete collection of all the documents and works, illustrated with a great number of maps, &c., of the French possessions in North Africa, including the neighboring States, viz., the Empires of Morocco, Tunis, &c., published by order and under the superintendence of the Minister of War—sixteen volumes, folio, quarto, and octavo. From the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, twenty-five works on Agriculture and Commerce. From the Minister of the Interior, a beautiful collection of *bronze medals*, commemorative of national events, from 1830 to 1844 inclusive. From M. Flourens, Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, Member of the Academie Française, &c., his last two works. From M. M. Barre and Danton, sculptors, two beautiful little statues, one of the late Duc d'Orleans, the other of Miss Adelaide Kemble as Norma. From M. Picot, Member of the Academy of Fine Arts, &c., two fine engravings, taken from two of his pictures. From the Société Sericicole, (founded in 1838, for the encouragement and promotion of silk manufacturing in France,) the complete collection of its annals from its foundation to the present year—nine volumes, octavo." "All the above works, with many others, are heaped up, and

occupy so much room in my office, that I can scarcely move about in it, and this number is daily increasing." One is impressed with mingled feelings of pleasure and mortification at reading this letter, for while it thus exhibits a prolific interest in the Institute, it unfolds in the following paragraph how little is the encouragement or gratitude for his substantial friendship and zeal:

"It is a matter of great distress to me not to have it in my power to defray all the expenses of packing, of custom-house dues, commissions, and transportation from Paris to Washington, but I really cannot do it. Recollect that since 1839 to the present time, I have devoted all my time, industry and fortune, to the exclusive object of establishing an intellectual union between Europe and America; that *I have never received the slightest pecuniary assistance from my own country*; and that the first and only encouragement of that character ever vouchsafed to me was the amount of *two hundred dollars*, so generously subscribed last year by the members of the National Institute, and one hundred and fifty dollars (out of three hundred) voted by the State of Maine. For the maintenance of an agency in Paris for national literary interchanges, the State of Massachusetts, stimulated by an enlightened and patriotic spirit, voted, during the last session of its Legislature, a like most generous allocation. Were all her sister States to follow so noble an example, by voting a small sum, according to their population and their intellectual wants, a fund might easily be established, amply sufficient to cover all the expenses incurred in maintaining an United States scientific and literary agency in Paris, the benefits of which would be incalculable."

On this vital point (of exchanges) a report was made in February, 1842, by Mr. Markoe, the accomplished and indefatigable Corresponding Secretary. It exhibits the very great importance of them, as entering essentially into the plan of every society constituted like this and having like objects in view, and it shows that no occasion has been omitted to acquaint societies and individuals, whose correspondence has been sought or offered, that a system of general exchanges would be entered upon as soon as a plan should be matured. Under that assurance, and independently of it also, (it is added) valuable collections of various kinds have already been received, which render it incumbent on the directors to redeem the pledge that has been given. For this object the members are informed that they have already in hands the most abundant ma-

terials, which were increasing, and would continue to increase every day.

On the 27th of July, 1842, an act of Congress was passed, whereby the association was incorporated by the name of "The National Institute for the Promotion of Science." This charter is a meager one. It enables the corporation to hold property, with a proviso that money, goods, &c., be laid out and disposed of for its use and benefit, according to the intention of the donors or devisees. It denies power to deal or trade in the manner of a bank; it inflicts full liability to be sued; gives continuance to the charter for twenty years, and makes all its property at the time of dissolution or expiration the property of the United States. Were this a mere money-making establishment, which by way of equivalent for twenty years' gains, surrendered itself, body (and soul, too, if it were not "crowners'-quest" law that it has no soul,) and goods, into the hands of the government, the even-handed justice of the act of Congress might be discernible to a microscopic eye. As the case really is, there is no justice about it. Public-spirited individuals, without reward, assume the labor and responsibility of active service to the Republic, in a department where nothing but voluntary service of a valuable kind is likely to be had, and they are permitted not only, in homely phrase, to have their labor for their pains, but in greater liberality are vouchsafed the privilege of yielding up their all to the tender mercies of a government, which, for fifty years, has done nothing in the same career for itself. It is not intended by these remarks to suggest that a residuary proprietorship in the great corporation which makes laws is an unwise arrangement in itself. On the contrary, there are good reasons for making the nation the owner in prospect, and even in present right, of what so peculiarly becomes it to possess. All that can be done to give security and permanence to the invaluable productions of a world of genius, may thus be done usefully and even creditably to all concerned. Individual zeal may wear out or tire. Care and vigilance may cease with the health and abilities of the individuals who practice them. Safety is found in the protection of an owner not liable to these vicissitudes. The care of a nation, like that of Providence, as it has the power, so it may exercise the disposition to cherish as well as to preserve; it may give warmth and vigor to the objects of

its favor, and not coldly receive them into a reluctant superintendence, that they may languish in profitless imbecility. Whether the lapse of three years since the charter was granted by Congress has brought forth more genial influence from this high quarter, we shall endeavor presently to show.

It is worthy of remark that circulars were addressed, early in 1841, by the Corresponding Secretary, which were approved by the then Directors of the Institute, the Secretaries of War and the Navy, to no less than one hundred and nine foreign societies and institutions. These circulars announced the establishment of the National Institution, enclosed the constitution, and invited correspondence. Pledges were thus given to twenty-six establishments in London, besides four in other parts of England, (viz., Birmingham, Liverpool, and Manchester,) to ten in Russia, eight in Paris, seven in Edinburgh, six in Berlin, nine in other parts of Prussia and Germany, nine in Copenhagen, four in Dublin, seven in Holland, seven in Madrid, four in Brussels, four in Sweden, three in Italy, and one in Greece.

A third "Bulletin" was issued in the spring of the present year. It includes the proceedings from February, 1842, to February, 1845. One cannot open the volume without being struck with the vast accumulations of the society. Every variety of appropriate contribution appears to have been made in rich and ceaseless liberality. If arguments were wanting in favor of such an establishment, they would be found in countless legions in this interesting record. It displays the tendency of the scientific race to encourage and contribute to the stores of a great national establishment, where they may be accessible to the investigations of the whole world of which they are the citizens, and in vast accumulation and secure deposit, may minister to the laudable pride, the growing curiosity, and the appetite for knowledge of mankind. Books are presented to an extent which must already compose a considerable library. It is not our purpose to go through a recapitulation of these or of any other of the marks of considerate and appropriate liberality, which abound in the minutes of the monthly or more frequent meetings. As a specimen, however, we may refer to one hundred and two volumes at a time, chiefly classical and scientific, from Georgetown College,

according to the Rev. Mr. Ryder's note to the Curator, "as a small pledge of the interest we all take in the advancement and success of so truly national an institution." Take at random a few of the minutes of contributions which, besides possessing much intrinsic value, derive interest from the variety of places from which they come, and the peculiar local opportunities to collect them, which have been enjoyed by the public-spirited contributors. Egyptian curiosities, including twelve ancient porcelain idols, from the tombs of Memphis; mummied crocodile, and other animals, &c.; authentic verifications of natural history, and the state of the arts in that ancient seat of civilization, "from George R. Gliddon, corresponding member, late U. S. Consul for Cairo, Egypt." Scientific works and specimens from Charles Cramer, Secretary (pro tem.) of the Imperial Mineralogical Society of St. Petersburg, and from Professor Fischer, Director of the Imperial Botanic Garden at St. Petersburg. From the Chevalier G. de Lisboa, Minister of Brazil, in the name of his government, a copy of the *Flora Fluminensis*, published by that government, in eleven folio volumes and index. Gold and silver ores, "from John Parrott, U. S. Consul, Mazatlan, Mexico." From Dominico Bartolini, Vice Consul at Civita Vecchia, a collection of Etruscan, Greek and Egyptian vases, &c., of great value. A model in terra cotta, of a Grecian temple at Girgenti, from Com. Nicolson, U. S. Navy. We might fill a volume if we were to multiply these extracts. The object is to show, by a few tokens, how various are the sources and sorts of contributions derived from distant liberality, omitting the outpourings of domestic attachment, which it would be endless to enumerate and invidious to select.

These are tokens both of wealth and want. In themselves inestimable, the richest possessions may be a burden, if the wherewithal to display, to preserve and use them, be deficient. Such at present appears too plainly to be the fact. Not even a suitable place of deposit exists, where safety alone, without other results, can be reached.

A very imposing, and, as may be supposed, useful effort, was made by the Institute in the spring of 1844. It consisted of a general invitation, and a wide acceptance of it, of members and men of science, associations, public bodies, and every class of individuals who might

take an interest in the object, to a meeting at Washington. A large number attended. A general committee of arrangements was appointed. "The library hall of the Treasury Department was thrown open for the use of the Institute during the convention, and the use of the large Presbyterian Church in 4½ street, and of the Unitarian Church, was granted for the purpose of the sessions. The hall of the library contained a variety of objects of interest, and was used during the whole period as a place of reunion and of rendezvous. The press announced from day to day the order of proceedings. On the 1st of April the members and guests assembled in conformity with public notices, at 10 o'clock, and accompanied by a band of music, moved in procession to the church." These particulars we obtain from the history of the proceedings included in the "Third Bulletin." No less than ten meetings appear to have been held from the first to the tenth of the month. At each meeting, three, four or five scientific papers were read by their authors, and many other articles from the pen of persons not personally in attendance, were submitted. On the several mornings the proceedings were opened with prayer, and, from the earliest moment to the close of the last day, a deep interest was manifested by a numerous, intelligent and attentive auditory of both sexes. A brief review of the public and general exercises of the first meeting, may serve farther to illustrate the character of the institution, its connection with the government, and the official and personal consideration which it has not failed to receive.

After a highly appropriate and well composed prayer by the Rev. Clement M. Butler, of Georgetown, a brief "opening address" was pronounced by the President of the United States, who is *ex-officio* "Patron of the National Institute," and in that capacity presided over the deliberations of the day. He adverted to the fact of this being the first general meeting of scientific men from all parts of the Union which had ever been held at the seat of government; that a brotherhood was established of men of science; that an auspicious commencement had now arisen from the exertions of a few individuals; and what, he urged, could the government better do for the "increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," than by patronizing and sustaining this magnificent undertaking?

The "introductory address" was then delivered by Mr. Walker, of Mississippi, "Director of the National Institute." With commendable judgment the speaker determined to omit in his discourse "the whole range of hyperphysical knowledge," and to confine his inquiries to the "various improvements and discoveries made by our countrymen in the inductive sciences." "Without boasting," he proceeds, "of our achievements, an impartial examination will show that our countrymen have greatly contributed to the modern improvements and discoveries in the various departments of the inductive sciences." Various parts of fundamental knowledge are then passed in review, with the names of those who have devoted their active and penetrating minds successfully to the pursuit of them; and the claims of our countrymen to useful original invention and substantial practical improvement and adaptation to the purposes of life, are vindicated with a straightforwardness, cordiality and force, which are highly creditable to the author's intelligence and patriotism. Beginning with electricity, and attracting a few vivid sparks from the genius and intrepidity of the philosopher who devoted his long and useful life to the cause of science and his country, he pays a merited tribute to others who have soared into the mysteries of this cloud-enveloped agency. Galvanism, with its decomposing, consuming and telegraphic powers; magnetism and its applications, and the already multiplied observatories and labors which they have afforded opportunities to create and accomplish; electro-magnetism and magneto-electricity; astronomy, with its inventions and instruments—the mariner's quadrant, orrery, and machine for predicting eclipses; meteorology, and along with it, original theories of the formation of dew, of rain, and of land and water spouts; pneumatics; chemistry in all its departments; the steam-engine, in every variety of use; steam and its substitutes, in the force of gaseous compounds, and the expansion of air by heat, pneumatic and atmospheric railways; the submerged propeller and paddle-wheel; the impenetrable iron steam vessels; improved machines for working up cotton, hemp and wool, from their most crude state to the finest and most useful fabrics; the cotton gin; ingenious improvements for imitating metals; hydraulics, as exemplified in the

great aqueduct of the Potomac at Georgetown; descriptive natural history; ornithology; botany; the science of shells; mineralogy and geology, and the great surveys and reports under the auspices of the States and the general government; geographical science; the coast survey; the lake survey; explorations by land and water; travels, which have extended the knowledge of geography and antiquities, and added new and striking proofs of the truths of Christianity; fossil geology, with its discoveries, exhumations, and investigations; fossil conchology; a new theory of earthquakes; medicine; statistics. What a catalogue is here! and how decisive is the evidence of the active, intelligent and productive employment of our countrymen in these rich and diversified regions! Mr. Walker may rest assured that he has presented proofs "that they have not failed to contribute their full proportion to the inductive sciences." We quote with pleasure the following concluding passages:

"Among the most valuable results of inductive science, is the strong additional evidence obtained in favor of the great and glorious truths of the Christian religion. The fabulous zodiac, which carried back the observations of astronomers to a period beyond the Mosaic account of the creation of man, has disappeared before the light of modern astronomy. The myriads of bones of giant animals, which could only have lived and found subsistence in a tropical, or at least a temperate climate, now scattered in profusion in Northern Siberia, along the verge of the arctic circle, attest the effects and reality of a general deluge. The pyramids of Egypt, which had remained dumb for thousands of years, have been made to speak; and so far as their hieroglyphics have found a voice, it proclaims many of the facts recorded in the sacred history. While the advance of science has contributed so much to our happiness and comfort here, has it no connection with our eternal destiny? Is all our knowledge buried in the grave? and does the untutored savage start in the next world at the same point with Sir Isaac Newton, in the race toward the goal of infinite knowledge—that point, toward which, like the asymptotes of the hyperbolic curve, we shall forever approximate but never attain? Does knowledge die with the physical frame; or does it constitute a part of that soul whose phenomena after death we can no longer observe, but which, as an essence of the great Creator, shall be as eternal as his own existence?"

"And now, having detained you too long in this most imperfect sketch of some

of the improvements and discoveries of our countrymen in physics, let me close by declaring, that if the men of science of the Union will come forward and unite with the people in sustaining and advancing the National Institute, they will make it worthy of the greatest and freest nation of the world, and contribute much towards placing our own beloved country as far above all others on the roll of knowledge as it now transcends all its contemporaries and predecessors in a government administered by and for the benefit of the whole people."

Mr. Adams, who presided over the exercises of the ninth meeting, on taking the chair, pronounced a few sentences, expressive of his warm interest in the fortunes of the Institute, and his heartfelt satisfaction at the prosperity which, by the untiring exertions and fervid zeal of its executive officers, it has attained. He yields his testimony to its deserving the fostering care and liberal patronage of the Congress of the United States, and declares that he could anticipate no happier close to his public life, than to contribute, by his voice and by his vote, to record the sanction of the nation's munificence to sustain the National Institute, devoted to the cause of science.

Among the few papers emanating from the meeting of April, 1844, which are published with the "Bulletin," we find one from Mr. Rush, on the subject of the "Smithsonian Bequest." It seems by the "notice" prefixed to these few papers, that "it was originally intended to publish the proceedings *in extenso*, but it was discovered at an early period that this would be both inexpedient and impracticable. Some of the papers were not exactly adapted for publication. Some had already been made public, though not printed. Others have been printed. Several were withdrawn, while others were never submitted for publication by their authors; and a few would have required costly illustrations. For these and other reasons, the committee, of which Mr. Spencer was chairman, recommended to the Institute that a very small number of the papers should be selected to be printed. Another consideration of an imperative nature compelled the Institute to adopt this course, viz.: the want of funds sufficient to enable it to publish the proceedings more at large. This is the chief reason why the whole work (the third Bulletin and the proceedings of April) has been so condensed as to deprive it of much of that attractive-

ness and fullness which the copious and interesting materials on hand would have imparted to it."

Mr. Rush, having been brought at one time into close and important relations with the "Smithsonian Bequest," felt naturally a desire that it should be promptly applied, not only because as long as the application of it is delayed, "the cause of science and letters suffers in its whole extent," but, as he very properly adds, because "the United States are liable to the charge of not performing a duty." We propose to avail ourselves here of an opportunity to dwell somewhat particularly on this subject. We are induced to do so from a belief that the affair, although much talked of, is little understood—that it is really curious—and more than all, it has within it a redeeming spirit that will, if properly invoked, give effect to the sanguine hopes of the friends of the National Institute, and dispel the clouds which have sometimes appeared to be gathering around it.

On the 21st of July, 1835, the attorneys of Messrs. Drummonds, (bankers) of Charing Cross, London, communicated to Mr. Vail, the United States Chargé d'Affaires, a copy of the will of Mr. Smithson, with the information that on the death of the testator, an amicable suit was instituted in chancery by Mr. Hungerford, the legatee mentioned in the will, against the executors, and under that suit the assets were realized; that they were very considerable, and that at the time of writing, there was standing in the name of the accountant-general of the court of chancery, on the trusts of the will, stock amounting to £100,000. During Mr. Hungerford's life he received the income arising from this property; but news has just reached England, say the solicitors, that Mr. Hungerford has died abroad, leaving no child surviving him.

The principal person mentioned in the will being thus accounted for, we give an entire copy of that instrument which is brief, and at the same time so characteristic that it could not be mutilated without doing it injury.

"I, James Smithson, son of Hugh, first Duke of Northumberland, and Elizabeth, heiress of the Hungerfords of Audley, and niece of Charles the Proud, Duke of Somerset, now residing in Bentinck street, Cavendish square, do, this 23d day of October, 1826, make this my last will and testament.

"I bequeath the whole of my property of every nature and kind soever to my

bankers, Messrs. Drummonds, of Charing Cross, in trust, to be disposed of in the following manner, and desire of my said executors to put my property under the management of the Court of Chancery.

"To John Fitall, formerly my servant, but now employed in the London Docks, and now residing at No. 27 Jubilee place, North Mile End, Old Town, in consideration of his attachment and fidelity to me, and the long and great care he has taken of my effects, and my having done but very little for him, I give and bequeath the annuity or annual sum of £100 sterling for his life, to be paid to him quarterly, free from legacy duty and all other deductions, the first payment to be made to him at the expiration of three months after my death. I have at divers times lent sums of money to Henry Honoré Juilly, formerly my servant, but now keeping the Hungerford Hotel, in the Rue Caumartin at Paris, and for which sums of money I have undated bills or bonds signed by him. Now I will and direct, that, if he desires it, these sums of money be let remain in his hands, at an interest of five per cent., for five years after the date of the present will.

"To Henry James Hungerford, my nephew, heretofore called Henry James Dickinson, son of my late brother Lieut. Col. Henry Louis Dickinson, now residing with Mr. Auboin, at Bourg La Reine, near Paris, I give and bequeath for his life the whole of the income arising from my property, of every nature and kind whatever, after the payment of the above annuity, and after the death of John Fitall, that annuity likewise, the payments to be at the time the interest or dividends become due on the stocks or other property from which the income arises.

"Should the said Henry James Hungerford have a child or children, legitimate or illegitimate, I leave to such child or children, his or their heirs, executors, and assigns, after the death of his, her, or their father, the whole of my property of every kind, absolutely and forever, to be divided between them, if there is more than one, in the manner their father shall judge proper, and in case of his omitting to decide this, as the Lord Chancellor shall judge proper.

"Should my said nephew, Henry James Hungerford, marry, I empower him to make a jointure.

"In case of the death of my said nephew without leaving a child or children, or of the death of the child or children he may have had, under the age of twenty-one years or intestate, I then bequeath the whole of my property, subject to the annuity of £100 to John Fitall, and for the security and payment of which I mean stock to remain in this country, to the United States of America, to found, at

Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.

"I think it proper here to state, that all the money which will be standing in the French five per cents, at my death, in the name of the father of my above-mentioned nephew, Henry James Hungerford, and all that in my name is the property of my said nephew, being what he inherited from his father, or what I have laid up for him from the savings upon his income.

"JAMES SMITHSON." [L. s.]

Mr. Vail having transmitted these documents to the State Department, a message was sent to Congress by the President on the 17th December, 1835, stating that the executive had no authority to take any steps for accepting the trust and obtaining the funds, and the papers were therefore communicated, with a view to such measures as Congress might deem necessary. The message was referred to a select committee of the House of Representatives, who shortly afterwards (January 19, 1836) by their chairman, Mr. Adams, made a report. It is there declared that the Congress of the United States in their legislative capacity are alone competent to the acceptance of this bequest, and to the assumption and fulfilment of the high and honorable duties involved in the performance of the trust committed with it; and that it is enjoined upon them by considerations of the most imperious and indispensable obligation. The report proceeds with certain reflections arising from the condition of the testator, from the nature of the bequest, and from the character of the Trustee to whom this great and solemn charge has been confided. It states that the Percys and the Seymours, from whom the testator declares himself in the caption of the will to be a descendant in blood, are two of the most illustrious historical names of the British Islands. And nearly two centuries since, in 1660, the ancestor of his own name, Hugh Smithson, immediately after the restoration of the royal family of the Stuarts, received from Charles the Second, as a reward for his eminent services to that house during the civil wars, the dignity of a Baronet of England, a dignity still held by the Dukes of Northumberland, as descendants from the same Hugh Smithson. The father of the testator by his marriage with the lady Elizabeth Seymour, who was descended by a female line from the ancient Percys, and by the subsequent creation of

George the Third in 1766, became the first Duke of Northumberland. His son and successor, the brother of the testator, was known in the history of our revolutionary war by the name of Lord Percy; was present as a British officer at the sanguinary opening scene of our revolutionary war at Lexington, and at the battle of Bunker's hill; and was the bearer to the British government of the despatches from the Commander-in-chief of the royal forces, announcing the event of that memorable day; and the present Duke of Northumberland, the testator's nephew, was the Ambassador Extraordinary of Great Britain sent to assist at the Coronation of the late King of France, Charles the Tenth, a few months only before the date of this bequest from his relative to the United States of America. Such is the account given by the committee of the House of Representatives of the family of the testator. Of the character of his bounty it speaks with strong emphasis. "Of all the foundations of establishments for pious or charitable uses which ever signalized the spirit of the age, or the comprehensive beneficence of the founder, none can be named more deserving of the approbation of mankind than this. Should it be faithfully carried into effect with an earnestness and sagacity of application, with a steady perseverance of pursuit, proportioned to the means furnished by the will of the founder, and to the greatness and simplicity of his design, as by himself declared, "the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," it is no extravagance of anticipation to declare that his name will be hereafter enrolled among the eminent benefactors of mankind."

In the true spirit of this report, an act of Congress was passed July 1st, 1836, "to authorize the President to assert and prosecute with effect, the claim of the United States to the legacy bequeathed to them by James Smithson, late of London deceased, to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." The President is authorised, by this act, to constitute and appoint an agent or agents, to assert and prosecute for and in behalf of the United States, in the Court of Chancery, or other proper tribunal of England, their right to this important legacy. The funds which may be received, are to be applied in such manner as Congress may hereafter

direct, for the purpose of founding, and endowing at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men, to which application of the moneys and other funds, the faith of the United States was thereby pledged.

Whatever might have been the character of the trust, before this solemn acceptance and pledge, there can be no doubt respecting it, from the moment this Bill became the Law of the Land. A contract was entered into of the gravest kind, that the trust should, and would be faithfully executed. Whatever it implies of action, or resolve, became as binding as if the compact had been subscribed with the blood of each individual member of the then and subsequently existing Congresses of the Nation, or as if a pledge had been given in the visible presence of Heaven. In consideration of the expected and solicited concurrence and decree of a foreign tribunal, the American people,—every one of them—solemnly promised and engaged in a form the most authentic, and in terms the most intelligible and clear that the establishment should be founded, and that it should bear a certain designated name, and no other. We blush to record the acknowledgment of one of that people, in profound humility and shame, that after the lapse of ample time and constant opportunity for full and literal compliance, the promise and the engagement have been thus far violated. No delay or omission can be imputed to the energetic person who then filled the Executive chair. The act of Congress bears date July 1, 1836. Authority and instructions were given within ten days to Mr. Richard Rush, who was long and advantageously known both abroad and at

home, as he had served for seven years in the capacity of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Great Britain, and for a shorter period in the arduous and responsible position of Secretary of the Treasury. He was appointed, on the 11th of July, 1836, the agent of the United States, to assert and prosecute their claim to the legacy; and fortified with a formal power of attorney or commission, and with an authenticated copy of the act of Congress, he proceeded upon his mission. The ability, promptness and fidelity, with which he discharged his duty, are a striking proof of the obligation which devolves upon the appointing power to select trustworthy public agents. An obligation too frequently neglected, and yet attended with little or no real difficulty. Let men, whose lives and previous conduct furnish pledges of their faithfulness, and let them alone, be employed in important public functions, and there will be little danger of either blunders or more iniquitous misdeeds.

We remember that a gentleman went to England a few years ago, for the purpose of instituting and superintending a suit in chancery. On announcing to his friends in that country, the object of his visit, they told him how much they were gratified to learn that he had come to spend his life amongst them. Mr. Rush's energy, and the just disposition of the high tribunal in which the cause of his constituents, the United States, was depending, prevented them from being the victims of any such delay. On the 5th of June, 1838, he writes to the Secretary of State, that all the forms have been finally and fully completed, and that the accountant-general, as the proper officer of the Court of Chancery, had regularly transferred to him,

In the consolidated three per cent. annuities, commonly called consols,

£64,535, 18s, 9d.

In reduced three per cent. annuities,

12,000.

In Bank Stock,

16,100.

These sums, with the exception of five thousand and fifteen pounds in consols, which the court decreed to be reserved and set apart to answer an annuity payable to Madame la Batut, (the mother of Henry James Hungerford,) the principal to revert to the United States on the death of the annuitant, and with the further exception of a small sum in cash still to come from the accountant-general, constituted the sum left by Mr. Smithson to the

United States. The stock was well disposed of. By a communication from Mr. Woodbury, Secretary of the Treasury, to the President of 3d December, 1838, it appears that the amount received in London, by the agent of the United States, under the decree of the Court of Chancery of England, was the gross sum of £106,490 11s. 9d., including the sum of £116 2s. 2d. for costs refunded. This was reduced by the payment of com-

missions, insurance, &c. to the sum of £104,960 8s. 3d., which was brought into the United States in gold, and produced at the mint the sum of \$508,318 46. Upwards of half a million of dollars became applicable to this sublime object about seven years ago. The natural increase by way of interest to this time has made it beyond two hundred thousand more, and there stands waiting only a plan, a capital of between seven and eight hundred thousand dollars, "to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

At first view, one is inclined to regret that the testator was not more definite in the expression of his views. It would indeed have saved a world of conjecture and inconclusive argument, if he had declared the precise character of the "establishment" which he may have had in his mind. But it is most probable that he had no particular description of an "establishment" matured, or even faintly shadowed out. He looked to a distant country as the dwelling-place of his bounty, a country to which he was personally a stranger. His habits and reflections might have led him to contrive something congruous to those habits and reflections, and admirably adapted to the places and the people that surrounded them, but altogether inappropriate to the place and the people that were to be benefited. The whole bounty might have been sacrificed by too minute a prescription of details, and a corresponding want of flexibility in its practical application and arrangement. Washington was the capital, he knew, of a growing nation. He could not err in naming it as the site of a national establishment. Knowledge was, he knew, the source of power and virtue. He could inspire virtuous sentiments, and contribute to true greatness in no way more effectually than by increasing and diffusing this essential element among men. With these fixed and certain indications of his will, so simply expressed as to leave no chance for cavil, in terms so brief and few as to afford no room for controversy, except by departing from plain instructions, he left the details to those who would be best acquainted with them. While thus dealing in succinct and comprehensive brevity, it must not be supposed that so intelligent a benefactor intended to throw open the door to the particular fancy of any and

every rhapsodist. Understanding perfectly the use of language, it may fairly be presumed that if any well-known and familiar kind of institution came up to his design, he would have mentioned it. Colleges, for example, and Libraries, have much the same character and tendency, are composed of similar materials, and exercised with like influences wherever they may be found. They already existed, he well knew, in considerable number, in the country which he selected for an especial and uncommon provision. He could have specified a library or a college if he had intended a library or a college to be the monument of his munificence. A conclusive negative is implied in the omission of establishments so familiar. Although libraries collect and preserve, and colleges, to a certain extent and in an elementary course, instil information, yet of neither, in the lofty sense applicable to this testament, can it be said that it increases and diffuses knowledge among men. In the true spirit of respect for the intention of the giver should be the acceptance of the gift. Whatever he intended to exclude, we are bound to eschew. Among the schemes suggested for carrying out his design, a very respectable periodical journal has recommended an extensive system of instruction in the principles of government, particularly as they apply to the administration of it in the United States. If, however, we reflect how small the proportion of those engaged in that duty bears to the whole mass of the community, how infinitely smaller yet the proportion of those exclusively engaged in the science of politics in any or all its branches, how short-lived is the duration of most of our citizens in public life, how much more the attention of those citizens,—we speak not merely of the many, engaged in trade and mechanical employments in all their variety, but of the comparatively few also, who, as scholars, philosophers and professional men, cultivate liberal studies—is devoted to the acquisition of other sciences, we shall readily reach the conclusion that the study of the means of governing would not be, in Mr. Smithson's view, the increase of knowledge among men. He was a scientific man, not a politician; a natural philosopher, not a statesman. He lectured and wrote upon practical and experimental philosophy. He delighted to penetrate the hidden recesses of nature, to analyze her seeming elements, and to discover new principles in

her sublime but simple laws. Anything that would narrow down instruction, that would *exclude* knowledge in any of its varieties, from access to mankind, by such absolute and elevated preference of one single chapter, and that of no peculiar fitness for the universal mind, but differing with the long list of ingredients which go to compose the "spirit of laws," in every region from another, would not, in his expansive and philanthropic view, be an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.

What then, it may be asked, and it must be determined, did he intend? How are his designs to be carried into practical execution? Keeping steadily in view his brief and comprehensive phrase, there can be no difficulty in a just and beneficial interpretation. Knowledge is to be increased and diffused. These effects, so momentous, are not required to be produced in a moment or at a single blow. Broad and deep foundations may be laid, on which lofty and still loftier pinnacles may from time to time arise. The details may be varied from year to year with the progress of science and the wants of men. A collection can be made, embracing illustrations in the different elements of knowledge. Such a collection is already at hand, and is in rapid progress of accumulation, as shown in the possessions of the National Institute, in the fruits of the late exploring expedition, and in the general control of the government. All these sources may be made conducive, whether in joint use or immediate and easy access, to the Directors of a Smithsonian Institution, with reciprocal and reflected advantages to each. The government is bound to prepare a building which would accommodate these several but united purposes. The Patent-Office is yet unfinished. A wing to that fine edifice would furnish, at least for a time, all the room that would be required, and as the benevolent and beneficent ends should be more and more fully accomplished, larger and more complete accommodations would readily be supplied by an admiring and grateful Legislature. For all purposes of research, comparison, study and exchange, here would exist a rich emporium. It would contain books for the scholar, instruments for the experimental philosopher, specimens of productions in animate and inanimate nature from all the fields of the vast earth and all the caverns

of the deep sea, facilities for scanning the sublime mysteries of the heavens, lessons in inductive art, and useful assistance to the patient toil of mechanic industry. From the loftiest flights of the astronomer, to the lowliest labors of the plough-boy, every effort of human genius and skill would be aided, guided and made to prosper. This would be to increase knowledge among men. From a centre so purely patriotic—as free from sectional jealousy as from sectional limit—rays would be diffused to the remotest corners of the land. Instruction by lecture, conversation, experiment and text-book, not confined to the seat of government, might be carried home to the abode of every inquirer, however poor and however distant, under the auspices and at the expense of the Central Institution. Cheap books, somewhat in the nature of the Penny Magazine, but adapted to our own peculiar habits and wants, containing short essays on science, in all its variety, from government and jurisprudence to agriculture and gardening, may be prepared and distributed. Teachers in the various departments of useful information, may be themselves well taught at the great high school of the nation. They will go out as missionaries of knowledge, and fill the country with one uniform system of tuition, which, derived from the best sources, can scarcely fail to be productive of the best effects. The peculiar tendency of our countrymen to search after what is new, to discover, to improve, to invent, may be gratified by frequent, early and simple explanations of the numerous patents sought for, together with descriptions of models and abstracts of interesting specifications. Observations made throughout the country in the various sciences, may be received, compared and reported on at this recipient and depository. Plants, indigenous to every soil, may be cultivated and made the subjects of valuable investigation, and their properties and adaptations ascertained. An authentic record may be kept and occasionally published, of every important step taken from day to day in the march of intellect throughout the world. An intelligent and impartial Board may be constituted, with a view to guard the public mind against false philosophy and empiricism, and to guide it by clear and certain scientific lights. These and many other arrangements are perfectly feasible, under the bounty of Mr. Smithson, and thou-

sands of kindred uses would be developed, all directly contributing to the diffusion of knowledge among men.

The delay which has occurred in giving effect to the lofty conceptions of Mr. Smithson may happily be repaired. While everything immediately connected with his bounty has for seven long years stood still, and has been regarded, as it should seem, with cold indifference, another institution without particular endowment has, as we have seen, been accumulating possessions from a thousand sources. These are exactly of the description which Mr. Smithson's establishment would have had to wait for if it had gone into existence by assuming a definite shape seven years ago. They are mute instructors, susceptible of receiving speech and language by the inspiration of philosophy. They will discourse eloquent music if they are animated by the sounds of a golden lyre. A combination of the inert possessions of the National Institute with the expansive faculties of a Smithsonian Institution, would form one of those chemical compounds, which derive from union of inactive elements, irresistible force and activity. The Smithsonian Institution could receive and employ, preserve and promulgate the productions of art and nature, which are worse than idle in the hands of the unendowed National Institute. The National Institute depositing for a season, or permanently, as might prove the best, its priceless but unproductive gems, or joining them with such as may be collected gradually under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution would give immediate efficacy to the designs of its own founders, without waiting the dull resolves of Congressional reluctance, or the uncertain pecuniary contributions of individual benevolence. Opportunity would thus be furnished of exhibiting at once the value of both. A foreign bounty would go at once into fair and useful exercise, while the treasures of distant and domestic liberality would, like the talents of the faithful servant, be increased tenfold.

In urging a combination of efforts and resources, we are aware that difficulties are to be overcome. What difficulties, however, are entitled to be regarded as formidable impediments, when an object so devoutly to be desired is in view, and when a Roman lustrum as to one of the Institutions, and much more than a Roman lustrum as to the other have already elapsed in hopeless listlessness? Con-

gress has done nothing substantially for either. For one of them it has done much less than nothing, for it has accepted the trust and received the fund, and then permitted the first to be a barren waste, and the last an absorbed and buried mine. What hesitation can there be in sacrificing trifling objections, when by such sacrifice alone, it should seem, national pledges can be redeemed, and national benefits conferred? We are conscious that the proposition to unite these two things of different origin has been already more than once suggested. The suggestion came from persons of great respectability, who having manifested a deep interest in both establishments, and reflected much, and kindly, and wisely upon them, enjoyed no small share of right to advise. These persons were Mr. Duponçeau and Mr. Rush. The latter in his paper communicated to the meeting of April, 1844, ascribes, perhaps justly, the idea to the former, and says that "it has met the concurrence of so many judgments entitled to respect as now to form what may almost be called an enlightened public opinion." Concurring entirely with those who recommend union, we are constrained to differ with them as to the proposed method of attaining so desirable an end. This is a question so grave that it is but fair to quote the language of the position to which a very amicable protest is here interposed. Mr. Rush says, (3 Bulletin, page 458) "The Smithsonian fund is small in reference to the greatness and prospects of this country; but it is great above price. It may be made a foundation in the intellectual career of our country. And here I come to a main purpose of this paper. If it be asked in what way shall the fund be brought into activity, an answer is at hand. Let it be engrafted upon the National Institute." Again on the same page, "I would say, then, clothe this Institute with it; it is now suffering for want of funds—the only want it knows." It may not appear at first view very important, which is the tree and which the engrafted limb, provided they both grow and bear good fruit together; which is the body and which the garment, if the one be comfortably clothed and the other be gracefully worn. But in this case, to keep up for a moment Mr. Rush's well chosen illustrations, it makes all the difference in the world that one and not the other should be the tree and the body; that

Mr. Smithson's establishment should be the principal, and the voluntary association the accessory merely. This is a vital difference. It would be no less a violation of the contract of acceptance to make the bounty received a mere incident of something else, than it would be to neglect the testament altogether, by feeding for example, with that fund the wants of government, or applying it to raise all subsisting monuments of science to their foundations, instead of giving them dignity and brightness for its increase and diffusion among men. The *cy pres* doctrine of the Courts of Equity never has been carried to this extent. It has on one occasion diverted a legacy for building a synagogue into a fund for erecting a church of the National Establishment of England: and that was going pretty far. If a fund had been bequeathed to build a magnificent edifice to be called Henry VII.'s Chapel, would the will be obeyed in the construction of Westminster Abbey, with however beautiful a niche in it bearing alone a name intended for the whole structure? Mr. Smithson directs that an *establishment* be founded with his means, not a *part* or *portion* of an establishment, or an *incident* to it. He directs that it shall exist under the *name* of the Smithsonian Institution, not that the name with the thing itself shall be absorbed for the sake of the fund which goes along with it in *another name and thing*. All this we believe would follow such a plan of consociation as is proposed. It is not necessary, however, that the consequence should be inevitable, or even highly probable. A solemn pledge would be violated by exposing the result to danger. Nothing can or ought to be done which by ordinary contingency will abridge the assurance in which Mr. Smithson died that his trust if accepted would be sacredly observed, that it would willingly be exposed to no unnecessary hazard, that it would become liable to no contingencies which he did not himself foresee; that it should be carried out in spirit as well as in letter, in substance no less than in form. Above all, no sacrifice, or approach to sacrifice of a jot or tittle of his design can be justified which has in it an ingredient of collateral interest, or is induced or prompted in any the smallest imaginable degree by a postponement of his paramount desires, for the sake of promoting a different object, equal, as it might be, or even superior, if it were so, in its own

merits and claims. To compromise Mr. Smithson's intentions would be no better than to trample his testament in the dust.

No such disastrous expedient is necessary. The "Smithsonian Institution" may extend its wings over every or any other establishment of a scientific character, which by means of its protection is enabled to increase and diffuse knowledge among men. Let the details of organization and arrangement be what they may, such will be the effect. Whether popular lectures, or astronomic observations, or philosophic inquiries, or scientific essays, or agricultural experiments, or mechanical improvements, are patronized, each would be an incident to the great "Establishment," which in its comprehensive scope may embrace them all. The National Institute can come to the Smithsonian Institution, but this movement cannot be reversed. No doubt a painful effort, perhaps a positive sacrifice, is involved in such a measure. But how can it be avoided? Time has not matured, in the one thing needful, the fortunes of the National Institute. Yet time enough has elapsed to test the experiment. What five past years have not been able to accomplish, five future years will probably not attain. The course suggested is one of necessity and not of choice. It were to be wished that the noble plan, so well digested, so liberally sustained, in every thing but money, so admirably carried out to a certain extent, were not there arrested and forbidden *at present*, to reach its high destination, by "the hard hand of a vexatious need." Such being the evil too obviously apparent, too unquestionably true, we propose nothing but a remedy for an existing, and it is hoped, a temporary malady.

Let the National Institute agree to hand over all of its collections to the care and use of a "Smithsonian Institution," as soon as such an establishment is prepared to receive them. Let the great recipient be known by no other name than that which its founder, in the exercise of a perfect right and becoming pride, thought fit to give. Let the organization of the National Institute remain entire, and its present possessions and their proceeds be kept distinct. The officers and managers of the one establishment can, if necessary, be in part or in whole constituted the officers and managers of the other. One great object of Mr. Smithson will be immediately accomplished, without in any degree impeding the accom-

plishment of many more. In the progress of time, if the cause of knowledge can be better promoted by any modification, the friends of knowledge may readily effect it. One powerful and controlling name and influence can, whenever it may be thought best, be divided into two powerful and controlling names and influences, in their allotted spheres, each emulous of the power and the exercise of it by the other to do good to men.

Or if the strenuous and united efforts, at first directed by necessity and circumstances rather than by mere choice, shall prove to be the best, it may go on and prosper in happy and harmonious intercourse and association for ages. Thus and thus only does it seem practicable to redeem the time that has been lost.

In the mere circumstance of combining two similar Institutions, there could be no embarrassment. The ultimate objects, the paramount purposes of both are the same. Improvement of the condition of the human family is the end. Cultivation of science and practical demonstration of its advantages, are the means. No difference exists in their birth-place, or in the plan of conducting their affairs. Both are at the city of Washington. The fountain of active existence, the great proprietor of all they may severally or jointly possess, the barrier against loss, and the rock on which the permanency of each securely rests, is the Government of the United States. An accumulation of effects under one and the same guardianship, would, for a long course of time, afford variety of illustration without creating too burdensome a load of responsibility or care. Arrangement in detail for exhibition, preservation, instruction and exchanges, might well be united. All the machinery necessary for setting in motion and keeping in activity and energy the designs of the respective founders, might be in form and substance identified. Buildings, one or more, constructed or prepared for the accommodation of either, would equally and profitably accommodate both. These are all prospective and possible, although they may be rendered present and certain advantages. The actual condition of the two contemplated Institutions is happily such that they may be made immediately available in connection. One has stores of instructive matter locked up in profitless inactivity. It wants only a golden key to open its rich repositories and to place them in a situation to benefit the world. That is the

National Institute; which, having been for some years in existence, has taken initiative measures of usefulness. It can dispose of its possessions in any way consistent with its charter, even to the extent of a reclaimable deposit of them under the general protection of another corporation, a final direction of them being reserved, and even the immediate use being made to depend upon the consent of those to the care of whom they are legally confided. The other has yet nothing of visible existence; neither shape nor proportion, objects accumulated or plans matured. It has a fund which, in implicit obedience to the wishes of the donor, may be and must be devoted to scientific purposes. Years might elapse after it should be in corporate readiness for action, and yet action might still be deferred until objects could be gathered together by its own attractiveness and expenditure, for teaching science practically. Much could, no doubt, sooner or later, be acquired from these sources, but much might remain inaccessible, which accident, or good fortune, or good management has already placed within its reach. The fund, which should be held sacred as the Vestal Fire, could in a moment be properly employed for the exact purposes of the exalted trust, upon objects thus at once attainable.

If all who take an interest in promoting the objects which Mr. Smithson had, and the promoters of the National Institute have at heart, will direct their efforts to a single end, and cordially combine in measures to accomplish it, delays, which are the necessary result of divided counsels, and are fatal to designs of moment, will exist no longer, and the Legislature will do its duty.

The opportunity presented by the great meeting of April, 1844, was wisely embraced for preparing two memorials to Congress. One was subscribed by the Vice President, Corresponding and Recording Secretary and Treasurer, and by the Directors, *ex officio*, on the part of the Government, and Directors on the part of the National Institute. It sets forth the origin and condition of the establishment, the progress made under the auspices of a government charter, the ownership by the nation of the treasures which it has collected, and its own limited capacity and means, and concludes with asking an appropriation of a sum sufficient to discharge the arrears of expense heretofore incurred and due, an annual appro-

priation for the necessary purposes of the association, and the continuance of the indulgence hitherto granted of the use of convenient rooms for preserving the property, and holding the ordinary meetings. The other is a "Memorial of the friends of science, who attended the April meeting, &c.," and it bears testimony to the zeal and industry of the Directors, in making collections—to their disinterestedness in the disposition of them, and to their claims to public approval and encouragement; to the great value of the property collected and to the absence of a building for the convenient exhibition of their treasures or even for the safe keeping of them. It expresses a hope that the government of a country, emulous to consider itself among the first of enlightened nations, would not refuse to aid in securing to its capital the benefit of such labors, and that the then subsisting Session of Congress, would be distinguished by the necessary appropriation of funds to an object so truly national and so truly republican. At the foot of this memorial is found a long list of honored names, most of them well known to science, of which the first is that of Dr. Nott, "President Union College, Schenectady," and the last, "Edward Hitchcock, Professor, Amherst College, Mass." Highly favorable reports were made both in the Senate and House of Representatives. The recommendations contained in them, were not responded to by an appropriation, and the Institute remains endowed only by its own merits and the necessarily inadequate pecuniary contributions of its members.

Arrangements were made at the beginning of the present year, for the delivery of "The annual address;" and it was pronounced on the 15th January, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, by Mr. Woodbury. One of the many agreeable properties of this truly *National scheme*, is its obvious exclusion of every semblance of party or political ingredient from its counsels, its exercises and associations. The distinguished members of the different political parties, in high and excited party moments, have met together upon a common scientific platform, without even appearing to know that party differences, on any arena, existed among them. However separated may be the paths to political eminence, however disunited may be the sentiments of public men, as to the measures and the course of policy which the interests of the re-

public may require, there is no division of union among the wise, as to the pursuit of knowledge. All who deserve the name, with one consent, bow to its supremacy, and unite in promoting its salutary ends, by means which, if not precisely the same, are at least closely similar and perfectly harmonious.

Mr. Woodbury, in his very sensible "address," modestly disclaims (p. 7.) making any pretension to a critical knowledge of the improvements which have been made here in the sciences, while he alludes "to some of the most striking cases, where their assistance has been widely invoked among us, and proved highly useful." To a gentleman long and laboriously engaged in public life, a Governor of a State, Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of the Treasury, and member of the Senate,—for he has filled all these places in succession,—profound and familiar intimacy with the details of science could not be imputed. But this necessary defect is the very quality that is desirable. Men who are too much employed in public duties to work out problems in astronomy, or to speculate upon organic remains, are they whose influence and exertions are required to help along those, who are at once patient and passionate devotees of science. If in any country, science and the arts can advance without the countenance of those who are not their masters,—which we utterly disbelieve—this is not that country. Elsewhere a sovereign fiat, or a single act of princely munificence, may set in motion a work which will not cease to diffuse its blessings for centuries. Here, all are people. Each individual is a co-laborer with the rest. They who cannot with their own hands fathom the depths of philosophy, are expected to strengthen the hands of those who can. It is delightful to witness how many are ready to contribute, by their own peculiar means of assistance, to objects which become by joint enterprise, monuments of common pride, benefit and glory. One happy result of this kind of coöperation and encouragement, is formed in the adaptation of works of art and science to the wants and necessities of the people. The public mind, as Mr. Woodbury says, has acquired impulses "to mould education more for the practical benefits of the many." "Bowditch, the translator of La Place on the mechanism of the Heavens, found something more of profit, perhaps, if not fame, in compiling his

useful navigator for the multitude who plough the ocean, and in computing annuities for the purposes of practical life."

At the "annual meeting" of January 29th, 1845, which it seems is the regular day for electing officers, Mr. Woodbury was chosen President of the Institute; Mr. Poinsett, who had "continued to fill the office, having suggested the propriety of substituting another person in his place, as he felt himself unable to render such services as he could wish." The public station of the new presiding officer in the Senate of the United States, will enable him to give force and direction, to the just sentiments expressed in his annual address. He considers a grant from Congress at once indispensable, of enough to defray the expense attendant on the good preservation and collection of the public materials, in charge of the Institute; and he urges, as we understand him, (p. 33.) that Congress is bound, by its relations to the District, as to this important subject to take all necessary steps there, for the advancement of science, "through some Institution which shall be national in its origin, so as not to offend our pride of character; and national in its benefits, so as to comport with that spirit of justice and equality, that ought to pervade all our public measures."

The National Institute may be congratulated upon the selection of its officers. It has been made fortunately, for it has been made wisely. Mr. Force, the Vice President, has been for several years laboriously engaged in preparing a Documentary History of the United States, under a contract with the Department of State and the sanction and authority of Congress. His Archæological researches, have developed a mine of curious and interesting knowledge, and have placed him in possession of stores of authentic information relative to a most important period in the annals of the country. He

has devoted much time, attention, and probably money to the service of the association, of which he has been the second elective officer from the beginning. The chief executive magistrate, and the members of the Cabinet, are *ex officio* Directors. Mr. Force is always on the spot, and by his unpretending intelligence, assiduity and liberality, he has been a never ceasing source of advantage. All who have had occasion to observe the proceedings of the Institute, must have been struck with the untiring zeal and aptitude of Mr. Markoe, the Corresponding Secretary. Himself a ripe scholar and a man of science, the pen of the society could not be held by an abler or a fitter hand. Nor ought we, in this course of remark, to overlook the amiable gentleman, who not only discharges with fidelity the duties of Recording Secretary, but employs himself, as the published records show, in preparing specimens of Natural History, which, from time to time, have been acknowledged as the gifts of Mr. J. H. Townsend.

We have endeavored to show the progress, the present condition, the actual wants, and the probable prospects of the National Institute. In its nature there is nothing which a cautious government should hesitate to encourage. All its objects are conducive to the prosperity of the nation. Nothing can be discerned, either in the character of the establishment or the situation of the country, from which danger is to be apprehended in this encouragement. Generations at least must pass away, before the turning point of civilization is reached, beyond which refinement sinks into luxury, and luxury becomes the harbinger of a decaying empire. In the mean time, science and the polished arts, are contributing to the greatness and glory of the nation, and the prosperity of the people.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

WE believe the principal sentiment excited among persons acquainted with the literature of continental Europe, by the publication of Mr. Longfellow's recent volume of *Specimens*, is one of regret, that he had not oftener employed his own skilful pen in translation, instead of adopting inferior versions from English Magazines and Reviews. The excellence of many of his borrowed translations is, indeed, very great; but those from the German and other Northern languages are, in general (though with some brilliant exceptions), failures. We shall at present only instance the tame and unfaithful translation of Claudius's spirited and famous *Rheinweinlied*, and instead of pointing out its defects, we will endeavor to supply its place by a more literal, if not a more finished version. We accompany it with translations of two little poems from Matthisson, neither of which is to be found in Mr. Longfellow's collection. P.

RHINE-WINE SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CLAUDIUS.

WITH ivy wreathe our flowing Rhenish cup,
 And drain it gaily dry!
 In troth, Sir Toper, Europe down and up,
 No wine with this can vie.

In Hungary nor Poland sprouts this vine,
 Nor where men *parley voo*;
 Mounseer Saint Vitus thence may fetch his wine,
 No drink for us they brew.

'Tis of the fullness of our Fatherland!
 How were it else so good?
 How else infuse such noble, generous, bland,
 Yet strong, heroic blood?

Upon all German soils it doth not grow,
 And many stately hills
 Are like the whilom Cretans, bellies slow,
 None worth the space it fills.

Thuringia's mountains, for example, bring
 Forth juice that looks like wine,
 But wine is not; it moveth not to sing,
 Nor cheers the hearts that pine.

Seek through the Erz! no wine rewards your pains;
 On hills so bleak and cold,
 You'll find but silver ore and cobalt veins,
 Perchance, some stingy gold.

The soaring Blocksberg is a tall Philister,
 Yielding but wind, not wine;
 So on his top Old Nick and his chorister
 Their mazy dance entwine.

The Rhine! the Rhine! leaf, tendril, grape, there flourish!
 Shower blessings on the Rhine!
 His rugged banks they overhang, and nourish
 Us with this genial wine.

Then let us laugh, and quaff right joyously
 This gift of Father Rhine!
 And give to all that sick or sorry be
 A cup of this same wine!

THE GNOMES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHISSON.

Day's blinding beams oppress,
But murky night we bless !
For this we love to dwell
Deep in earth's caverned cell.
On upper earth in ether bright,
Is all that Adam's offspring hight,
Justly condemned to heat and light.

We scorn what mortals raise
To heaven with empty praise ;
The North Pole's bear-trod strand
To us is Fairy-land.
The enameled flower, the nightingale,
To eye and ear are bitter bale,
And seven we count an even tale.

The skin of burrowing mole
Was long our courtly stole,
But now the Gnome struts drest
In tunic of asbest,
Which Puck, the night-elf, full of fun,
From rifted rocks' deep fissures won,
And Erl, the water-kelpie, spun.

When nigh our Gnomie homes
Fell avarice delving comes,
The golden wainscot pecks,
That wall and ceiling decks,
Then straight we quench the miner's light,
With sulphurous vapors blast his sight,
And pommel black and blue the wight.

Elf, night-mare, goblin-sprite,
Through caves of pitchy night,
We glare with emerald eye,
And smallest mote descry.
There we nectareous naphtha drink,
With vitriol blue our visage prink,
Then down on puff-ball pillow sink.

Wild whirr from hollow cliff,
Close-watched by grizzly Gryph,
In stormy flight the Gnomes :
The witches' Sabbat comes !
The infernal trump, with jarring sound,
Wakes awful echoes Blocksberg round,
And spectral throngs his top surround.

No law we own, nor moil
With net, nor till the soil.
Man's lore and art we call
But empty bubbles all ;
No music know but Satan's choir,
Tickling the ear with discords dire.
Such are the Gnomes, if you inquire.

THE FAIRIES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHISSON.

WHAT 'neath the moon so bright
 As Fairies fleet and light !
 Our mirror clear and true,
 The meadow's starry dew ;
 The brook's soft moss we dancing tread,
 Rock on the vernal spray's green thread,
 Then seek in flower-cups soft our bed.

Fays of the mountain come !
 And ye by lakes that roam,
 Forth to the dew-pearled green,
 Follow the Elfin Queen !
 In cobweb turban silvery gray,
 Lit by the glow-worm's glimmering ray,
 Hie to the moonlight dance away !

Let mantles fine and white,
 Bleached in the pale star-light,
 On grave of maiden fair,
 Float round you light as air.
 Through moor, sedge, wold, through yellow grain,
 Down hill, up dale, from grove to plain,
 Haste hither to the sportive chain !

The broad-leaved nettle spreads
 Safe arch above our heads,
 And mists a silvery wall
 Extend around our ball.
 We swiftly whirl, we lightly sweep,
 And grizzly Gnomes from caverns deep
 Ply harp and viol as we trip.

Haste ! join our giddy round !
 With cobweb kerchief crowned ;
 Swift spins the elfin throng,
 In circling maze along.
 What foot so light as ne'er to slip !
 We skim the lea with zephyr-trip,
 Nor bows the grass beneath our step.

VANITY OF VANITIES.

WITHOUT having ever been a preacher, one may cry out that "all is vanity;" without being quite as wise a king as Solomon, one may repeat that "all is vexation of spirit." But, really, to make these great moral discoveries, and to have learned what a lie life is, one must have stood at its top, and looked down on all mortal things at his feet. The Government Organ has lately announced, in that classic English which is so fit a vehicle for its enlightened politics, that

"the Presidential patronage"—which is in this country the regal power, the Prerogative itself—"is not the thing it is cracked up to be." Now, this discovery of the nothingness of royalty and of wisdom, being one which no man but a prince and a sage could make, and it being moreover monstrous to suppose that the printer should be so disloyal as to find out such a secret in advance of Majesty, we must perforce conclude that the "*vanitas vanitatum*!" of the "Organ"

is the President's ejaculation, not its own. The very style, not less than the thought, is stamped with a kingly sorrow, a monarch's mortification. And whereas the great son of David, with all his wisdom, arrived not at this profound conviction of the emptiness of all things until the very close of his reign, our ruler has found out just as much in the very beginning. It is clear, therefore, that the words and the discovery which we have cited must be the President's own, and when they appeared in that Book of Ecclesiastes, the Court Calendar, the Register of the royal thoughts, he had only said to the scribe (we will not say the Pharisee) who conducts it, "Write!" and forthwith was recorded that golden saying, "the Presidential patronage is *not* the thing it is cracked up to be!"

Nevertheless, in thus attempting to establish whence must have come a sentiment so profound, expressed so loftily and yet so touchingly, we mean not to say that they who voice it to the world may not have also made their own sagacious, though subordinate reflections. It has always been held that, without her measures, the greatness of Queen Elizabeth's wit would have been manifest enough, in the ministers and counsellors whom she drew about her. As thus the having able servants proves the prince to be wise, so when we have ascertained the monarch to be of the highest sagacity, we need no further proof that they whom he employs must be only less eminently acute than himself. Of necessity, then, the discoveries of the astute editors who interpret for the President will have trod after his mind in the same bright track of high perception, and led *them*, too, to truths proper to their detection, as the others to their principal's; so that, probably, just about the time that *he* sorrowfully surmised the great fact that "the Presidency is not what it is cracked up to be," they will have sadly suspected that "the Palace Printership is not what it is taken for!"

As yet, seeing little reason to suspect that the discovery of certain spines and prickles in the arm-chair of the Printership, has brought about in them who coveted it, any extreme diminution of desire for it, we have not been able to convince ourselves that the rankling of all the thorns in the crown has made him who wears it sick or sated at so brief an enjoyment of his wishes. Per-

chance, after all, the disgust conceived so very early is a premature one. It is averred, by those who confide and sympathise in it the most, that Gen. Jackson was "one of the greatest, wisest and best men that ever lived in the tide of time;" and yet it is perfectly well known that *his* sentiments on this subject underwent a complete revolution. Who knows what time may not bring about? Habit, use, breeds us to strange things. Nobody but makes wry faces at the first olive he eats; the first quid of tobacco makes us spue; and yet folks soon delight in olives, and grow miserable when their honey-dew or even pig-tail is taken away from them. Eels have been said to grow not displeased with skinning. In Milton, Belial argues to the fiends that custom will by-and-by render the discomforts of the place where bad people go by no means disagreeable. Everybody knows the mortal antipathy and the anguish with which that distinguished Democrat, the Hon. Benj. F. Butler, at first took his heavy official fees, and how difficult it afterwards became to satisfy that scrupulous person's cormorant appetite for them. A king of Pontus is said to have inured himself to all sorts of poisons, until at last he could feed on them as drink and victuals. Why may not the same happen to Mr. Polk? And does not the poet say,

For custom turns fatigues to ease,
And taught by virtue, pain can please.

Constancy, courage, familiarity with the woes of authority, may reconcile Mr. Polk to his present pangs. Patriotism will plead with him to endure them. The melting voice of all the faithful in office will supplicate him. Nay, the "Organ" itself, in its tenderest strain, such as Orpheus subdued Pluto with, may at last intercede for the country, and win Mr. Polk to bear a little longer, as well as he may, the self-sacrifice of stooping to such a position, the torture of wide adulation, the cruel necessity of having half the land at his beck, the severe affliction of disposing of all public honors, profits and trusts, as the private property of himself, and his friends, and his followers.

After all, too, the President's situation, grievous as it is to him, must have its consolations. It cannot fail often to occur to his mind, from the rule of *what* an inferior, *what* an incompetent, *what* an inglorious person his election

has saved the land ! The confidence with which all sections and factions of his own party regard him, must be decidedly soothing. His very opponents yield a general, though reluctant, homage to the splendor of his abilities and reputation. The peculiar circumstances of his nomination, the methods that secured his election, must, in the review, brim his mind with satisfaction. Can he look otherwise than with pleasure upon the return he has made to those to whom he immediately owes his elevation—the South Carolinians ? Then, must not the unimpaired trust and affection towards him, betokened by the last letter of his benefactor, General Jackson, to Major Lewis, fill his heart with self-approving joy ? And surely, as to even that peculiar grief, the partition of the spoils, the administration of the patronage, if he has not been able to satisfy anybody hardly with his proper share of the plunder, at least his *conscience*, his *heart*, his *understanding*, and all the man, and the citizen, and the Christian within must glow with exultation at the noble, the wise, the righteous, and the patriotic use to which he has put, and is putting, all the personal power which he wields.

Of those whom he has removed, probably at least three-fourths were men against whom no fault could be alleged except that, in a country where the forms of freedom exist, they were known, in the exercise of a supposed privilege, to think otherwise than does the President on some questions of legitimate political opinion. For this crime, to which they had originally been led by the laws—in which the President himself had, by his Inaugural Address and preceding declarations, encouraged them to persist—hundreds of worthy citizens—fathers of families—skilful and faithful public servants—many of them gray with honorable and useful service—by their integrity, their long experience, their practised capacity, their zeal in every duty, the real but humble props of that very administration of public affairs of which a few lucky politicians or demagogues (themselves often totally useless and empty, or worse,) bear off all the honors and the chief rewards—have been deliberately and coolly, by him who should have been the guard and the father of all who deserve well in the public service, cast out at least into such disgrace as the Presidential authority can inflict, and in many instances, with a shocking inhumanity as well as injustice,

into absolute destitution at the end of their days. Such has been here, before our own eyes, repeatedly the reward bestowed by the Executive on long and exemplary official service. In one instance, a case still crueler has come distinctly to our knowledge, where a clerk above seventy years old, but still healthy and strong, kept in poverty by a family out of proportion to his small salary, has, without the slightest imputation, and indeed with a direct avowal of his efficiency, been turned out to starve, *with a positive refusal of any testimony of good conduct such as might assist in enabling him to find employment and earn his bread* ; and this was done, *avowedly*, upon the ground that *such a testimony might be used to the injury of those who turned out this good officer of twenty years' standing* ! We might advert to other instances of removals as unjust and pitiless here. They come continually, to sadden the hearts and offend the judgments of all the right-minded, of whatever politics. But apart from the individual wrong, and from every thing that must move private pity, a great part of the cases are utterly bad, in every public aspect. Mere brawlers, or minions of cliques, and intriguers, and clubs who have signalized themselves by nothing but forwardness in those bad party-services which almost invariably mark the man as unfit for anything else, ignorant of business, desperate in fortunes, loose in principles, are but too largely substituted for tried, faithful, highly capable clerks. The public business cannot but suffer terribly from this exchange of competency for its opposite, of experience for inexperience, of men who stood upon their personal merit for those who rely only on having been and continuing to be the tools of party or of persons. With so wide a lesson of the uselessness of fidelity, of the availability for promotion of anything rather than the performance of duty, what can the Executive expect—nay, what design—as to the zeal and honesty with which those holding public employments are henceforth to act ? What must such appointments be held to signify, except purposes that regard only something either partisan or personal, and utterly adverse to the public service ? that service, thus given up to the havoc of an expulsion of those who are necessary, an induction of multitudes that are either a burden, or not to be trusted except in those electioneering pursuits from which they come.

If, as is plainly the fact, the public service is thus set at naught in favor of the mere instruments of faction or of a leader, how can it be imagined that he who does it—let him possess what he may—does it for any ends but his own? Certainly, the President's press here and its echoes elsewhere, tell us of his fidelity to party, the duty he owes to those who elected him, and would have us believe that these are the clear, nay, moral, motive of such appointments. We answer, that he who, in such a position, regards *Party beyond his supreme duty to the Public*, gives, by that very conduct, decisive proof that he would still more readily betray a faction for his own ends, than his country for that faction. Already, in this system of conduct, the President has utterly violated his own voluntary assurances to the country, offered under every circumstance that could give them solemnity: what attention, then, do his protestations of not wishing to serve a second term deserve—especially when such pledges are a *necessary means of accomplishing just the opposite intention*? Few men in Mr. Polk's place would hesitate at such an expedient. That he is capable of it, his insane declarations concerning the Tariff, during the election, put beyond any manner of doubt.

An old and bad, but unhappily acute maxim of politics says, that "promises are the counters of wise men, the money of fools." The very Press, which urges the most the certainty of Mr. Polk's sincerity, is one which has long acted upon Talleyrand's favorite definition of *words*, as "an invention for the concealment of one's ideas"—an invention, by the by, particularly available, where the man has very many words and very few ideas. We need hardly point, in confirmation of our legitimate distrust of the "Self-denying Ordinance" of Mr. Polk, to two of the latest examples afforded by the station which he occupies. General Jackson was as patriotic as he; Mr. Tyler as sincere; and both paid no attention to just

such pledges. What are they, in fact, but political parodies of that ecclesiastical disclaimer, the *Nolo Episcopari*, the antipathy to a mitre, which has so completely passed into a proverb significant only of a churchman who is particularly anxious to be made a bishop of, and expects to succeed by an assumed humility?

Let us then conclude, as we began, with Solomon. It takes a very sagacious man to find out that he is a fool, and a very wise monarch to discover that the pains of royalty outweigh its gratifications. But Solomon did not resign upon making his discovery: why then should Mr. Polk? Should he, however, feel himself *too* unhappy, he need not fear: there is a Vice President, who will probably bear with more courage the weight of the sceptre. But we are, like Horace, loyal enough to cry—

"Late, very late, oh may he rule us!"

In short, we have no fears that the land, and especially the office-holders or seekers, will be called to mourn a resignation. Mr. Polk will probably, after the example of nearly every body that ever held supreme power, quit it only when he can't help it. To us, his manifest propping of himself on party only, is a decisive sign that he has yet expectations which Party alone is to realize. A man bent on serving only one term would think only of that equal, that even, that patriotic course, which should win him, during the short reign to which he limited himself, the compensation of a blameless reputation. *L'appétit vient en mangeant*—"we grow hungrier after we begin to eat," says the French adage, and if Mr. Polk's stomach for the Presidency doesn't mend of itself, we know plenty of people near him that will administer pickles and provocatives in abundance. By the by, how's the Organ off for soy and catsup and vinegared cabbage and onions? They are capital things before a second course.

SCENERY AND RESOURCES OF MAINE.

WE often hear expressions of wonder at the ignorance which prevails in Great Britain, and the enlightened circles of Europe generally, respecting the prominent features, physical and social, of this country. It might be supposed that a natural and spontaneous prompting of curiosity and interest would everywhere be experienced in reference to this young and vast empire, so rapidly expanding in its dimensions, its power, and its importance. Before the veil, whose impenetrable fold had hidden, for thousands of years, one-half of the globe, had been lifted from the bosom of the Atlantic, the imaginations of men were busily exercised in picturing hesperian realms and islands of the blest, blooming beyond it. But the reality is far more grand and exciting than the fabrications of fancy ever were. A vision is now rising which, if the nations of the old world would but turn their eyes across the ocean to behold it, would arrest their deepest interest, and fill them with the liveliest admiration and solicitude. The phenomenon of the rise and progress of the Republic of the United States of North America is rapidly developing its momentous action, without, as yet, being at all realized by the rest of the world.

But we cannot complain of this, for it is not realized by us. We are charged with exaggerating the interest and greatness of our country, and are ridiculed and denounced for our national vanity. Nothing can be more unjust. We do not estimate that country sufficiently high. We know not what a beautiful, bountiful, and glorious land is ours. The features of its scenery, its natural resources, its infinite variety of attractions and capacities, are yet to be appreciated by us. It is indeed well known, for every elementary geography teaches that America has some quite large rivers and lakes. Everybody has heard and can tell about the grandeur and sublimity of Niagara, and the Highlands of the Hudson, and one or two other frequented places. Along the principal routes of travel particular spots are noted. But beyond them nothing is known of the objects of interest belonging to the natural scenery. In the oldest settled parts of the country, an observing eye and a taste for the beauties of nature can still explore and

discover in landscape of shore, forest, and cavern, much that has never yet attracted the notice it merits.

We hope to induce some of our correspondents in the various sections of the country to turn their attention to this subject, that we may spread upon our pages, from time to time, pictures of scenery drawn from the different States, and which would be new to some, and interesting to all.

With this view, and hoping that others will take up and follow the plan, we will endeavor to delineate a part of our country which many of our readers may not, perhaps, have thought of, but as a rugged and rock-hemmed wilderness—as a region whose rock-bound coast sustained a scanty population of fishermen, and whose forests were frequented by a few lumbermen. We would premise that we are not a native of the State we are to describe, and have never resided in it, but know it only as a traveler.

MAINE has a larger territory than either of the other New England States. Under the auspices of its Legislature, the late Moses Greenleaf prepared and published a map of the State, including nearly the whole of the British province of New Brunswick, with parts of Nova Scotia, Canada and New Hampshire. A corrected and revised edition has recently been published, which, for accuracy, can scarcely be surpassed. Every bend of a river, creek, or brook—every indentation and projection of lake, bay, bank or shore—the track of every main road—every ledge, sunken rock, or island, or bar, is delineated with such absolute accuracy, that the traveler needs no guide and the voyager no pilot.

A glance at this map discloses the marvellous natural advantages of the country. The entire coast is one unbroken succession of harbors. The interior is divided, through its whole depth, by noble rivers, running, for the most part, parallel with each other to the sea; while the intermediate territory is covered with a lace-work of smaller streams, and dotted all over with lakes of various shapes and sizes. There is probably no spot, included in its boundaries, that has not the advantage of water privileges within one or two miles. The principal rivers are navigable for a considerable

distance, while the cross streams and lakes are of inestimable value, as affording the means of bringing the growth and productions of the inmost forests out to an open market. The shore is diversified by deep bays, formed by the widening banks of rivers as they flow to the ocean, or by projecting headlands, by sheltered inlets and sounds, and by an infinite variety of islands, arrayed like a protecting army in an advanced line all along the extended coast. Maine is provided with a greater number of secure and desirable harbors than are to be found on all the rest of the Atlantic shore, from Cape Ann to Florida.

In no part of the country are so many handsome towns to be seen. The natural location of Portland, with its beautiful bays before and behind, is very fine; while Saco and Brunswick, Bath, Gardiner, Hallowell, Augusta, Norridgewock, and the other villages on the Kennebec, Bangor, Frankfort, Bucksport, Belfast, Castine and Camden, on the Penobscot, and Thomaston, Ellsworth, the two Machias, Eastport and Calais, along the seaboard, in their tasteful arrangement of streets, neatness of architecture, and bright freshness and newness of aspect, make a most agreeable impression upon the traveler. They are generally built upon beautiful elevations and inclinations of surface, and combine the most desirable elements of town and country, water and forest scenery.

The country immediately contiguous to the sea, in this State, as indeed along the Atlantic generally, is either rocky or sandy, barren in soil, and uninviting in aspect. The main routes of travel naturally press towards the coast, and, on this account, it is a common impression that there is but little to interest the lover of nature. Everywhere this impression will at once be removed by penetrating into the interior—especially is this the case in Maine.

Let any one ascend the Kennebec of a pleasant summer day, and look out from favorable points of view, in Gardiner, or Hallowell, or Augusta, and he will acknowledge that in the river, whitened by the graceful sails of innumerable vessels, in the bold and verdant shores, and in the neat and shining villages, opening to his view on its winding banks, a scene is presented which can hardly be surpassed in any land. As seen along the road from Belfast to Bucksport, the Penobscot, with its broad, deep bosom, and noble

shores, approaches, if it does not rival, the highland scenery of the Hudson. The bay between Castine and Belfast has been pronounced, by competent judges, worthy in some essential particulars of being ranked with the Bay of Naples. The trip from Calais to Eastport combines, in a small space, an uncommon proportion of the elements that are needed to render a landscape delightful.

On the western side of the Kennebec, within the limits, it is believed, of the town of Waterville, there is a waterfall of surpassing wildness, beauty and grandeur. It is in a wooded seclusion, at some distance from the road, and is scarcely known even in its vicinity; and yet no scene is more deeply imprinted on our mind, although nearly twenty years have intervened, than the spectacle presented in looking up from the bed of the channel below. The sheet of water is not large, neither is the height sufficient to bring it into the first class of cataracts; but there is a feeling of awe and admiration awakened that is peculiar to the spot. It possesses just the elements required by the painter; and there is no object, anywhere, that would more satisfactorily exercise his pencil, or present a more striking picture, than this yet uncelebrated waterfall.

From the barracks of Houlton an aspect of nature is presented, which, perhaps, on no other easily accessible spot, can be found on so large a scale. A perfect ocean of forest, illimitable and sublime, extends to the remotest horizon, and flows in primeval silence and grandeur all around. In the months of September and October, the diversified, brilliant and gorgeous foliage spreads out, as far as the eye can see, a carpet of richer hues than ever graced oriental hall. Nowhere does nature, and never can the artist, mix and elaborate colors with a degree of splendor equal to that in which the earliest frost of autumn arrays the forests in this latitude. The only objects that break the perfect circle of the horizon, are Mars' Hill, some forty miles due north, which rises like the Peak of Teneriffe, clear and lofty, and as well defined through the pure atmosphere as though it was not half-a-mile off; and in the west, Katahdin, although seventy miles distant, lifts up his venerable form, and mingles its dim outline with the deep blue clouds waiting to receive into their sheltering bosom the declining sun, when his daily journey is finished. As

the spectator gazes upon this boundless expanse of breathing forest, and sends his imagination through its dim aisles and hollow chambers, the awful solitudes in which, for an unknown succession of past centuries, savage generations roamed and wild beasts pursued their prey, and within whose bosom there are still wrapped up so many secrets of nature, he feels that here, at last, he has reached a spot upon which his eye can rest with unwearied delight, which fills the whole soul with a pleasing wonder and solemn admiration, and whose sublime interest not even Old Ocean can transcend.

A large portion of the State of Maine is, as yet, unvisited and unknown, except by lumbermen and surveyors. Many beautiful landscapes and grand points of scenery remain to be explored. Tracts that will, one day, bloom in cultivated fertility, and be enlivened by the arts of civilization, are still hidden beneath the deep shadows of the wilderness. When, at some future period, the whole country shall be settled, its singular beauty and interest will be found to arise from the innumerable lakes, of every variety of shape and size, some of them approaching the largest dimensions of sheets of water called by that name, with which its surface is adorned. And the peculiar feature of the country, which, in its ultimate cultivation and development, may be made to enhance its agreeableness to the traveler, are what are called the "horse-backs," which are found in various parts of the territory. They are elevated, natural ridges, sometimes running in a straight line, sometimes winding gracefully, being flat at the summit, about wide enough for a road, the sides inclining at an angle of forty-five degrees, sometimes more. These remarkable ridges preserve, for the most part, nearly the same level, and of course their height varies with the varying surface of the country over which they extend. Sometimes there is a descent on each side of fifty, sixty, or even a greater number of feet. The flat summit, and the inclined sides, are as even and as uniform as though they had been carved and dressed by artificial measurement and care. They are covered with a thick growth of timber, and extend in some instances many miles, a dozen or more. They will afford delightful pleasure routes, when the country below them, on each side, shall have been brought into cultivation.

A glance at the map will indicate the

two most striking and peculiar classes of population and modes of employment belonging to this State. The boundless forests of merchantable timber are the abode of lumbermen; and the harbor-fringed coast the birth-place of sailors. The lumber business of this part of the continent, in its extent, and in its details, is altogether unappreciated by persons who have not visited the country. It requires immense fleets to tranship it to other countries, and a vast variety of merchants, mechanics, machinists, millmen, raftsmen, river-drivers, and lumbermen. A gang of laborers is sent far up into the deep bosom of the wilderness in the fall of the year, to cut down the timber and trim it into logs. They carry with them their teams of oxen and provisions, and all that may be requisite during their long exile. They build their camps, and enter upon their labors. There may be fifty or a hundred miles between them and the settlements. Their seclusion from the world is complete. Not one of its murmurs reaches their ears. During the day the hollow woods echo and reecho, in sharp intonations, the sound of their axes, as with rapid and muscular strokes they ring through the silent solitudes. Every once in a while a mighty pine, which had waved its green branches and raised its lofty top to the skies for centuries, trembles, and reels, and tumbles with a thundering crash to the ground, spreading destruction in its fall. The woodman displays his skill and judgment in determining, by the manner of his chopping, the direction in which it shall fall, so as to do as little injury as possible to the surrounding trees, and altogether it is an incident of great interest when he brings down "the mast of a tall admiral." At the end of the day the lumbermen assemble in their camp. After refreshing their weary nature with a rude repast, they while away the evening with story and song, with joke and laugh. Thus days, weeks and months pass. Removed from all the restraints, the fashions, the sentiments of civilized life, it is not strange that these men are rugged, coarse, and almost wild in their aspect and manners. They possess the traits, in many respects, of the sailor. Like him they are reckless, social and generous.

The oxen draw the logs over the snow to the frozen streams, where the swollen freshets of spring take them on their bosom and sweep them down to the set-

tlements. Each stick of timber bears the private mark of its owner, and is left to work its own way. The gangs of lumbermen concentrate to the banks of the rivers on whose borders they have operated, and keep afloat all the timber, without reference to its ownership, which is drifting upon it. At certain fixed points, where there is a confluence of many streams, the timber is stopped by a boom, until each branch of the river above has completed its contribution; and then the entire mass is again let loose, and the combined gangs accompany it in its course. This is what is called a river-drive. It constitutes a rare spectacle. The voices of the men are heard afar through the woods as they approach down the winding river; at length they come in sight and pass by, and are again lost in the silent wilderness. It is a scene of the greatest activity, at times, where the bed of the river is shallow or obstructed. The logs fill the stream, as far as the eye can see; hundreds of men, all dressed in uniform, wearing red flannel shirts, are jumping from log to log, getting off those which have landed, sometimes springing into the water and pressing with their shoulders, and sometimes pushing with long poles, while the round and slippery logs are rolling over under their nimble feet. The occasions for strength, rapidity of sight and motion, courage, hardihood and perseverance, are frequent and greater than in almost any other business. By the month of June all the rivers of this part of the continent are filled with driving timber, which at last reaches its destination, is assorted to its several owners, and sent further down in rafts, or shipped, in the form of logs, deal-boards, clapboards, shingles, laths, or slabs, to all parts of the world. The men who are thus exposed to the snows of winter and the privations of the wilderness, whose muscles are strung to such perpetual labor, and whose frames are hardened by cold and wet, constitute a material ingredient of the physical force of the country, and, in case of necessity, could contribute to its defence, with an energy, a bravery and an endurance, surpassed by no other description of the population. They are identified with the soil, almost as much as the deep-rooted trees themselves. They have no other ideas, no other attachments, than to its wild forests and bright streams, and to the freedom with which they have roamed through and floated over them.

In order to estimate the importance of Maine as a navigating State and a nursery of seamen, let any one, on a pleasant September day, secure to himself the gratification of as delightful a steamboat excursion as the country affords, by taking passage at Bangor or Belfast for Portland. Every bay, harbor and river, as he glides by, is receiving or sending forth its graceful sails. As he passes Owl's Head, he is in the midst of an innumerable fleet, threading their manifold courses through islands surrounded with breakers and sparkling in the sunshine; as the floating castle in which he is borne swings on the broad sea-swell of the outer passage, her track is crossed by a perpetual succession of vessels of all sizes, from the heavy Indiaman to the light skiff, in which the solitary fisherman pursues his exciting and surely rewarded labors.

Nearly twenty years ago an English gentleman was seen to pass up the Kennebec and disappear in the wilderness. The precise point of his destination was not known. Soon after, two young men traveling in that region, having heard of the stranger, were impelled by curiosity to ascertain the place and manner of his wilderness abode; they succeeded in getting upon his track, and after having passed beyond the last settlement, and traversed a pathless forest for a distance of twenty-five miles, and crossed an elevated ridge, called Mount Saddleback, they reached the spot which the peculiar taste and enterprise of the unknown gentleman had selected; and a beautiful and romantic spot it was. He had purchased an entire township. Its southern boundary was a high mountain, wooded to the summit, and descending with a steep inclination to the shore of a large, deep lake. On the northern side of the lake, opposite the mountain, he had made his clearing and was erecting his various buildings. From his house to the lake was a beautiful slope, from which, with the exception of a border of trees along the shore, the forest had been removed, and which, when we saw it, was waving with a rich and most abundant growth of wheat. Behind his house the land flowed back in sweeping levels for three or four miles, and then ascended into mountainous ridges which on all sides marked the boundaries of his estate. After the cares of the day were over, and his numerous workmen were resting from their labors, our host sat down with us on the green embankment in front of his house, and

gratified us with a narrative of his life, and an explanation of the motives that had led him to that secluded spot. It was at lovely summer evening. The moon rose with a brightness and beauty which seemed to transcend even her own loveliness. No dust from the turmoil of life impaired the purity of that clear atmosphere. The rising and setting of the sun and moon were attended with peculiar interest in that mountain-compassed seclusion. As the disk of the moon was slowly lifted over Saddleback, light tipped the summits of the mountains in the opposite west, and its line gradually descended their sides, compelling, as it were, the shadows, and forcing them down lower and lower, until they all at last disappeared, and the lake glittered in the silver sheen, and the wide valley was filled with the mild and soft radiance of moonlight in its fulness.

From a child it had been the aspiration of his ambition to procure a spot of earth upon which man had never encroached, as it came from the hand of its Maker, and which, so far as his eye could see, he could call his own. With this view, he, early in life, engaged in commercial pursuits, and was led by his business to see much of the world, having spent many years on the continent of Europe, and over his mountain barriers. The land passed often across the Atlantic. He had witnessed many interesting scenes on both sides of the ocean, during the era of those great events which signalized the close of the last century and the beginning of this. At length, his mercantile enterprises having been crowned with success, he came again to America, and explored the Atlantic States to find a spot where his early and cherished visions might be realized. After a wide survey of the middle and southern States, he purchased 10,000 acres of land in a county of Virginia, bordering upon North Carolina; but before he had commenced operations there, some old business transaction threw into his hands a tract of wild land in Maine, which he conceived a desire to examine for himself before disposing of it.

He made his way, with great hardship, through the wilderness to this place; and he moment he beheld it, the beau-ideal in which he had indulged from childhood was so completely realized, that he sold his Virginia lands, and removed at once with his family. He brought with him a full supply of stock of the best descriptions, and implements of agricultural labor. He had a large company of workmen adapted to all the exigences of a new settlement.

He was the first occupant of the scene; no axe had ever before rung through that forest; no spade had ever turned up that soil; nature had delivered it into his hands in its untouched virginity, and it was for him to say where, and how, and to what extent labor should mingle with it, and art adorn or enrich it. We were the first travelers that had penetrated to his retreat. He delighted in the tranquillity and independence of his secluded abode, which he likened to the vale of Rasselas. He sighed not for the world from which he had withdrawn, but still his heart leaped at the sight of a fellow-man; he received us with the cordial grasp of a warm humanity, and treated us with a lively and generous hospitality.

But the tide of settlement has swept over his mountain barriers. The land mania which involved the whole country some ten years ago, broke like a flood into his retreat. The census of 1840 reports 216 inhabitants in his township. Unable to resist the pressure, he has sold out, as we have been informed; but whether, like Leather-Stocking or Daniel Boone, he has sought a deeper refuge in the wilderness, or given up the attempt to escape from the advancing wave of population, we cannot tell. But however it may be, wherever he is, we wish him well—if still in the land of the living, and this should reach his notice, may he receive the assurance that his kind hospitality to the young strangers who intruded upon his retirement is gratefully remembered.

THE BHAGVAT GEETA, AND THE DOCTRINE OF IMMORTALITY.

It is written in the Vedas, "The soul should be known, that is, it should be distinguished from nature; for then it will not return, it will not return." In this passage, under a form peculiar to the East, we find the enunciation of one of the fundamental problems of philosophy (that of the immortality of the soul) with an indication of its solution. It is the general belief of the Orientals, that the soul of a dying man, after leaving this present body, will be born again into the world under some new form. A man, in his next body, may be a horse, or a dog, and this re-birth, whether in the old or under a new form, is the *return* of the soul. The expiation of certain crimes consists, according to the description in the laws of Menû, in the soul's living a thousand successive lives, in the bodies of a thousand different spiders. This is a specimen of the *return*. The prospect, therefore, is by no means agreeable, and we cannot wonder that the whole force of the Oriental mind should have been directed to the discovery of some means whereby the *return* of the soul might be avoided.

But, before we go further, let us examine this doctrine of the transmigration of souls, to see whether it really be so devoid of plausibility as we sometimes suppose. In all ages of the world there have been philosophers who held that *the soul built the body*, that is, that the character and form of the body was dependent on the character of the soul. The diametrically opposite doctrine is, indeed, more fashionable at this time, for many of our phrenologists and other materialists, believe that it is *the body which builds the soul*, that is, that the soul is a function of (dependent upon) some portion of the organism,—say the brain for example. An appeal is made, in both cases, to observation and experience, the phrenologist, from an examination of the skull, will give a pretty shrewd guess as to the character of its owner; the idealist will call our attention to the fact that the indulgence of certain passions will alter the conformation of the face, the expression of the figure. The man who acquires the disposition of a fox, will begin to look like a fox—will begin to become a fox as far as such a transformation is

compatible with human nature. It is in the nature of Spirit, says the Idealist, to express itself in some form, and, as we are all rendered free at death, why should we not, in the next birth, take the form best adapted to express our inward natures? Why should not the man, who is, in heart, a fox, take, in the next birth, the outward form of a fox? why should not a fierce bloody man be born the next time as a bull-dog; and a woman, who has no desire, except for dress and display, be born as a peacock? Are their souls immortal? Yes, verily, but their present natures will remain with them, for their happiness or misery, throughout eternity. Conversely, a man of pure and angelic character begins inevitably to present a pure and angelic appearance, the countenance becomes placid, the manner sedate, and the soul of the man transforms the body till it becomes as angelic as is compatible with its present relations. And when it assumes a new form after death, what shall prevent it from assuming the one most appropriate to its nature?

Our Transcendentalists, hold not only that the soul builds the body, but that it builds all things, God, the universe, the body, other men, &c. "In the order of thought (says Mr. Emerson,) the materialist takes his departure from the external world, and esteems a man as one product of that. The Idealist takes his departure from his consciousness, and reckons the world as an appearance. . . . The experience of the Idealist inclines him to behold the procession of facts you call the world, as flowing perpetually outward from an invisible unsounded centre *in himself*, centre alike of him and of them, and necessitating him to regard all things as having a subjective or relative value, relative to that aforesaid unknown centre of him." This doctrine of Mr. Emerson leads either to a denial of a future life, or to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls; for if the soul builds the body, and continues to live, it must inevitably assume, in the next state, a form appropriate to its nature. But, why, you ask, may not a Transcendentalist say that the soul assumes a spiritual body, in the old-fashioned heaven? If the Transcendentalist takes this ground, he will furnish at once the means, not

only for the immediate destruction of a whole wing of the school, but also for ultimately sapping the entire system. For in admitting the old-fashioned heaven, he must acknowledge also the *possibility* of the old-fashioned special communications from the spiritual world to saints and prophets. He must thus admit the logical basis of the old-fashioned orthodoxy, inspiration, &c., and what will he do in the battle that ensues? But it is not necessary to push this inquiry; we know of no passage in the writings of any transcendental writer which asserts the doctrine of a future *life*. We have no reason to believe that any of them hold the doctrine. The future state is, for them, not one of *life*, but one of persistence of *essence*.

This theory that the soul builds the body, is connected with a vast system, which we have not time to examine, but a little thought will convince the reader that it is as plausible and as true as the other doctrine, that the body builds the soul; in short, subjective-idealism is just as true as materialism, and we may add, just as false. As was shown in the March number of this Review, if we start with man alone, our reasonings will leave us, at the end, in New England Transcendentalism, (subjective-idealism,) and, if we take our departure in nature alone, we end of necessity in material-realism; both partial, exclusive, and inadequate systems. The fact is, the body builds the soul, and the soul builds the body, but it is God who builds both.

II. What reasoning, what train of thought, lay in the minds of the writers of the Vedas when they explained the method to be followed by men desirous of avoiding a *return* into this evil mansion of pain? Why did they suppose that a distinction of the soul from nature, by the exercise of thought, would be sufficient to overcome this necessity of a *return*? We shall endeavor in the following pages to give an answer to these questions. But it will be necessary to explain some of the peculiarities of the Oriental philosophy, that the reader may readily understand the somewhat obscure text we shall find it necessary to quote.

What is the *invisible world* of the Orientals? This *invisible world*, is identical with the world of *potential* existences of Aristotle; it is identical with the *abyss* of Jacob Behman and John Pordage. These three expressions, the invisible world, the

potential world, and the abyss, (which last term we prefer, as being more expressive,) are names indicating one identical thing in the universe of reality—we do not say in the universe of actuality.

What then is meant by the term, *the abyss*? Suppose, in thought, this visible universe to be broken. Let all the qualities by which we distinguish the differences subsisting among the different bodies of nature, cease to manifest themselves. Let all properties, all activities in nature, reënter into themselves. Let all that by which each manifests its own proper existence, reënter the virtual state, so that all properties, all activities, exist no longer in act, but only in the *power* of acting. Like a circle that contracts more and more till it vanishes in its own center; let all extensions contract into—into what, O ye Powers! Let all qualities derived from extension, or which are manifested to us through extension, enter again into themselves. Let, in short, all properties of things be only in potentiality of manifestation. The reader must endeavor to effect these operations in thought.

But perhaps it will be well to define some of our terms. What is *essence*? What is *existence*? What is the difference in signification between the words *essence* and *existence*? *Essence* is pure being, without efflux or manifestation. *Existence* involves out-going or manifestation. The soul of man, and every other substance, according to the foundation of its being, according to its center or root, *is*; but according to its out-goings, manifestations, or operations, it *exists*.

What is *potential existence*? What is *actual existence*? What is the difference between potential and actual existence? A thing exists *potentially*, or in *potentia*, when it is *possible* only. This same thing exists *actually* when it has not only this possible (potential) existence, but also a real existence *in fact*.

A thing *is*, when in *potentia*, or when possessing only a possible *existence*; but it *exists*, when it has not only its root of substance or being, but also an actual manifestation.

When all outward things exist only in potentiality of manifestation, or, in short, when all things exist only in *potentia*, man also must cease from all actual existence; and must reënter the potential state. In fact, how does man act, how does he manifest himself? He moves, eats, drinks, thinks, wills, remembers, hopes, loves, desires, &c. But can a man

eat without eating something, or can he drink except he drink something? Can he move without moving through some space, or moving something, viz: his body? Can he love, hope, desire, think, without thinking, hoping, loving, desiring, something? When all things are in the potential state, this something, which is necessary to all his actions, is withdrawn, and, as man cannot act or manifest himself, without the concurrence of this something, he must also himself cease from all action, all manifestation—he must himself, in like manner reënter the potential state. Conceive, if you can, that you are removed into some distant region of space where nothing can come into contact with you, where the light of the stars of heaven is extinguished, where the undulations of the all-pervading ether cease to operate, where all motion, all change, all springing sources, have reëntered into themselves; conceive, also, your memory to be so blotted out that the voices of the past sound no longer; conceive that no fact remains present to the mind on which to base an inference in regard to the future. Would you live, act, think or desire? Of what would you think, or what would you desire? All these objects of thought and desire have entered, according to the supposition, into the potential state, and manifest themselves no longer to you. Evidently you have entered, as far as is possible this side the gates of death, into the potential state, into the invisible world, into the abyss.

When we thus conceive this universe to be broken, to have returned into its original essence, but non-existence—when we conceive man also to have ceased from all actual existence—we shall perceive all our representations, humanity, the outward world, ourselves, all thought, all desire, reëntering into each other, so as to exist thenceforth only in germ, only in potentiality of existence. Man and the universe will be effaced together—all things will enter the potential state simultaneously; for the human intelligence reflects the universe, and the reëntering of the universe into the potential state will be marked by the smooth surface of the mirror (the mind of man) which gives thenceforth no reflection, which marks thenceforth no change.

Thus beings have become one being, in potentiality of manifestation. Yet when we say *one* being, our words must not be taken with too much strictness. Nature and man have reëntered into them-

selves, and all things exist only in *potentia*; they have become *one* being, inasmuch as each is now a cause existing in potentiality of operation—*one* being, inasmuch as these causes are undistinguishable the one from the other, since all that can effect a distinction is swallowed up in the abyss of potentiality. But they are many beings, inasmuch as they are the potentiality of a world involving diversity and change.

This one being, this world in *potentia*, is the *abyss* of Jacob Behman, the *invisible world* of the Orientals.

"I am (says Kreesna, in the Bhagvat Geeta,) in like manner, that which is the seed of all things in nature; and there is nothing, whether animate or inanimate, which is without me. But what, *O Arjoon*, hast thou to do with this manifold wisdom? I planted the universe with a single portion and stood still. [The son of Pandoo then beheld within the mighty compound being, within the body of the God of gods, standing together, the whole universe, divided forth into its vast variety.] I see thyself (says *Arjoon*) on all sides of infinite shape, formed with abundant arms, and bellies, and mouths, and eyes; but I can neither discover thy beginning, thy middle, nor again thy end, *O universal Lord*, form of the universe!"

The following passage is clear, and shows the distinction between the potential and actual worlds, the first being the substance and seed of the latter, and the latter being the former drawn out into actual relations.

"They who are acquainted with day and night, know that a day of Brahma is a thousand revolutions of the Yooogs, and that his night extendeth for a thousand more. On the coming forth of that day all things proceed from *invisibility* to *visibility*; so, on the approach of night, they are all dissolved away into that which is called *invisible*. The universe even, having existed, is again dissolved; and now again, on the approach of day, by divine necessity, it is reproduced. That which, upon the dissolution of all things else, is not destroyed, is superior and of another nature from that *visibility*; it is *invisible* and eternal. He who is thus called *invisible* and incorruptible, is even he who is called the *supreme abode*; which men, having once obtained, they never more *return* to the earth: that is my mansion. That supreme being is to be obtained by him that worshipeth no other gods. In him is included all nature, by him all things are spread abroad."

We will give a few more extracts from

the Bhagvat Geeta, and then pass at once to the doctrine of creation.

"The great Brahm (says Kreeshna) is my womb. In it I place my fetus, and from it is the production of all nature. . . . I am generation and dissolution; the place where all things are repositied, and the inexhaustible seed of all nature. I am sunshine, and I am rain. I now draw in, and I now let out. I am death and immortality. I am entity and non-entity. . . . The ignorant, being unacquainted with my supreme nature, which is superior to all things, and exempt from decay, believe me, who am *invisible*, to exist in the *visible* form under which they see me. . . . I am the creation and the dissolution of the whole universe. There is not anything greater than I; and all things hang on me, even as precious gems on a string. I am moisture in the water, light in the sun and moon, invocation in the *Vedas*, sound in the firmament, human nature in mankind. In all things I am life, and I am zeal in the zealous; and know, O Arjoon, that I am the eternal seed of all nature. . . . I will now tell thee what is *Gnea*, or the object of wisdom, *from which understanding thou wilt enjoy immortality*. This is that which has no beginning and is separate, even *Brahm*, who can neither be called *sat* (eus) nor *asat* (non eus). Unattached, it containeth all things, and without quality, it partaketh of every quality. It is undivided, yet in all things it standeth divided. It is wisdom, that which is the object of wisdom, and that which is to be obtained by wisdom."

III. Some of the heretical sects supposed the abyss, the invisible or potential world, to be the supreme God. It is evident, that the Bhagvat Geeta, from which the foregoing extracts are made, is not exempt from the influence of this error. But the abyss cannot be God; for God is alive, while the abyss is unquestionably dead. The abyss has only a nugatory and potential existence, itself being the mere potentiality of the universe, while God, on the other hand, exists always in act. But, perhaps, it may be said that *the abyss is alive*, and that, in truth, it is itself the only *life*, that it passes always, by virtue of inhering necessity, into act, imparting life by that passage to all vital agents in the visible universe. This would be a statement of the fatal pantheism which has always reigned in the East, a pantheism somewhat similar to that of the Hegelians, and almost identical with that of a portion of our New England Transcen-

dentals. We will endeavor to render this matter a little more clear.

We read in the writings of Dupuis, the materialist, "amid the shadows of a dark night, when the heavens are covered with a thick cloud, when all bodies have disappeared from our eyes, and we seem to dwell alone with ourselves and with the black shadows which surround us, what is then the measure of our existence; How much does it differ from an entire annihilation, especially when memory and thought do not surround us with the images of objects which the day had revealed to us. *All is dead to us, and we ourselves are, in a certain manner, dead to nature*. What can give us *life*, and draw our souls from this mortal weakness which chains down its activity in the shadows of chaos? A single ray of light can restore us to ourselves, and to nature, which seemed so far removed from us. Behold the principle of our true existence, without which our *life* would be but the sentiment of a prolonged ennui. It is this need of light, it is its creative energy, which has been felt by all men, for they have seen nothing more frightful than its absence. Behold their first Divinity, whose brilliant splendor, sparkling forth from the bosom of chaos, caused to proceed thence man and the universe, according to the theological principles of Orpheus and of Moses." The thought here expressed is simple, but its power is inexhaustible, *infinite*! We will not dwell on the view of the nature of *Life* which is so clearly and beautifully expressed, nor upon the misapprehension of the theology of Moses, so manifested in the concluding line. But we would ask Dupuis, is there nothing but *light* which can expel this obscure gloom? is there nothing but *light* which can deliver man from this migratory abyss of potential existence? How much is involved in the expression, "especially when memory and thought do not surround us with the image of objects which the day had revealed to us?" A single ray of light would indeed restore us to reality, to communion with nature, but would not the remembrance of a single object seen through the day, awaken the soul to a real and intense life, though not to an immediate communion with nature? while we are in this state of darkness and of silence, this state of dreaming without dreams, the whole *expanse*, if we may so speak, of memory, is spread before the inner eye, but with-

out form, and, as it were, void. No distinct image is present to the mind, and all our conceptions lie in the memory and imagination, (which is another form, or rather a modification of memory,) in the mere *potentiality* of existence as actual conceptions. If we begin to act mentally, if we begin to form to ourselves a picture or conception, the facts of memory rise up before us, and, taking the isolated parts, we bring them together, perhaps in new forms, by the exercise of imagination, perhaps in the reproduction of some well known collocation, by the exercise of simple memory.

This vast, and apparently empty, (as in the case supposed by Dupuis,) *expanse* of memory, which stretches out before the inward eye when we seem to cease from all thought, is as the invisible or potential world, as the abyss. This empty *expanse*, containing the germ of all our conceptions, is a similitude, a correspondence, with the *invisible world* of the Orientals. But the invisible world is the seed of all nature, while the vacant expanse, or world, of memory and imagination, is finite, and the seed of the conceptions of the individual man only. As the whole universe is contained, in *potentia*, in the abyss, so, in this field of memory, are contained *potentially* all those elements which go to make up the conceptions formed by the mind when it entered into operation. It will be well, for the reader to look again at the passages relating to the invisible world, already quoted from the Bhagvat Geeta making those changes which a reference of the texts to the finite instead of the infinite abyss, will render necessary.

But to proceed. God is a self-existent (that is, a self-living) being. We shall endeavor, in some future article, to make it evident that God is not only Essence, but also Existence; for the present, we content ourselves with a simple assertion of the fact, being confident that our readers perceive the absurdity of denying it. But to obviate all objection, we will give a simple demonstration. If God be pure essence, without existence, it would be absolutely impossible that there should be any visible world, as there would be no reason why any thing should be drawn forth from the abyss into actual existence; but there is a visible world, therefore, &c. God is self-living, therefore having power to create. Man, by virtue of his energy as a living essence, has the power of originating new conceptions, the power of

creating in a finite manner; but God, possessing an infinite life, has an infinite creative power.

By virtue of this creative power, the universe is evidently, from all eternity, *possible*; that is, the universe must have existed, from all eternity, in *potentia*.

This *possibility* is, therefore, itself *uncreated*; for God, being self-living, cannot, by any possibility, exist without the *power* to create. For when we say that a thing exists in *possibility*, or is *possible*, we mean that some active agent has the *power* to bring it to pass. The words *possible* and *power*, come from the same root.

The abyss, the invisible or potential world, exists, therefore, from eternity; it is uncreated, dependent not upon the will, but upon the being of the self-living God.

But, perhaps, this explanation, as it now stands, is not altogether satisfactory. We say then that the abyss, the potential world, the original possibility of things, is uncreated. Why? For this reason— if God created the original possibility, that creation of the original possibility, was itself *possible* with God; here a new possibility rises up behind the possibility first considered, and this new possibility is a prior condition requisite to the very being of the possibility first considered. If we treat this new possibility, (which we have formed on the hypothesis that the original possibility was *created*, to be prior to that *original* possibility itself), if we treat this new possibility as we did the other, still another possibility will rise up behind this new possibility, and so on to infinity. If, therefore, the *original* possibility was created, that possibility was by no means original, for it must have been preceded by another possibility, and this last by another; all which is evidently absurd.

The possibility of a particular act of creation is a condition logically prior to the creative act itself; for if the particular creation be impossible, it will evidently never take place. The possibility is not made to be by the very fact of creation, for the particular creation would have remained possible, although the actual creation had never taken place. The greater portion of the abyss, the greater part of the possibilities of things, have indeed not yet been realized, and, in all probability, they never will be. The possibility of an act of creation is therefore a condition logically prior to, and independent of, that act itself; and this reasoning applies as well to the first act of creation as to any other. The possibility of crea-

tion, the universe in *potentia*, the abyss, therefore, existed before the very first act of creation and is, therefore, itself *uncreated*—the proposition that was to be proved.

We are now able to see the bearing of a profound expression recorded in the Vedas. "Waters [fluids in most of the ancient systems represented the abyss,] waters alone there were; this world originally was water. In it the Lord of creation moved, having become air: he saw this earth, and upheld it, assuming the form of *Varacha*. The Lord of creation meditated profoundly upon the earth, and created the Gods, the *Vasas*, the *Rudras*, and the *Adityas*: these gods addressed the Lord of creation, saying, How can we form creatures? He replied, as *I created you by profound contemplation*, so do you seek in devotion the means of multiplying creatures." Thus, according to the Vedas, this visible universe was created out of the abyss of essence, but non-existence, by the profound contemplation of the Lord of creation, that is, *by a method analogous to that of the production of conceptions and images in human thought*. As the facts in the memory of man are distinct from, though dependent upon, him, so the *invisible* world, or the abyss, (which is, as it were, the vacant expanse of the infinite memory,) is distinct from God, though dependent upon him; and as it requires a living and personal man to create a poem, or other work of memory and imagination, so it requires a living and personal God, to create this transcendent poem which we call nature and man, or the visible universe. So this world is the thought of God, but that thought rendered firm and stable, in its manifold relations, by the simple volition of the Divine mind; for the worlds were created by the will of God.

But here, a confusion of thought, leading to pantheism, must be noticed; and this more especially as the Oriental philosopher invariably became bewildered, and identified God with the Abyss. We wish the reader to bear in mind that in this assertion of the self-existence of God, superior to the Abyss, we separate ourselves from the Oriental systems. The writers of the Vedas undoubtedly believed in the personality of God, but when they came to write, they found the thought too powerful for them, and sought to shelter their weakness in the pantheistic hypothesis. Nearly all the writers who gathered their systems from the sacred books, adopted this hypothe-

sis, but abandoned the element of truth which was more vaguely expressed. We are far from endeavoring to vindicate the Oriental systems, yet we think the writers of the Vedas ought to have the credit of half seeing the truth we have been endeavoring to explain. But to proceed:—when we form a conception, we gather the detached portions together in the memory, and the complete conception starts up, as it were, before us. But we can bring no element into our conception which we have not previously acquired by experience, which we do not retain as a fact of memory; all things must exist in the memory before they can enter and become a part of the conception. When, however, the conception is formed, we recognize that it is distinct from us, that it is not ourselves, but an image, a mental picture, dependent upon us for its continuance in existence. If we withdraw our attention it vanishes. *It depends upon us for our existence, but our existence does not depend upon it*. We do not flow into the conception, it does not partake of our essence, yet we sustain it, and, if we withdraw our sustaining energy, it returns again into the potential state in the vacant expanse of memory; it will no longer be a picture actually existing before our minds. We would here remark, by the way, that no picture, no representation, can exist in the mind; for the mind is simple, and therefore without any capacity of including space, and, where there is no space, the use of the word within is absurd. The picture is present to the mind, not in the visible world, but in the invisible world of memory and imagination, where indeed there is space, but of another order from the space of the visible world. A further investigation of this matter would require psychological developments wholly incompatible with the nature of this article; we are concerned at this moment, not with psychology, but with ontology.

The early Hindoo philosophers knew very well that God was self-living, and superior to the Abyss, but they always became entangled in their speculations, till they confounded the Abyss with the Divine Nature itself. Sometimes they say the Abyss is God, which is atheism, for the Abyss is evidently dead, and to say that God is dead, is but another way of saying that there is no God. This is not the doctrine of the Orthodox sects, but of the heretics, the Buddhists for ex-

ample. Sometimes, however, the most Orthodox writers affirm, in the same passage, the self-living, personal, existence of God, and the divinity of the Abyss; the assertion of contradictory things produces inextricable confusion. An example may be found in the beginning of the Laws of Menù :—

“This universe existed only in the first Divine idea, yet unexpanded, as if involved in darkness, imperceptible, undefinable, undiscoverable by reason, and undiscovered by revelation, as if it were wholly immersed in sleep.

“He, having willed to produce various beings from his own divine substance, first with a thought created the waters, and placed in them a productive seed.

“The seed became an egg, bright as gold, blazing like the luminary with a thousand beams; and in that egg he was born himself, in the form of BRAHMA, the great forefather of all spirits.

“The waters were called *nara*, because they were the production of NARA, or the Spirit of God; and since they were his first *ayana*, or place of motion, he thence is named NARAYANA, or moving on the waters.

“From THAT WHICH IS, the first cause, not the object of sense, existing everywhere in substance, not existing to our perception, without beginning or end, was produced the divine male, famed in all worlds under the appellation of BRAHMA.

“He whose powers are incomprehensible, having thus created both me and this universe, was again absorbed in the Supreme Spirit, changing the time of energy for the time of repose.

“When that Power awakes, (for though slumber be not predicable of the sole eternal Mind, infinitely wise, and infinitely benevolent, yet it is predicated of BRAHMA, figuratively, as a general property of life,) then has this world its full expansion; but when he slumbers with a tranquil spirit, then the whole system fades away:

“For while he reposes, as it were, in calm sleep, embodied spirits, endued with principles of action, depart from their several acts, and the mind itself becomes inert.

“And when they are once absorbed in that supreme essence, then the divine soul of all beings withdraws his energy, and placidly slumbers.

“Then, too, this vital soul of created bodies, with all the organs of sense and of action, remains long immersed in the first idea, or in darkness, and performs not its natural functions, but migrates from its corporeal frame.

“Thus the immutable Power, by waking and reposing alternately, revivifies and destroys, in eternal succession, this whole

assemblage of locomotive and immovable creatures.”

The Orientals held, as a very general thing, the Abyss to be God. The visible universe is nothing other than the Abyss itself, proceeding from the potential state into actual relations—proceeding from invisibility to visibility. Hence the invisible world, if it have a substantial existence, (which it must have, if it be identical with God,) is the *substance* of the visible, so that there would be but one substance or being in the universe; for the Abyss, as has been already shown, is *one*. The universe, therefore, while in the potential state, would be God, but after it has proceeded forth from invisibility to visibility, it is the actual world. Thus God is supposed to be the substance of the visible world. While things are in their actual relations, they are not God, but when they return into their primordial source, they are God; for each thing according to its potential existence is of the Abyss, and it is the *whole* Abyss, for the very being of the Abyss consists in this, that all which distinguishes one thing from another is swallowed up, destroyed. It is probably, for these or similar reasons, that some of our subjective Idealists (Transcendentalists) affirm that “they are God when they are out of the body, but not God when in the body.”

In fact, our Transcendentalists believe, as we have already seen, “that this visible universe is a procession from some unknown centre in the Transcendentalist himself.” Is it not evident, therefore, that when the universe enters its primordial source, it will enter the Transcendentalist himself, since it is from him that all things originally proceed? This is the genesis of Transcendentalism. The thinker identifies the Abyss with himself, calling the Abyss God, and then says that he creates and destroys the universe, by alternating seasons of energy and repose. He uses the words of Kreesna, saying, “There is not anything greater than I; and all things hang on me, even as precious gems on a string. I am entity and nonentity; I am death and immortality. I now draw in, and I now let out.” And evidently, if the Transcendentalist enters the potential state, he is the *whole* Abyss; for he can enter that state only by destroying every quality which distinguishes him from the rest of the universe. But by what right does he affirm himself to be the whole *actual* universe, even though

grant that he is the whole universe in *potentia*? If a man enter the potential state, as is very evident from the preceding considerations, he *dies*, and does by no means become greater than he was. A Transcendentalist ought not, therefore, to affirm himself to be all things, but rather, on the contrary, to affirm himself to be *dead*. The following lines, quoted from the Dial, will show that our Transcendental friends have not always manifested this wisdom:

"Nothing is if thou art not.
From thee, as from a root,
The blossoming stars upshoot,
The flower-cups drink the rain.
Joy and grief and weary pain
Spring aloft from thee,
And toss their branches free.
Thou art under, over all;
Thou dost hold and cover all;
Thou art Atlas, thou art Jove!"

We will make another quotation from the Bhagvat Geeta, and then pass to the next general head:

"This whole world was spread abroad by me in my *invisible* form. All things depend on me, and I am not dependent upon them. Behold my divine connection. My creative spirit is the keeper of all things, not the dependent. Understand that all things rest in me as the mighty air, which passeth everywhere, resteth in the ethereal space. At the end of the formation, at the end of the day of Brahma, all things, O son of Koontas, return into my primordial source, and, at the beginning of another formation, I create them all again. I plant myself in my own virtue, and create, again and again, this assemblage of beings, this whole, from the power of nature without power. Those works confirm not me, because I am like one that sitteth aloof, uninterested in those works. By my supervision, nature produceth both the movable and the immovable. It is from this source, O Arjoon, that the universe resolveth."

How different is this doctrine from that of the Vedas! The text of the sacred books is intermixed with errors, but still they assert the existence of a creative God; while here, in the Bhagvat Geeta, the Deity is identified with the Abyss—that is, his being is denied.

"As the spider spins, and gathers back its thread (say the Vedas); as plants sprout out of the earth; as hairs grow on a living person; so is this universe produced from imperishable nature. *By contemplation the Vast One germinates.*" In the first sentence we have indeed the procession of all things from the Abyss,

the visible resting its substantial being upon the invisible; but in the second, we find the assertion of a living and personal God; for, it is by *contemplation* that the Vast One germinates, that is, the Vast One is a contemplative agent, a living person. But the Vast One is identified with the Abyss, the Abyss is made to be alive, and from this admixture of incongruous thoughts flows forth, as usual, an inextricable confusion.

IV. After these somewhat extended preliminary observations, we are able to examine the question of the soul's immortality. First, then, what is death, or the transition from this life to that which is to come? Death is not the contrary of being or of existence, for the contrary to being is nonentity, and the contrary to existence is non-existence; death is contrary to life, and hardly that. Death is the passage of a vital agent from one state of existence to another. A man when he leaves this present state for the future world is said to *die*, though it is not to be supposed that his soul ceases for a moment to *live*. Is the death of the soul conceivable? Endeavor to conceive of yourself as dead—make the attempt. Do you not still find yourself as a living agent, contemplating some imaginary picture, which you have conjured up before your mind, and which represents yourself as *dead*. Make the attempt again. Evidently it is fruitless; no man can conceive of himself as dead. We may indeed conceive of ourselves as dead to this present state, as having departed from the present body, but not as totally dead. A man may die as to this present body, but he is immediately born into a new, a higher state; for the soul, speaking without reference to the particular state of existence, does not cease to live. To die, therefore, is not to cease from all life, but to cease from this present *form* of life which we enjoy in the body. The soul, absolutely speaking, never dies, it merely dies relatively, it merely dies in relation to that form of life which it lived in the body.

The philosophical arguments, however, which are generally adduced in favor of the immortality of the soul, are good for nothing. Perhaps it will be well to examine a few of them. The first is derived from the simplicity of the soul; this is the metaphysical argument. The soul is simple, that is, not made up of parts, therefore indecomposable, there-

fore indestructible. Granted. But this only proves that the soul, *quod* being, will never cease; the same may be said of every particle of matter. When the body is destroyed the particles are not destroyed; they go into new relations; what was once wheat or grain is now a man, and what was once a man is now some animal—"all flesh is grass," but does this proverb prove that each particle of matter enjoys immortality? The question is, whether the soul in its future state will continue not merely to be, but to live. The question is not concerning persistence in being, but concerning future life. The metaphysical argument proves nothing in relation to immortality. The soul lives now in the body, is dependent upon the body for its communion with outward nature, it cannot learn or know anything of the visible world except through the medium of the senses, and without the cunning organization of the ear, human speech and the communion of man with man, and therefore, human sympathies, and, in short, human life, would be impossible. Who does not know the influence of spirituous liquor, tobacco, and opium, upon the memory? Do these material agents act directly on the soul? Evidently not; but they act on the body, and this weakening of the memory by material agents operating on the body shows us that the soul is dependent, for the continuance of the exercise of memory and imagination, to a certain extent, upon its connection with the body. Who shall say, with the metaphysical argument only to sustain him, that the soul, on its separation from the body does not enter the Abyss, does not enter the potential state? Is there any life there, any immortality in the Abyss, which men would desire? Again, there is the Platonic argument, which goes on the ground that man existed in some celestial region before he was born of a woman. But this *fact* must be made good before it can be used in any argument; this we believe has never yet been done. Then comes the argument from consciousness. Some say they are conscious they will live hereafter. Consciousness, we believe, gives us knowledge concerning the immediate operations of our own minds, and concerning these only. The argument from consciousness, is, therefore, not absurd, but ridiculous. We know a lady who denies the Christian miracles, and when asked why she denies them,

she answers, "I am conscious that they never happened." This is a specimen of the argument from consciousness. The fact is, our friends really mean, when they say they are conscious of the reality of a *fact* concerning which they have no certain knowledge, that their belief in that direction is strong. But strong belief is no valid philosophical argument; for many false opinions have been firmly held, and all creeds, the false as well as the true, count their martyrs who have sealed their faith in their blood. For ourselves, we know of no good argument for the immortality of the soul, except the one so philosophically set forth by our Saviour and the Apostle Paul. But this will lead us perhaps too far into the dark region of theological controversy. We will, however, say a few words in relation to the *metaphysics* of the Christian doctrine of immortality, and, in so doing, we shall be careful to trespass on the limits of no sect—to say nothing which could justly be condemned by an intelligent man of any religious denomination.

The Hindoo theologians say that *mrta's* life is generated from the bread he eats: Moses gives a nobler expression to this thought, saying, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God." What is Life? We do not conceive it necessary to answer this question, although we think it one by no means difficult to answer. The manner in which life is *sustained* is the question which now concerns us. We are not upon the problem of the nature of life, but upon that of immortality, the *continuance* of life.

A man lives a sort of *vegetable* life, a life similar to that of the plants, according to which the involuntary functions, such as the circulation of the blood, the action of the stomach, are performed. He lives also a sort of *animal* life, a life similar to that of the brutes, according to which he gratifies his animal passions, and lives in the enjoyment of sensual pleasures. He lives also a *social* life, which he has in common with other men and women, according to which he gratifies the tendencies proper to man. This analysis is incomplete, and, in fact, altogether erroneous; for man has naturally but one life, which is human life; yet these distinctions will enable us to express our thought more clearly. Man's life is sustained by the bread he eats. A plant deprived of light, air, and moisture, dies;

in like manner a man, deprived of the same, dies, for his physical system cannot bear up under the privation. Now light, air and moisture are the bread which the plant eats. An animal deprived of the means of living according to the nature of animals, dies, or if he continues to live, it will be a sort of dumb life, like that of a vegetable: so it is with man. These means of gratifying the natural tendencies, are the bread which the animal eats to sustain the life peculiar to animals. A man deprived of society dies to all social life, and becomes a mere brute. Take, for example, those men who have become idiotic in solitary confinement: some indeed hold out longer than others, but let the confinement be continued, and human nature cannot resist it. Now society is the bread which a man eats to sustain his social life.

It is evident, therefore, that man is dependent for the continuance of his life upon something which is not himself. He cannot always have food given him. There is no life in the Abyss where all relations have vanished; there is no life in pure essence, but only in existence. The true question then is, What shall prevent man, on the dissolution of the body, from going back into the Abyss? What shall man do to inherit, not continuance of being, but eternal life?

If nourishment be withdrawn, a man must die to all those powers which are deprived of nourishment. But the body, as we have seen, is the means whereby man assimilates to himself this various nourishment. When, therefore, this earthly tabernacle is withdrawn, it is to be feared that man dies altogether, for the means whereby he assimilated the nourishment of his life is withdrawn. The man, therefore, who has no life higher than that which is nourished by the things of this world, has no true and well-grounded hope of immortality; for he will one day be withdrawn from this world, and then there will no longer be any nourishment for him.

The question again recurs, What then must we do in order to inherit eternal life? Evidently we must, at once, commence to live a life dependent upon nothing in this present perishing world; we must begin to feed immediately, that is, without the intervention of the body, on something altogether independent of sensible things; in other words, we must begin to live, not by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the

mouth of God. But where is this spiritual bread? where is this nourishment altogether independent of things which perish? where is this nourishment which the soul can eat without the intervention of the body? Our Saviour says, "I am the bread of life. . . . If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever. . . . Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day." But mark! these words have a mystical meaning. "It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing; the words which I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life."

In order now that Christ should be able to give nourishment to those that live in him, so that they who are in him may have eternal life, three things are necessary: 1st. That he himself should have attained to eternal life; 2d. That he should have ascended above all perishable and transitory things; 3d. That his disciples may live in him without the intervention of the body. Let us examine these separately.

1st. Our Saviour himself describes his qualifications, so far as his own attainment of eternal life is concerned. "As the living Father hath sent me, (he says,) and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me."

2d. If it can be proved against Strauss and his followers, and against the Rationalists, that Jesus Christ rose from the dead, and ascended to the right hand of the Father on high, the second condition is abundantly fulfilled. The reader must bear in mind that we confine ourselves purposely to the *philosophy* of immortality, that we do not intend to trench upon theological ground in any direction, and that we express no opinion whatever as to the validity or non-validity of any *fact*.

3d. If it can be proved, from the experience of private Christians, that there is an immediate relation between Christ and the individual soul, the third condition also is abundantly fulfilled. The soul must be in constant relation with some nourishment, and it will live according to the nature of that nourishment. If the nourishment be material, the man will live a natural and perishable life; if it be spiritual, he will live a spiritual life. But if man, while living a natural life, lives a spiritual life also, and that spiritual life be the immediate, direct com-

munion of the soul with something transcending all perishable things, the spiritual life will continue to subsist, though the body and the nourishment of the natural man both enter the Abyss, both enter into mere potential existence.

The Christian argument appears to be this: Our Lord represents himself as living spiritually, and yet literally, upon God as his nourishment; for the passage quoted is connected with those* relating to the bread of life. We quote the text again: "As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me." Here Christ is represented as living on (by) the Father, and his disciples as living, in a like manner, upon him. His disciples are represented as living spiritually, and yet literally, upon him as the nourishment of their souls—"so he that eateth me," &c. Some analogies to this method of obtaining life by nourishment, may be found in the teachings of Zoroaster. It was the living Father that sent Christ; that is, the self-living Father, "who alone hath immortality" in himself, as St. Paul says. But Christ lived in God, so that his life was in two imperishable things—his soul, which was the vital agent, and the Father, who was the nourishment of his soul. Our Lord, therefore, was in communion, or relation, with something which could never cease from actual existence; and, although the world should enter the abyss, and his life as far as the world was concerned should cease, for want of nourishment, his life which was in God could never cease. We are saved therefore in Christ, "not by the law of a carnal commandment, but by the power of an endless life." But whosoever eats our Lord spiritually, even he shall live by that same nourishment. This is clear, for the soul itself is imperishable; this can be proved by the metaphysical argument already noticed, although that argument is impotent in relation to the continuance of life. The soul of man is imperishable, (*quoad* being,) and Christ, the nourishment of the soul, is imperishable also, by reason of his connection with the Father; the life, therefore, between two imperishable things, is also imperishable. "He that believeth on me, (saith our Lord,) though he were dead, yet shall he live, and he that liveth and believeth on me shall never die." It is in this way that we explain the

saying of the Saviour, "Because I live, ye shall live also; and at that day, ye shall know that I am in my Father, and you in me, and I in you;" and also the passage in the writings of Paul, "Your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory;" and scores of other passages which want of space compels us to omit.

But the Oriental doctrine in no way resembles this. The Christian doctrine gives a true continuance of life in actual relations; but the Oriental theory makes the future state of the soul to consist in either, 1st. The return of the soul into the present forms of existence, in the bodies of men or animals, or, 2d. A total absorption into the abyss. The first condition, or that of transmigration, fills the mind with terror; and it is the chief design of the Hindoo theology to furnish some means whereby it may be avoided.

We read, in the Laws of Menú, in relation to this doctrine:

"Action, either verbal, mental, or corporeal, bears good or evil fruit, as itself is good or evil; and from the actions of men proceed their various transmigrations in the highest, the mean, and the lowest degree. . . .

"For sinful acts mostly corporeal, a man shall assume after death a vegetable or mineral form; for such acts mostly verbal, the form of a bird or beast; for acts mostly mental, the lowest of human conditions. . .

"By the vital souls of those men, who have committed sins in the body reduced to ashes, (it was the custom to burn dead bodies,) another body composed of nerves with five sensations, in order to be susceptible to torment, shall certainly be assumed after death.

"And, being intimately united with those minute nervous particles, according to their distribution, they shall feel, in that new body, the pangs inflicted in each case by the sentence of YAMA. : ."

But we are more interested in the other form of the doctrine, viz: the method of escape from this necessity of migrating from body to body. This is by a return into the abyss. A man must, in this world, crucify every affection, every tendency, and endeavor to be always in the state described in the quotation from Dupuis. When a man thus without affection comes to die, he has no particular character, or tendency, and therefore will not take any form, but will at once enter

* 6th of John.

the potential state; in which indeed he now really is as far as existence in the body will permit. This reëtrance into the potential state is annihilation rather than immortality. When the soul distinguishes itself from nature, it destroys, as far as in it lies, its actual relations, and thus commences to disentangle itself from those things which tend to necessitate a return. Thus the soul, when it is known, that is, distinguished from visible nature, and from actual relations, does not return. Kreeshna is the Abyss, and the highest state of future happiness, held out by the Bhagvat Geeta, consists in a return into Kreeshna. In this state of essence without existence, we are indeed free from the danger of migration, for we are thenceforth free from all relations whatever; but no future life is compatible with such an order of being. We should like to know how our Transcendentalists answer the objections brought against the doctrine of the Bhagvat Geeta. Their whole desire is to reënter into themselves, to be absolved from all dependency upon anything which is not themselves. How do they escape the Abyss? How do they avoid a return into Kreeshna, into "the Supreme Abode?" Their only argument for immortality is the metaphysical one, derived from the fact of the soul's simplicity; but this proves only that the soul's being is imperishable, it proves nothing in relation to a future life.

"He, O Arjoon, (says Kreeshna,) who, from conviction, acknowledges my divine birth and actions to be even so, doth not upon his quitting his mortal frame, enter into another, *for he entereth into me*. . . Those men of regulated lives, whose sins are done away, being freed from the fascination arising from contending passions, *enjoy me*. . . At the end of time, he, who having abandoned his mortal frame, departeth, thinking only of me, without doubt, *goeth unto me*; or else (if he think not of me, but of other things) whatever nature he shall thus call upon at the end of life, when he shall quit his mortal frame, *he shall go into it* (transmigrate)."

These Oriental doctrines have in other respects a great analogy with the truths of Christianity; for example, the doctrine of *regeneration* is well known in the East. Our Lord says: "He that eateth my

flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him." The following passage from the Bhagvat Geeta has at least a verbal resemblance to this saying: "They who serve me with adoration (it is Kreeshna that speaks,) I am in them, and they in me."

But what practical conclusion can we draw from the considerations, brought to view in this article? For it is without doubt unbecoming in philosophers, which we take both ourselves and our readers to be, to waste so much paper, ink, time, and nervous fluid, on a question of history, and mere question of curiosity. What practical conclusion can we draw? It seems to us that we may be justified in concluding that the theory of the future existence of the soul, independent of any body, spiritual or material, is unphilosophical, and unworthy of being believed by any well instructed man. The Scriptures teach the resurrection of a body, not the natural body, indeed, but a spiritual body. "It is sown a natural body (says St. Paul); it is raised a spiritual body."

What in fact is meant by this term *body*? A thing producing certain effects upon us, as hardness, weight, existence, color, &c. Abstract these qualities, or modes of activity, from the particular body, and what remains? Evidently nothing but the potential existence of that same body. Now the soul, in order to communion with other souls, must have some mode of activity, and some means of recognizing the activities of other souls; that is, it must exist in actual relations, that is, again in a body, either spiritual or material—it must not have entered the Abyss. For the existence of the body, as we have seen, consists in these actual relations; as, for example, color, hardness, weight, &c., in the case of material bodies. As for this term *spiritual body*, its meaning is not altogether plain; it probably signifies a body having a real existence, but an existence entirely different from any with which we are now acquainted. We would not be misunderstood; we do not believe the soul to be the substance of the body. We hold that the soul and body are distinct, though not separate; at some future time, we may, perhaps, endeavor to explain the nature of their union.

A TALK ABOUT BIRDS.

WE love song-birds with a singular affection. Out of the bottom of our heart we love them—for of all God's creatures, except a clear-eyed, innocent child, they have been to us a wonder and a miracle. We never could get done wondering to hear them sing. It sounds so strange to us that anything could be happy enough to sing but angels and young girls! Singing, when we come to think of it, seems to be properly the language of a deathless being—the right form in which the exultings of an Immortal should be poured among the waves of shoreless sound. That a sweet sound should ever cease to be, appears to us unnatural—at least unpoetical—for, let its vibrations once begin, though they may soon die to our gross sense, must they not go widening, circling on, stinging the sense of myriad other lives with a mysterious pleasantness, (such as will overcome us in a wood upon an April day,) until the uttermost bound of our poor space be past, and yet the large circumference go spread and spreading tremulous among the girdling stars? It may be so for all we can tell! If it be so, how quaint it is to hear these little feathered creatures, from some frail sprig—with such unconscious earnestness—gushing out strains that are to chime the solemn dance of systems! Mystery is all around us. Who knows but that these things be? Whether or no, it is a marvelous reality to hear birds singing. If you look at them while they do it, with their upturned bills, their rapt, softened, half-closed eyes, their bodies quivering in the ecstatic travail—you cannot but feel in reverential mood, and hear your own rebuked heart whispering "let us pray!" What! When their shrill, melodious clamorings go up with the mists before the sun, and make his coming over earth to be with light in music, are they not chaunting *matins* to the God of all? When he hastens to decline, and from the spires of tree-tops everywhere the Thrush and Robin sing a low-voiced hymn—is it not a *vesper*-symphonie of thanks? And when, in the deep night, the Oriole, in dreamy twitterings, and the Mocking-bird, in clear, triumphant notes, stir the dark shadows of the cold, grey moon to the wild pulsing of unmeasured chords—is it not a worship fitting to that

mystic time? Verily, they symbol to us a spiritual and a holier life! The purpose of their being is in prayer and praise, just as they say it is with Angels. They do not taste the fruits of earth, and revel in the warm kisses of the day, unthankfully; but when their little hearts—forever drinking love—fill up to the brim, they let their cadent fullness go towards heaven. They sing when they have eaten—they sing when they have drunk—while they are waking, music always trembles at their breasts—they pay back the caressing sun in sweetness—and when they sleep, and the shining beams are showered silently and pale, down from the bosom of the darkness over them, their dreams break out in momentary song. They take the berry, flushing underneath green leaves, and the sense of hunger is relieved. So when they snatch the earth-worm—stirring unusually the grass blades of the sward beneath them—from its slimy hole, the bare appetite is soothed. Theirs is no sodden gormandie, such as we human brutes indulge, that would doze and snooze away the precious hours. No; this food with them is but the "provender of praise;" and for every mite and fragment of the manna of the "great Dispenser" they do obeisance in thanksgiving. Beautiful lesson, is it not, to us, a stiff-necked and ungrateful generation? We eat to live, that we may eat again. They eat that they may make merry before the Lord, and fill his outer temples with the sounds of love! One of the most touching—and what certainly *should* be one of the most significant objects known to us, is afforded in the habitual gesture of these little creatures while they drink. Think of a thin rivulet by the meadow-side playing at bo-peep with the sun beneath the thickets—and so clear withal, that every stem, jagged limb, or crooked, leaf-weighted bough, lies boldly shadowed on its pale sand, or over its white pebbles, like moon-shades on the snow—except that these are tremulous. Then think of the singing throng who have been antickling and carolling all the morning upon the weed and clover-tops, out under the sun—coming into that shady place about "the sweltering time o' day," to cool their pipes. How eagerly they come flitting in, with panting, open

throats! How quietly, through those cool, chequered glooms, they drop beside that sliding crystal. Here a scarlet Grossbeak flames partly in the sunlight, while his ebony-set eyes gleam sharper in the shade; the Jay sits yonder behind a plumb-tree shadow, with lowered crest and gaping bill—the Meadow Lark wades in and stoops until the wavelets curl up against its yellow breast and kiss the dark blotch on its throat; the Wren comes creeping down with wagging tail among the mossy roots; the Oriole, reckless to the last, comes garrulous, chattering down, and dips upon an island pebble; and Bobby Linkum, with his amorous song shivered into silvery quavers, comes eagerly hurrying after, and dashes up the spray, like as not, amid-stream; the Indigo Bird darts in, and the Sparrows skip chirpingly over the curled last-winter leaves; the yellow-eyed Thrush, with long bounds and drooping wings, splashes plump into the water; the Cat Bird, with faint purr, glides meekly down; the Elfin Mocker, even, silent now and panting, half spreading its white barred wings with every hop, follows the rest; with low chirrup and quick pattering feet, the dusky-dotted Partridge hurries in; now see them one and all dip their thirsty bills into the cool ripples—a single drop, then each is upturned towards heaven, and softest eyes look the mute eloquence of thanks. Down they all go again—another drop—up they rise together, pointing toward the home of God, gesticulating praises while they take his gifts. Beautiful worshippers! Lovely and fitting temple of the Most High! your shady places have been hallowed by those simple prayers. That inarticulate incense, like the invisible aroma of hill-side violets, has ascended gratefully to heaven! Ye human Formalists, who, to the alarm of chimes, go on your knees to mumble the set forms of praise! what is your faith compared to these? Would that ye would read this Elder Bible more—its wide, miraculous pages have many a sentient chapter such as this, where all the breathing is of love! Turn aside to look upon them with a calm regard; who knows but that the light abiding with these gentle things, may find its way through the hard crust of cant, and wake to flowering some genial place beside thy heart! Ye are not all ossified—brain, sense and heart—even down to that altar of the belly gods within you! Be of good cheer, and not affrighted because

of great black-letter Tomes, God's Commentary on his written Revelation was given first—was handed down from a thousand Sinais, and strewed in green and golden shadowy lines through all the plains. It yet lives, and is, from under his own hand, above, around, beneath thee; and by it ye may understand that holy mystery—how God is Love, and Love is God-like! These are not all the mysteries symbolized by Birds. How came old Genius to give wings to its embodied visions of the Spirit-Land? but that it had looked upon some plumed and beamy singers of the clouds,

"With wings that might have had a soul within them,
They bore their owners by such sweet enchantment."

Can you not know that never again to it, from out the umbrage, could "ministers of grace" or glad ideals come other than "by such sweet enchantment?" "The wings! the wings!" Ah! ever they must grow upon The Beautiful, ere it can rise to Heaven! To us on wings The Beautiful must come down from thence! It is with longing for these wings, this Immortality doth struggle in us! To the music of their mellow whirr we feel exultings, and our bare arms beat vainly, reaching toward the stars. Ah! "whence this longing?"—we poor unfledged earth-prone things! Is it not a memory dimly recalled of some mysterious whilome when our free vans made sudden melody, cleaving past the worlds, through space, where now our thoughts go haunting ghost-like?—or is it that "the shadow of the coming time" falls over us in wings? "The wings!"—no fair Ideal can come to us but with their light aerial movement—no dream of Love but with the low murmur of their softest beat—no gleam of Joy but as they glance the sunlight off in gambolling—no Hope but as they climb the dark craigs of the piled-up storm and reach the serene sky above—no Ambition

"But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on!"—

no Freedom but wheels and rushes tameless through the unbounded fields of air—no ecstasy of Faith, but like

"The lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven, so high above our heads,"

—"singeth at Heaven's gate!"—no spiritual Warning but comes and goes,

inexplicably, quick as the shadow of some "full-winged bird," glides across our path upon a summer's day—no Visitation but comes like a fierce swooper of the sky, the moan of arrowy wings and stroke at once—no Shudder from the channel but the frowsy flap of owlet and of bat, "chasing the lagging night-shades," or the cloud-dropped croak of "sad presaging Raven" going by must bring it—no dash of "mirthful Phantasie" but that sparkles, from the jeweled wings of restless Hummers, light it amidst the flowers. All the mysteries of hope, of joy, of hate, of love, are winged, and to the tameless pulsing of this winnowed air our life must beat! Winged and singing through the spring-time with the birds our Childhood goes,—and ever, while that

—"Infantine
Familiar clasp of things divine,"

lingers in freshness with the years—keeping the wise youth of our hearts unbackneyed—shall living be a joyful thing, and the cycling moons wheel blithely with us! Ah, those times!—with the yellow-haired, blue-eyed, blooming maidens, in their white pinafores and pantalettes!—

"Lightsome, then, as April shadows,
With bees and merry birds at play,
Chasing sunlight o'er the meadows,"

were we! Bounding and caroling through the flower-starred, odorous grass—scar-ing the fire-flies back to the moon, whence their bright showers fell—driving the sad, plaining, ill-omened whippoorwill farther away—what cared we on summer evenings?

"Rigor now is gone to bed—
Strict Age and sour Severity
With their grave saws in slumber lie!"

Go listen, we may, to the Mocking-Bird down in the valley, on the lone thorn tree—singing gleefully—singing quaintly—singing mournfully now and wildly:

"And gushing then such a melodie
As harp-strings make when a Sprite goes by!"

Ha! ha! what a hotch-potch of minstrelsy he is pouring!—while the stars glint on the green leaves, and they are seeming to glint back those silver points earthwise, barbing his bright notes more keenly—what a dividing asunder of the

joints and marrow the sharp delight of those loud quaverings doth bring? Many a time have we kissed the white innocence of an upturned forehead, and felt the light pressure of a "flower-soft hand" return the questioning of our gaze into the "fringed windows" of the soul—large, open, dewy, tremulous with ecstasy beneath that song. How could the earth-walking angel fail to think of Heaven when those rare snatches of her natal roundelays went by? Would that our kiss might be as pure and our spirit as appreciative now of these "better symphonies!" The years! the years! what changes do they bring! The heated walls, the din of wheels, the dust and smoke of the great city are around us, and we are toiling wearily with the weary toiling crowd—while away by the scented woods this Mocking-Bird—our Philomel

—"singing in summer's front!"
Now when her mournful hymns do hush
the night,
And that wild music burdens every bough!"

that wild music is in vain for us. We can only dream of it as the thirsty Arab dreameth of the palm-trees and the fountain—and as to

"How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues
by night,"

we can only tell when these memories babble to our sleep! To be sure we some time since *did* steal an hour from our duties, and run away like a truant school-boy to the country, emulous of the odors of new-mown hay upon our garments! We caught this infection of sweetness while "loafing" on the shady side of the ricks out in the shorn meadows, with eyes half closed, listening to Bobby Linkum chirruping his saucy thoughts about the despoilation of his forage-grounds. He is a very chatty, gay, abusive fellow, Robert Linkum is. The *utile et dulci* he has no respect for. What matter is it to him that grass smells sweeter for being cut, and that it makes the heavy wains go creaking to the barns, and the farmer's canvas pocket heavier too, when all this curtails his lineal prerogative of bugs and butter-flies—puts him to shifts for "findings" to keep that wide-mouthed crew of little bawlers quiet he has hid yonder in the shrubs? One can see plainly he does not like it. He comes fluttering sideways, chattering, raving and scolding, just above our heads, his eye cocked

downward, with a connoiseuring look, at our proceeding. He evidently thinks we're an awkward set of fellows, besides being mischief-doers! It does gladden one's eyes to see these waving lakes of green—heavy and deep—the rich promise of a golden prime. And then the fruits! The pregnant winds from the dew-dropping south, since Lang Syne, have hardly been so prodigal; the ruddy flushing from under the green leaves of shiny clusters, deepens all the air, and clothes the trees right royally. We came back half murmuring at our lot being cast amidst the stifling streets of Gotham, and more than half envying the "country folk" this prodigality of "the benedictions of the covering heavens" and teeming earth.

But, thanks to our stars, we were not always thus "cribbed, cabined and confined!" That we have a heart still, and some few tears left, to be spilt on occasion, we attribute solely to the fact that we have lived much abroad in the freedom of God's own woods and plains and rivers—that our voice has

"Awaked the courteous Echo
To give us answer from her mossy couch,"

in some strange, far places. We have met this same master Bobby Linkum masquerading in another dress through the savannahs of the pleasant south, and such tricks before high Heaven as the gad-about doth play, must make the angels smile—not "weep"—to witness! But be comforted, thou of little locomotion! thou shalt know, even at thine own fire-side, this fantastical, as well in his remoter wanderings toward the tropics, as in his love-making time in thine own meadows—for

"Audubon!

Thou Raphael of great Nature's woods and seas!"

has been upon his track. He with the

—"Power to bear the untraveled soul
Through farthest wilds—o'er ocean's stormy
roll—

And to the prisoner of disease bring home
The homeless bird of ocean's roaring foam!"

Hear what he caught master Bobby at:

"During their sojourn in Louisiana, in spring, their song, which is extremely interesting, and emitted with a volubility bordering on the burlesque, is heard from a whole party at the same time; when, as each individual is, of course, possessed of

the same musical power as his neighbors, it becomes amusing to listen to thirty or forty of them beginning one after another, as if ordered to follow in quick succession, after the first notes are given by a leader, and producing such a medley as it is impossible to describe, although it is extremely pleasant to hear it. While you are listening, the whole flock simultaneously ceases, which appears equally extraordinary. This curious exhibition takes place every time that the flock has alighted on a tree, after feeding for a while on the ground, and is renewed at intervals during the day."

But these are not all the curious ways Robert has. He is very fashionable, and like the other "absentee" gentry of the south, follows the spring toward the north to do his courting. Now this is very sagacious of master Bob—for he is aware that "spruce and jocund" maiden has a way of making up for her shorter stay in these boreal regions, by the displaying a greater profusion of "beck and nod, and wreathed smiles!" Sometimes the gallant is in too great a hurry to get the benefit of these sweet dispensations, and he reaches the amorous vicinage before his "sparking suit" has come out—the change usually occurs during his transit.) Robert is so evidently mortified at the want of his "Sunday-go-to-meetings" at such a time, that Mr. Audubon puts forth the insinuation that the feathered "Mercurio" appears rather mopish for a while;—such a volcanic heart has he, though, that in spite of this, "no sooner does a flock of females (who follow from a week to ten days after) make its appearance, than these dull-looking gentlemen immediately pay them such particular attention, and sing so vehemently, that the fact of their being of a different sex becomes undeniable." Bob gets his fine clothes on at last, and, while the love-season lasts, becomes more sprightly than ever.

"Their song is mostly performed in the air, while they are rising and falling in successive jerks, which are as amusing as the jingling of their vocal essays. The variety of their colors is at this juncture very remarkable. It is equally so, when, on rising from among the grass and flying away from the observer, they display the pure black and white of their wings and body."

That love-song of Rob's has been greatly admired, and several efforts have been made by distinguished amateurs to

set its music to words. Nobody has made much of it, except our Irving, and as we cannot quote him here, we shall not attempt to do it ourself!—for the truth is, Rob is such a rattling, voluble, reckless, mad, melodious ranter, that an attempt to translate him is almost out of the question—indeed, it would take a folio of MSS. to give all the little cataract of tender epithets that pours in liquid gushes from his blithe throat, as he goes fluttering and wagging up and down from one tall mullien top to another! But Robert is in love, and sober people should not judge him hardly—if they loved any one heartily as he loves Mrs. Mary Linkum—hid away yonder in the grass, brooding over those five speckled eggs—and their hearts were as light as his, they would be garrulous too—that is all! Ah, Bobby! Bobby! we fear you are but a graceless scamp at last—to think! that after such a mirthful life of musical lunacy, you should turn freebooter before the year is out, and get yourself shot at. Mr. Audubon tells a sad tale of your after doings. We have misgivings you're a dissipated, rollicking bird, at best, Rob!

"No sooner have the young left the nest, than they and their parents associate with other families, so that by the end of July large flocks begin to appear. They seem to come from every portion of the Eastern States, and already resort to the borders of the rivers and estuaries to roost. Their songs have ceased, the males have lost their gay livery, and have assumed the yellow hue of the females and young, although the latter are more firm in their tints than the old males, and the whole begin to return southward, slowly and with a single *clink*, sufficient, however, to give intimation of their passage, as they fly in high files during the whole day.

"Now begin their devastations. They plunder every field, but are shot in immense numbers. As they pass along the sea-shores, and follow the muddy edges of the rivers, covered at that season with full-grown reeds, whose tops are bent down with the weight of the ripe seeds, they alight amongst them in countless multitudes, and afford abundant practice to every gunner.

"It is particularly towards sunset, and when the weather is fine, that the sport of shooting *Reed Birds* is most profitable. They have then fully satiated their appetite, and have collected together for the purpose of roosting. At the discharge of a gun, a flock sufficient to cover several acres rises *en masse*, and performing various evolutions, densely packed, and resem-

bling a sultry cloud, passes over and near the sportsman, when he lets fly, and finds occupation for some time in picking up the dozens which he has brought down at a single shot. One would think that every gun in the country has been put in requisition. Millions of these birds are destroyed, and yet millions remain, for after all the havoc that has been made among them in the Middle Districts, they follow the coast, and reach the rice plantations of the Carolinas in such astonishing numbers, that no one could conceive their flocks to have been already thinned. Their flesh is extremely tender and juicy. The markets are amply supplied, and the epicures have a glorious time of it."

We have a charming counterpart of Robert in the South and West, among the Orioles. He is called the Orchard or *Parson Oriole*, from the soberness of his garments; but O! commend us to such Parsons as he—the merry "clerk of Copenhurst" would be demure beside him!—The gleeful, thoughtless sinner! he can't go from one tree-top to another, (for he is more ambitious than Rob, and swings his grass-wove hammock from pinnacle orchard boughs,) without ranting in such a glad, rattle-pate, glorious fashion about his happiness, keeping time with his wings as he flutters and dives along, that one cannot help feeling he is about to go all to pieces in his ecstasy; be verily fragmented into sweet sounds! But no such thing; he's a tough little preacher of cheerfulness, and holds together with all that riotous, jolly ranti-pole. Ah, how we have laughed on a spring morning, to witness his delirious bliss, as he went exhorting by, to his soberer neighbors, about love and sunshine, the dew and flowers; bugs and caterpillars too, no doubt! "Hail to thee, blithe spirit!"—thou embodied joy! winged laughter!—pleasant indeed is thy faith of mirth, and wiser far than that of canting! Mr. Audubon gives a felicitous account of the funny, ingenious ways of this jollificking Reverend.

"No sooner have they reached the portion of the country in which they intend to remain during the time of raising their young, than these birds exhibit all the liveliness and vivacity belonging to their nature. The male is seen rising in the air from ten to twenty yards in an indirect manner, jerking his tail and body, flapping his wings, and singing with remarkable impetuosity, as if under the influence of haste, and anxious to return to the tree from which he has departed. He accord-

ingly descends with the same motions of the body and tail, repeating his pleasant song as he alights. These gambols and carolings are performed frequently during the day, the intervals being employed in ascending or descending along the branches and twigs of different trees, in search of insects or larvæ. In doing this, they rise on their legs, seldom without jetting the tail, stretch their neck, seize the prey, and emit a single note, which is sweet and mellow, although in power much inferior to that of the Baltimore. At other times, it is seen bending its body downwards, in a curved posture, with the head gently inclined upwards, to peep at the under parts of the leaves, so as not to suffer any grub to escape its vigilance. It now alights on the ground, where it has spied a crawling insect, and again flies towards the blossoms, in which many are lurking, and devours hundreds of them each day; thus contributing to secure to the farmer the hopes which he has of the productiveness of his orchard.

"The arrival of the females is marked with all due regard, and the males immediately use every effort in their power to procure from them a return of attention. Their singings and tricks are performed with redoubled ardor, until they are paired, when nidification is attended to with the utmost activity. They resort to the meadows, or search along the fences for the finest, longest, and toughest grasses they can find, and having previously fixed on a spot, either on an apple-tree, or amidst the drooping branches of the weeping-willow, they begin by attaching the grass firmly and neatly to the twigs more immediately around the chosen place. The filaments are twisted, passed over and under, and interwoven in such a manner as to defy the eye of man to follow their windings. All this is done by the bill of the bird, in the manner used by the Baltimore Oriole. The nest is of a hemispherical form, and is supported by the margin only. It seldom exceeds three or four inches in depth, is open almost to the full extent of its largest diameter at the top or entrance, and finished on all sides, as well as within, with the long slender grasses already mentioned. Some of these go round the nest several times, as if coarsely woven together. This is the manner in which the nest is constructed in Louisiana: in the Middle Districts it is usually lined with soft and warm materials."

On the whole, in this instance, we like the Southern Parson best; for, in addition to being quite as facetious and loving as Master Rob, he proves to be a much better citizen; for his admirers, instead of having their sense of propriety shocked, in seeing him turn wholesale

plunderer, are told of his "contributing to secure to the farmer his hopes of the productiveness of his orchard." We would advise all ironside philosophers, catechism in hand, to go to the Sunday school (for all days are *Sundays* to him) where this little Parson teaches:—it is possible such may learn of more things there than they have dreamed of yet. In addition to the healthful tonic of his laughing ethics, through which their lank sides may grow to shake with fat, perhaps the Parson, in exhibiting the process by which that woven domicil of his is constructed, may enlighten them as to the absurdity of certain dogmatisms concerning instinct. Beside the consummate and delicate skill with which he plies the long, fibrous thread, with small feet and needle-like bill, weaving, plaiting, sewing—there is something in that facility of adaptation, which, in Louisiana, exhibits the nest "coarsely woven," that the air may pass through, and in the middle States "lined with soft and warm materials," that curiously resembles "reasoning;" that is amazingly like an independent volition, guided by the familiar and simple process of "Induction!" Who knows? "*A little bird told me so*." The Parson is indignantly eloquent upon these points sometimes. He says that he displays quite as much judgment and more foresight, in selecting the locality and material of his house, than we "animals on two legs, without feathers" ever do; that he is bred to be a better artist than one in a thousand of us; that Orioles are no more compelled, by a resistless impulse, to build their houses in a particular way, without understanding the reason why, than the Hindoos are, to build Pagodas; that he *does* understand the reason perfectly, and it is the plainest imaginable one. This particular form is chosen, because it suits his habits, tastes, and mode of life best, and that, the Chinaman, who has built his house in the same way (so far as we know) for three thousand years, can give no better reason. That though a particular outline suits him best, and suited his forefathers the best, yet they have been in the habit of altering the construction and material; and he knows why, clearly enough, that in a hot climate it would not do to make them close and warm, or in a cold climate, open. It stands to reason, in the one case that the young would be suffocated, in the other, frozen. Further-

more, continues the orator, it is all fal-lal! the assertion, that my young are taught by any such thing as instinct when to pierce the shell; the principle of life has germinated, as it does in a grain of corn, in a certain number of days, under the warmth of my breast, and when the little fellows begin to get strong, they kick and scuffle in their prison, and a small sharp cone, on the top of the beak, (which was put there for the purpose, and drops off in a few days) soon cracks the shell, while they are struggling, and then we help them out! And furthermore, my younglings are just as innocently silly as your younglings, or any other young geese, and will run into the water, or run into the fire just as soon as others, until they have burnt their toes, or got themselves half-drowned for their curiosity, and then, as this is not pleasant, they are satisfied to keep themselves out of such scrapes. Do I not go with them all the summer, keeping them out of difficulties, coaxing and scolding, learning them how to fly, how to catch bugs, chase butterflies, find caterpillars, to hide from their enemies, plume themselves, and sing; and can't you understand, that yet, though I cannot speak Hebrew or English, I speak the Oriole tongue, and learn them to speak and comprehend it, that I may teach them the morals and religion of the Orioles! Faugh! instinct indeed! Don't you perceive they are regularly educated? If you great, stupid, clumsy animals, only had feathers on, there might be a faint hope of your learning something!

We think this will be recognized as a very unctuous and edifying discourse of our Parson's; such are his more didactic teachings; of the others you have heard. But we must confess that the Parson, with all our respect for him, has certainly, some very mysterious ways. Mr. Audubon plainly intimates, that in common with all spirited young "bloods," he is frequently "disguised," and that it requires several years for him to take upon himself the "sober, outward seeming" of his tribe or profession. The whole extent of the curious and interesting charge the Naturalist brings against him, may be gathered from the passage we give below; premising that *he* speaks of him as the "Orchard," while *we* know him as the "Parson Oriole." It is from page 221, article "Orchard Oriole," (*Icterus spurius* Bonap.)

"The plumage of many species of our birds undergoes at times very extraordinary changes. Some, such as the male Tanagers, which during the summer months exhibit the most vivid scarlet and velvety black, assume a dingy green before they leave the country, on their way southward. The Goldfinch nearly changes to the same color, after having been seen in the gay apparel of yellow and black. The Rice Bird loses its lively brightness until the return of spring. Others take several years before they complete their plumage, so as to show the true place which they hold among the other species, as is the case with the Ibis, the Flamingo, and many other Waders, as well as with several of our land birds, among which, kind reader, the species now under your consideration is probably that in which these gradual improvements are most observable by such persons as reside in the country inhabited by them.

"The plumage of the young birds of this species, when they leave the nest, resembles that of the female parent, although rather less decided in point of coloring, and both males and females retain this color until the approach of the following spring, when the former exhibit a portion of black on the chin, the females never altering. In birds kept in cages, this portion of black remains without farther augmentation for two years; but in those which are at liberty, a curious mixture of dull orange or deep chestnut peeps out through a considerable increase of black-colored feathers over the body and wings, intermixed with the yellowish-green hue which the bird had when it left the nest. The third spring brings him nearer towards perfection, as at that time the deep chestnut color has taken possession of the lower parts, the black has deepened on the upper parts, and over the whole head, as well as on the wings and tail-feathers. Yet the garb with which it is ultimately to be covered requires another return of spring before it is completed, after which it remains as exhibited in the adult male, represented in the plate.

"These extraordinary changes are quite sufficient of themselves to lead naturalists abroad into error, as they give rise to singular arguments even with some persons in America, who maintain that the differences of color are indicative of different species. But, since the *habits* of these birds under all these singular changes of plumage are ascertained to be precisely the same, the argument no longer holds good."

Of whatever impositions upon "the sex," "the Parson" may have been guilty, during the years of his various disguises, we profess to be innocently ignorant, and are "happy in our igno-

rance." But of *one* thing we are soberly assured; that Mr. Audubon is the first of *Naturalists*, (not Ornithologist, simply,) who has eliminated this distinction of age, sex and color, with their corresponding transitions, into anything bordering upon scientific accuracy. He first thoroughly roused science to the fact that it had often recognized male as female, young as old, and proved that many of its genera and species might come from the same nest or lair! No classification can be called scientific, or recognized as worth anything in which this point has not been most carefully guarded; and it involves difficulties, which, in some instances, the untiring zeal and watchfulness of his long life have been insufficient to solve. What a singular ordination these alterations of plumage appears! The metamorphoses of Fashion are here clearly legitimized by nature. Our Parson, with the addition of *Rev.*, may be called the D'Orsay of Birds, and the tribe of the Tanagers, the Patriarchs of "Turn-coats." Let not the worshippers of Fashion be longer stigmatized as nose-led by a Parisian Dandy, or old Federalist, new light Locofocos, as nasally guided by the savor of "flesh-pots." Here they have far more respectable precedents; their respective orders were no doubt instituted by Nature herself. Should they but consult this candid and ancient Dame, she would, no doubt, recommend to the "Count" the figure of our "Parson," as proper to be introduced into his coat-of-arms, and to the Tory Demagogues that of the Tanagers as proper to the coat-of-arms they see in "yearning dreams."

Now, while we write, in a retired corner of the great city, at a late hour of the night, there is an entire lull of the rumble of dray, hack and omnibus wheels, and the glance of the large-eyed moon reflexes coldly from the white cathedral spire that topples sharp in the distance before our window. It ought to be the hour of profound repose—when the pulsings of this mighty heart should be quiet. It *ought* to be, but *is* it so? We hear through the open windows of the marble palace opposite the favorite air of "Miss Lucy Long," fashionably parodied—and a cultivated, clear, manly voice accompanies the soft, shrill treble of some fair warbler. In the street beneath, an unwashed, ragged loafer whistles a vehement "third," and thrums the interlude with his bare heels upon a pine box,

which will probably be his roosting-place for the night! Jewels, silks, "the pouncet box," and music! Dirt, vice, tatters, wretchedness, and *music*! Silence—over the jangling roar of trampling, rushing, striving men—lifted up into a Presence Godlike, "walking the clear billows of sweet sound." What contrasts! O thou Omnipotence of Music! Majestic soother!—before whose smile the fiery mane of Storms, careering thunder-hoofed along the mountains of the world, is laid!—whose touch has

"Smoothed

The raven down of Darkness till it smiled!"

Thou voice of God's Love! how beneficent art thou! All pleasant objects, natures, forms, are tones of thee! Moonlight is the silver tone of thy calm, radiant blessing—and

—"Oldest shades 'mong oldest trees
Feel palpitations when thou lookest in.
O Moon! old boughs lisp forth a holier din
The while they feel thine airy fellowship.
Thou dost bless everywhere, with silver lip
Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping
kine,
Couch'd in thy brightness, dream of fields
divine:

Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,
Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes;
And yet thy benediction passeth not
One obscure hiding-place, one little spot
Where pleasure may be sent: the nested
wren

Has thy fair face within its tranquil den,
And from beneath a sheltering ivy leaf
Takes glimpses of thee; thou art a relief
To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps
Within its pearly house."

Ay! and that poor human oyster—the Loafer from out his motley painted shell of filth and rags "takes glimpses of thee." The largess of thy benediction falleth even upon him! The fellow is happy there, and his whistle is as blithesome as the song of yon more favored twain! Can he be glad with all his misery, his piteous unrecking shame upon him?

Here we reluctantly pause. A voice from the printer—"No more space! all closed!" falls like a sudden shower upon the thin wings of our "Reverie," and damps them back to earth. They will soon dry and grow glossy again, and by next month will be rollicking madly on the fitful winds as if the envious clouds had never wept.

But ah! before we part, we must give to the nation a memory which deserves to be "freshened by the salt tears of grief,"

from her manly eyes. Every body has heard of the great fire which lately devastated so large a portion of this proud city. Long streets and tall houses, piled with the wealth of Argosies, went down, and were scattered amidst the thunders of explosion and the roar of exulting flames. The Homes of Pomp stood bare and blackened—for all the tinsel of display had leaped shining, in red spires out through the roofs, and left ashes behind. Hovels of sin, poverty and shame, crumbled darkly in over their dark secrets. A lurid, dun and desolate sky hung over us that morning. Fear descended upon the hearts of all, and agony rived at the hearts of many. But who had lost most of all that pale crowd that hung like ghosts around the scene, and gazed with watery eyes, and blue compressed lips, over the ruin? An erect old man, with long white hair, glanced his strong bright eye as coldly over the glowing, smoking desolation, as an eagle would, who watched the sunrise chasing mists up from the valley. J. J. Audubon looks over the grave of the labor of forty years!—"The Plates of the Birds of America" are buried beneath those smouldering piles! Ye money-changers!

dare not to break the stillness with a sob, though the last cent of your sordid hoards be gone!—that mute icy silence is sacred—it is the deep soul's wail, heard only up in heaven. Your treasures may be won again—but his was the coinage of the heart's blood of genius, and it is wasted! for the thirsty earth has drank it, and the years cannot give it back! Go away! ye have lost nothing—but HE! O, what a loss? Not only to his family, thus deprived of a dearly bought inheritance—an heir-loom of honor and of profit—but to his country—to science—to the world! Yet that dauntless old man is not dismayed; he and Fate knew each other's faces in battle long-ago. Even in his declining days, that restless strength is piling another, and as great, a trophy for the years. Let those who know how to love and venerate such labors—to sympathize with such grievous calamities—exhibit it by their prompt patronage of the new work now issuing—*The Quadrupeds of America*—and in the care which shall be taken to preserve the volumes of the *Plates of the Birds*, now in existence—the value of which will be five-fold increased!

THE STATUARY.*

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

"It is time, indeed, that men and women both should cease to grow old in any other way than as the tree does, full of grace and honor. The hair of the artist turns white, but his eye shines clearer than ever, and we feel that age brings him maturity, not decay. So would it be with all, were the springs of immortal refreshment but unsealed within the soul; then * * * * * they would see, from the lonely chamber window, the glories of the universe, or, shut in darkness, be visited by angels."—*Woman in the Nineteenth Century*.

"Heroes in History, and Gods in Song."—*Red Jacket*.

I.

A CITY by the sea! forevermore
The billows kiss her feet upon the shore,
Speaking of pomp, and wealth, and power,
States for her vassals, Ocean for her dower.
An island-city! leagues away
Sparkling, darkling, goes her bay
To sounding seas; and white wings dance
In many a dreamy sweep
Along the blue expanse;
But when the winds forget their tune,
The ships lie moveless on the Deep
As Desert tents at noon.

* The names of Moses and Miriam; Plato, Mahomet, Shakspeare, Milton, and Newton; Washington, Henry, Warren, and Franklin, to whom reference is made in the following poem, were not so chosen as being the only ones which could be employed. Many others equally eminent in the history of men might have been referred to. A few merely have been taken, around which to mould the idealism of the poem, and further its aim.

Rivers march on either side,
 With many a palisade and dwelling
 Painted on the passive tide,
 And over all blue mountains swelling :
 Look to eastward, look to westward, look to land, or look to sea,
 Till thy shrinking vision shudders over the Immensity ;
 Look to norward, look to so'ward—measure sky or measure sod,
 Thou shalt see forever fixed there the divineness of a God.

II.

I am of the City, brave
 And beauteous with her spires,
 Holy with her household fires,
 All along the winding wave.
 Day and night I hear the rolling
 Of her great voice in the marts ;
 Night and day Time's deep bell tolling
 With a slow and solemn might
 Over the troubled tide of hearts—
 Loud in day and low at night.
 Man must labor: nought is sleeping
 In the dimmest, brightest zone,
 From the worm of painful creeping
 To the Cherub on his throne.
 I would labor: oh, my brother !
 Deem not work a load and curse ;
 Was its fruit not in Another,
 This unmeasured universe ?
 This increasing universe !
 Let me too be up and doing !
 Something evermore pursuing
 Than shall bring *me* welfare only :
 Something nobler let me be
 In the City by the Sea
 Than a miser delving lonely.
 Something I would do for all—something worthy of my peers,
 Born to live when nations die, the comrade of uncounted years.

III.

Oh, I would lean and listen to the Breeze
 Winding from air-harps a selectest note ;
 And I would hear the deep bass of the Seas
 An under-music float ;
 So deftly taught, I'd sound my People's march,
 Through this our own broad forest clime,
 And hear the echoes rolled from every arch
 Flung over the gulf of Time :
 But other tones might fill the abysmal ways,
 Given to a wide world's themes,
 Mingling with all my own—a misty maze,
 Like intertangled dreams.—
 Or I would watch the silvery sea of light
 Swelling and lapsing all the day around
 An Island-Earth that laughed with long delight,
 Until the Eve, by one star crowned,
 From the dim billows of a darkling deep,
 Marched up her hushed sky with a queenly sweep
 Of purple robes, and saw the vassal clouds,
 Like rapt adorers at their solemn mass,
 In crimson-mantled crowds,
 Around her kindled shrine in silent worship pass.
 Then I would picture with those gorgeous hues
 My birth-land ; fill her mountains, vales, and capes

With legends whispered me by History's Muse,
 And certain old heroic Shapes ;
 But these, however Muse or Man might smile,
 Would fade like rainbows of a stormy sphere,
 And cold and pale hang in a little while
 Around a Cycle's bier.

Not these ! not these ! What I would do should tower
 A steadfast Scornor of the thunder's shock—
 A Name, a Thought, a Glory, and a Power
 Set in the everlasting rock.

IV.

Under the music of my heart and brain
 Marble should start and tremble into life ;
 And men should mark beneath the daring strain,
 The troubled quarry's strife :
 There, one by one, the blocks should swiftly fall
 From grand and beautiful creatures, who would rise
 Like buried kings and queens from prison pall,
 And look at me with wondering eyes :
 Brave men and lovely women—they who gave
 The advancing plume of Time a starry fire ;
 Who talked with Spirits—carried Freedom's glaive,
 Or grasped the Immortal with a lyre :
 The ONE whom Egypt taught an awful lore
 On pyramidal steps, till he became
 His august teacher's conqueror ; towering o'er
 Her marble-mountains, smit with seraph flame,
 Himself a mount of mind, whose shadow creeps
 Steadily down through Time's remotest Deeps ;
 He should appear as when his stern eye looked
 Command unto the seas and they the bidding brooked.

And SHE, the first of women who could dare
 The fires of poesy nor feel them slay ;
 Who wasted over Egypt's grim despair
 Her warrior-soul in trumpet song away ;
 She should be seen with quivering lips apart,
 The pearl-clasp broken on her heaving heart,
 And in her hands a harp of antique mould
 Which was by the repentant Deluge rolled
 On Ararat, and saved ; morn's pilgrim Air
 Should pause to look upon the statue there,
 As if it held a memory of that plain,
 In whose charmed ocean's overflow,
 A smiling people calmly dropped their chain
 Four thousand years ago :

And HE who heard the veiled Gods walk at night
 Through the hushed chambers of his listening soul,
 And caught high words which, understood aright,
 Are steps of stars to an eternal goal ;
 With right arm stretched aloft the GREEK should be,
 Resolving worlds to Immortality :

And He, the Ishmael wanderer, over whom
 The Orbs of Heaven with awful meaning spread
 Where wearily the long flat Deserts gloom
 Like prostrate Times struck dead ;
 He should appear as when he stood at night
 Alone, before his dim low tent, and threw

His brave dark eyes along the boundless Blue,
And saw but ONE in all its fields of light—
HIMSELF Eternity,—the Nameless in HIS MIGHT.

And HE whose vision clasped the wondrous WHOLE—
Who marked on his large horoscope of art
The mystic fortunes of the human soul,

All changes of the heart:

And HE who lit the white cliffs of his isle
With Freedom's fires that smite on populous Lands,
Swinging in seas afar, until they smile,
Call on their loved deliverer's name

And, shouting, pile aloft the answering brands
On mountain-tops, a jubilee of flame;

Who, resting then from human labor, wooed
The folded skies in song; his prayer was heard:

Heaven's angel, rapt in a melodious mood,
The tuneful fountain of his spirit stirred

With shining feet that walked in sweet unrest,
Over the rippling rivers of the Blest:

And HE, the Lord of thought, who spurned the bars
Which prison skies from Earth's up-looking fold,

And measured suns and leagues of peopled stars
That filled with thought the idiot-space of old:—

A group of kings fixed on a solemn hill,
Hands linked together, gazing on the ground,

And reverently still,

As if they knew the Almighty's shadow lay around.

Nor only She who ploughs the sea to reap
Harvest of empires in the furrows there,
Should then behold her mighty children sweep
Out of the parted rock to startled air.—

HE should arise—

An awful grandeur in his large, calm eyes—
Who taught the world how low the lust of power,

Until the monarch almost loathed the throne,
Pining to be in his triumphal hour

Earth's noblest fruit, a truthful man alone.

An eagle's plume, cast by the war-bird down
In battle's storm, should darkle on his robe;

His feet should rest upon an unworn crown

That sparkled over an unpalaced globe;

And in his hand a blade; and kneeling by

A form should glow divinely fair,

Wiping away whate'er of crimson dye

Reddened the falchion there.

And others soon should wondering look at me,

Others who have lit my land,

With fires that burn eternally,

A never-dying band!

HE who woke the cry "to arms!" HE who roused a people's ire;
HE, the plunderer of the storm-cloud, glorious with his crown of fire.

V.

Nor these alone; for I would turn and look

Into the sad world of my soul and find

What radiant shapes might shimmer from some nook

In the half moon-lit forest shrined.

Oh, blessed shapes that shone like Eden-beams,

When boyhood's sinless years were given to me,

Dancing along Life's lily-shadowed streams
 And by the shining sea !
 No Spirit is so poor within its sphere,
 That Beauty sits not on some lonely mountain,
 Or angels walk not in the noon to hear
 The singing bird and fountain !
 Whate'er of beautiful my heart hath known
 Should flame a soul into the soulless stone :
 And gracefully over all should glow,
 Her bosom pillowing a brooding dove,
 She who did teach my darkened heart to know
 The Heaven of sweet young love.
 All Forms, all Aspirations, Allegories,
 The flush of Life, the majesty of Death ;
 Time's eldest Stories and swift-winged Glories
 Should find from me a breath ;
 Things pure and bright as Aiden's deep delight
 When souls of men walk safely through the grave,
 And stern as myths hurled from a Runic world
 On Norland storms to Summer's trembling wave.

VI.

Then I would plant soft grasses, trees, and flowers
 Of rarest colors over all the mould,
 And fountain-streams should murmur in some bowers,—
 Fenced by a trellis-work of fretted gold.
 A lofty portal ever open seen
 Should woo the city's toil-o'erwearied race
 To that fair sculpture ! They would lean
 On rosy plots amid the holy place,
 When Night lay dreaming under a rounded moon.
 And from those Statues (glimmering through the leaves
 That softly whispered to the listening Eves
 Some touching tune learned long ago)
 A solemn grandeur and a tender grace
 Into their souls should flow.
 The stalwart man should learn a nobler strength ;
 The blooming boyhood an aspiring fire ;
 And reverend Age should deem he heard at length
 The soft, low prelude of a seraph's choir ;
 The mother there should gently lean and press
 On little rosy feet a tenderer kiss,
 And lovers light the shadows of the night
 With eyes that shone to each in mutual bliss.
 Reclined amid my labor, I would hear
 Their voices in the leaves ; and I would see
 The throng, unseen, and whisper with a tear
 Of joy—" They owe it all to me ;
 To me, who would a-temper so their souls
 That they should veil the fierce flash of the spears
 Clashing for blood : Look back ! See how it rolls
 In yon deep channels of the parted years,
 Thick with the wave-uplifted hands of Those
 Who fought their fellows and went swiftly down
 Beneath the Victor ; over their repose
 He shook an idle crown.
 But not like these, my Brothers ! shall ye die ;
 Something of Heaven is left ; and the *Ideal*,
 With all her stars is found, at last, to lie
 In that which ye have called ' the REAL.' "

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FREDERIC THE GREAT.

IN our article on the life and reign of Frederic William, we have sketched the material facts which marked the rise of the Prussian monarchy, from its scattered fragments in Germany and Poland, until its imposing aspect when Charles Frederic ascended the throne. Before entering on the detail of that extraordinary reign, let us cast a glance over the extent, population and revenue of the kingdom in 1740.

The entire population then amounted to two million, two hundred thousand souls; a revenue of twelve millions of Prussian crowns, equal to about nine millions of Spanish dollars; with twenty millions in the treasury, or on hand, a sum equivalent to fifteen millions of Spanish dollars. A disciplined army of seventy thousand men had been prepared by the late king. Thus stood Prussia, when in 1740, 31st of May, Frederic II. succeeded his father, within seven months of one hundred years from the accession of the Great Elector. During the intermediate century, the growth of the kingdom was slow but solid. A constant progression of physical and mental improvement, but nothing forced or precocious; habit, therefore, kept pace with introduction. There was in the Prussian advance less of violence imposed on individuals; or, in other words, the prejudices of former times were removed by the mild operations of reason and time. Hence, deep-rooted in the system of society, melioration bore a strong analogy with the natural advance from infancy towards maturity. The harsh administration of Frederic William, however, in giving robust strength to the national constitution, checked in a great measure the development of the rational faculties; but we may more than doubt whether any of its rulers, before or since his time, did more to prepare Prussia to take the elevated rank she holds among European States. It admits of no doubt, that had a succession of such monarchs as Frederic William continued his, in a great degree, Spartan policy, learning, science and other features of high civilization must have been defaced: but when his son, with the iron strength of Sparta, directed by the genius of Athens, gave impulse to the nation, wonderful,

indeed, were the results—results, which separated from one another, could never have been produced by Spartan discipline or Athenian philosophy.

Enough has already been said in our notice of Frederic William, to show the stern school in which was prepared the administrator whose example gave lessons for all future ages. The aged father in his last moments seemed to feel remorse for his treatment to his son, for whom he sent, and on the brink of the grave, the tenderness of the father triumphed over the monarch. Their last interview evinced, on the part of the dying king, a much more correct estimate of his successor than he had ever before entertained, and while breathing his last, we may say, a beam of light threw before him a glimpse of the coming age.

The funeral obsequies of the departed monarch duly performed, and Frederic II. now king, commenced at once a change; and never was a change more prompt. Entirely devoted to the cares of administration, the young king appeared as if intuitively endowed with every faculty conducive to the wise direction of public affairs. In his own kingdom, and in the neighboring States, public curiosity was excited to learn what attitude the nation, so long under military rule, would assume when governed by a prince regarded as passionately given up to philosophy and the fine arts. Frederic very soon revealed his policy. Luxury was banished from his palace, frivolous courtiers from his presence; hours of audience fixed, as were those of council and reviews, and strict order in every branch of service established, and maintained with invariable regularity through his long reign of forty-six years.

From the day of his accession, religious liberty mounted the throne with Frederic. His own nation, and the European public, who knew him only from his reputation as a philosopher, and particularly the clergy, feared a foe to religion, but were soon relieved. Brand, Minister of State, and Reichenbach, President of the Consistory, excited by the Fiscal-General Uhdén, requested to know if the king would not consent to suppress the Catholic Schools? The

answer deserves ubiquity and immortality. "*We must tolerate all religions. The only duty of the Fiscal is to watch over all, and to prevent the different sects from injuring each other; because it is my wish that in my States every one should be left free to seek salvation in his own way.*"

These sentiments were strictly adhered to during the residue of his life. Those who have so liberally censured, or in more direct terms calumniated Frederic the Great, for his real or supposed infidelity, ought to have, to preserve consistency, applauded Louis XIV. for his Dragonnades, and Revocation of the Edict of Nantz.

The restrictions on religious worship, imposed by the late king, were revoked, and full liberty of public worship in all peaceable forms, established. The great philosophical reformer, Wolf, banished by Frederic William, was recalled and named Privy Counselor and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Halle.

Useless cruelty in punishments was forbidden, and other regulations adopted in favor of justice, reason and humanity, and all in the first six days of the new reign.

Honest and able men, who were already or subsequently placed at the head of the different ministries, almost the whole of them held their places during life.

Other cares, beside those of peaceful melioration, awaited and soon pressed on the Prussian monarch. The Emperor of Germany, Charles VI., died on the 20th of October, 1740. The reign of this emperor was stormy; war, or preparation for war, kept his States in an unsettled condition, through the thirty years of his administration. Though one of the most patriotic of the German emperors, peculiar circumstances involved his policy in difficulties which extended far beyond the limits of his life and reign. The emperors of Germany, from the election of Henry the Fowler, A. D. 936, to 1806, or through 970 years, were German princes, possessed of hereditary dominions of more or less extent and power, previous to their election as emperors: this was the case with the Imperial houses of Saxony, Franconia, Swabia and Hapsburg, or Austria. This latter family, originally from Switzerland, then part of the German empire, became Imperial, A. D. 1273, in the person of Rodolph I. With some counter

vicissitudes of adversity, the House of Hapsburg gradually increased in hereditary power: as to their authority as emperors, it was maintained much more by their individual States, than by any constitutional power conferred as emperors. The real influence of the German emperors, if taken personally, varied of course, with their individual characters and the strength of their hereditary States, combined with the condition of Europe generally. Weak as it was, however, when contrasted with its popular titles, the Imperial German power had at all times during its existence, great influence on European policy.

Deriving its title from the Roman original IMPERATOR, *general*, the idea of female succession or election was no part of the German constitution. A domestic circumstance led to an innovation, productive of great effect on the history of the age. Charles VI., not having, nor expecting to have, male heirs, published in 1713, a law, under the title of *Pragmatic Sanction*, or fundamental law, by which it was established, "that in default of male heirs, all his States, of whatever nature, should descend to and be held by his daughters, born in legal marriage, in all cases agreeable to the right of primogeniture."

Charles VI., at his death, left two daughters; Maria Theresa, married to Francis, Duke of Lorraine, and Mary Ann, married to Charles of Lorraine, brother of the Duke. By virtue of the Pragmatic Sanction, guaranteed by the principal powers of Europe, and confirmed by the Diet of Ratisbon, 1732, the eldest daughter, Maria Theresa, Duchess of Lorraine, was, after the demise of her father, Oct. 20th, 1740, sole and universal heiress. The late emperor had the misfortune to offend the young king of Prussia, during the short interval of four months which intervened between the death of Frederic William and that of the emperor himself. The proud Hapsburg could have had no forecast of the enemy to his family which he provoked. One, and except the king of England, the most powerful of the German Electors, and, restricted to Germany, far the most powerful of the Electoral College, the king of Prussia, in addition to any personal affront, had hereditary feelings inimical to the House of Austria, and claims of long standing on a very important part (Silesia) of the Austrian succession.

To seize upon the immense estates bequeathed to his daughter by Charles VI., Frederic II. was only one, and though in the sequel the most formidable, the one who could have been the most easily not only satisfied but conciliated. As already observed, most of the great European Powers had guaranteed the Pragmatic Sanction, while not one respected its provisions who had anything to gain by its violation. Of the monarchs of Europe then reigning, had he entered the lists of competitors, the king of France, Louis XV., had the most plausible claims, in opposition to those of Maria Theresa. A descendant in direct line from the male branch of the Austrian House by the queens of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., and with power to sustain his rights, real or imaginary. Happily for the Empress Queen, the natural indolence of the French king and the pacific policy of the then Prime Minister, Cardinal Fleury, decided France to assume the character of Mediator, and in fact saved Maria Theresa. The counter pretensions of Spain, Sardinia, and those of Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria, and Augustus, Elector of Saxony and king of Poland, complicated the disputes, but weakened their respective forces.

In such conjunctures, who was the monarch to meet the storm? A young woman of twenty-three years of age. A woman, however, possessed of all the external qualities which could enchain the male mind, and in a very remarkable degree endowed with those intellectual powers which seemed intuitively requisite to sustain her in the crisis. To some disadvantages, inseparable from her sex, the Empress Queen, as a woman, excited the enthusiastic fidelity of her immediate subjects. Over her States there appeared an emulation of fidelity, and especially among the most important sections, Hungary. But among those episodes which relieve the dull round of history and give dramatic interest to some of its most solemn scenes, there has, probably, never transpired another more remarkable than the appearance of the Empress Queen before the Hungarian Diet, 13th September, 1741. Beautiful in youth, interesting as a wife, a mother and a queen, she stood before the Hungarian magnates, expressed her full confidence in their loyalty, and called upon them as the champions of her crown and children. She was not de-

ceived, and during her long reign, Hungary, unmindful of the injuries received from her House, remained faithful to Maria Theresa.

Under all the threatening aspects of the moment, the Court of Vienna suffered extreme anxiety to receive the responses of the different governments of Europe, to whom the accession of Maria Theresa had been announced. The answers were generally favorable in words, though perhaps, except that of George II., King of England, that of Russia and Holland were evasive; particularly that of France, where the pretensions of the Elector of Bavaria were secretly, and soon openly supported. The king of Prussia, from whom little danger was apprehended, made professions of friendship while preparing for war.

Frederic II. has been severely censured for his seizure of Silesia, but very few of his censurers ever took the pains to inquire whether that monarch had or not justifiable reasons for his policy on this occasion. It has already been shown in the article preceding this one, that in 1486, the marriage of Barbara, daughter of the Elector Albert with Henry, Duke of Glogau and Crossen, brought Lower Silesia into the Circle of Brandenburg. Frederic William had guaranteed the Pragmatic Sanction, but with a clause with all due formality securing to Prussia, the succession of Cleves, Berg and Juliers. The condition in favor of Prussia was disregarded by the emperor. It is evident from these data that, whatever might be the legality or justice of the claims of Prussia on Silesia, they were of long standing. Before us now lies a map with the following title and date: "*Theatre of the War in Silesia, a New Map by Le Rouge, Geographical Engineer to the King, and to His Royal Highness the Count of Clermont. Paris, 1741.*"

Under the title are the following remarks: "The Royal House of Prussia had pretensions on several principalities and lordships in Silesia, and particularly on the principalities of Jaegersdorf, Liegnitz, Brieg and Wohlau; and on the lordships of Beuton, Liebschutz, Tarnowitz and Oderberg, with their dependencies." Though held by the stronger arm of Austria, Prussia had on every favorable occasion urged her claims. In regard to the Duchies of Liegnitz, Brieg and Wohlau, the House of Brandenburg claimed the reversion at the death (1615)

of the last Duke of Liegnitz, but disregarding such claims, Austria seized the succession. Frederic I., in order to secure the consent of Austria to his assumption of the Royal title formally resigned his rights on Silesia, in consideration of having resigned to him the very unequal consideration of the Circle of Schwibus; but even this inadequate consideration was withheld, and left the case open until near the close of the reign of Charles VI., when the real relations of the parties were most materially changed, and when the accession to the throne of the most military state in Europe, fell to a man who added a new, active and powerful element to European policy. In 1740, when Frederic II. and Maria Theresa commenced their administration, immense was the disparity of territory and population of their respective states; but real effective force and financial means were reverse to the mere extent of domain. Austrian rule extended over a large part of Central Europe, but diverse in language, habits, political institutions and religion to the general government, all was weakness with appearance of strength. Prussia, on the other hand, as we have already shown, possessed a full treasury and a most effective army.

Thus stood the two parties when, in the latter part of 1740, Frederic issued the Manifesto of Berlin, alluded to above, claiming as stated, large sections of Silesia. The Manifesto was sent to Vienna with proposals of accommodation, which the king, most probably, neither expected nor even wished should be assented to; he, therefore, in the depth of winter, rushed into Silesia with an army, to put immediate resistance out of question. All Lower Silesia quickly fell, and Breslau the capital was entered by the king on the 3d January, 1741. It neither comports with the necessary brevity of an essay, nor the object we have in view, to follow the thread of mere military detail. We wish to show the advantage inherent in unity of design and vigor of execution. With the moral of political disputes it is vain to embarrass history. The world never was, and until man is radically changed, never can be, ruled or much influenced by abstraction.

Much has been written, with indeed very little respect to historical evidence, in regard to the seizure of Silesia by Frederic II. We have already seen that

the claims of Prussia on that country were of long standing. When the Prussian armies entered, the invasion was hailed as deliverance by two-thirds at least of the inhabitants, who were Protestants, and accounts for the rapid success of the invaders. Town after town was taken with more or less resistance. The Austrian Government, taken by surprise; could not oppose the Prussians with any effective force to meet the first fury of the storm, but with such troops as could be marshaled, old Count Neuperg offered battle to Frederic in person on the 10th of April, 1741, at Molwitz, in the environs of Brieg, and was defeated.

We may pause a few moments on the battle of Molwitz, the first field on which commenced the military career of Frederic the Great. "The school" as that monarch said himself, "of the king and his troops." This alone would give to the battle of Molwitz a conspicuous place in history; but let us hear Paganel on the subject, speaking figuratively.

"It was on the field of battle (Molwitz) that was produced that league which shook to its base the throne of Maria Theresa. France, long undecided, was brought to act. Without interest in the war, and without legitimate motive, she was involved in the contest by the intrigues of Count de Belle Isle, tormented with the ambition of making an emperor, and of distracting all Europe!! Belle Isle, a Marshal of France, presented himself to Frederic at Molwitz, and as ambassador from Louis XV. proposed an alliance with France, which had been hitherto avoided, but was now assented to by the king. The views of the Prussian monarch at this epoch were profound though complicated. He wished to secure Silesia, and by raising the Elector of Bavaria to the imperial dignity, and placing him as a rival to Maria Theresa, preserve a balance of power. It was neither his interest nor wish to destroy Austria by raising Bavaria. France, as will be seen in the sequel, he used as an instrument.

While awaiting the combined movements of the French and Bavarian armies, Frederic stood opposed to Marshal Neuperg and the Austrians. It was at this eventful moment, when menaced with ruin by a combination so formidable as France, Prussia and Bavaria, that Maria Theresa made her appeal to the Hungarian Diet, which saved her crown. "Ma-

ria Theresa," says Paganel, "rose in grandeur as danger increased. Obligated to fly from her capital, she presented herself to the Hungarian Diet. Such a step was magnanimous, and had its full effect. At the view of the illustrious suppliant, clothed in mourning, in the Hungarian manner, her brow ornamented with the ancient crown of St. Stephen, and bearing the royal sword, the appeal was irresistible. The effect of this scene was not confined to Hungary. The female feelings were roused over the whole of Western Europe, but in England more especially. Private donations in money were offered by the widow of the great Marlborough and other ladies, but respectfully and wisely refused by the Empress, who correctly preferred, and knew she was securing, national aid by refusing that of individuals.

There were other and far more powerful impulses, however, than those of mere enthusiasm called into action in England on this occasion. George II., though uncle to the King of Prussia, most cordially hated the father while living, and now transferred these blind antipathies to the son. Without a single talent as a general, the English Hanoverian monarch burned with military ardor; dismissed Carteret from the ministry, and gave the direction of affairs to Sir Robert Walpole. The English nation regarded the crisis as a favorable one to strike the blow of death to the French and Spanish commercial and colonial interests; and to decide matters. France had entered the lists against the Empress Queen, and England could do no less than become her champion. George II. took the command of his armies in person; but had not many causes operated to paralyze the enemies of Austria, ruin must have been the fate of that confederative monarchy.

The Elector of Bavaria, under the title of Charles VII., was declared Emperor of Germany, and sustained by the French armies commanded by such a general as Maurice, Count Saxe. Bohemia and other Austrian dependencies were for the moment lost. But the two real spirits who guided the contest, Frederic II. and Maria Theresa, though political enemies had one interest in common. Neither desired the rise and permanent establishment of French power in Germany, which must have been the result had Charles VII. triumphed over Maria Theresa. With the mere marches and count-

ermarches of armies, the chess movements in the political struggle, we cannot go into detail; it is only sufficient to observe that during the winter of 1741 and 1742, mutual attempts were made to conclude a treaty of peace between Austria and Prussia, but the former could not consent, and the latter inflexibly determined on the obtainment of a full cession to it of all Lower Silesia and the County of Glatz; these negotiations were broken up, and the united Prussian and French armies, in January, 1742, burst into Bohemia and Moravia, and in a few weeks even menaced Vienna. On the 17th of May, the Austrian army under Prince Charles of Lorraine, amounting to 30,000 men, was defeated with great loss at Czaslan.

The vast military talents of Frederic began to develop; two splendid victories gained by him in person, turned the eyes of Europe towards him as a general of the first order, but his use of the victory at Czaslan revealed the consummate statesman. The enemies of the Empress Queen were now on the alert, and impatient to divide her spoils. Menaced thus on all sides, Maria Theresa found it necessary to relax, and found her safety in the sound policy of Prussia. On the 11th June, 1742, the preliminaries of peace between Austria and Prussia, under the mediation of England, were signed at Breslau in Silesia, and confirmed by a definitive treaty signed at Berlin, on the 11th of June following, also under the mediation of England.

By these treaties the far greater part of Silesia was irreversibly annexed to Prussia. Marshal Belle Isle, the prime mover of France on the German theatre at that time, and who thought himself secure of using the King of Prussia to suit his purposes, was most effectually mystified, and found himself the instrument, in place of the operator. † Our authority in the case is French, and principally Paganel's *Life of Frederic II.*, who remarks as follows: "When the Peace of Breslau was reported at Paris, public expressions of indignation resounded on all sides. The defection of a French general could not have been productive of more violent condemnation than that of the King of Prussia. True, there were some causes of ill-temper, but its bitterness was unjust. What was done by Frederic in this case, any other sovereign in his senses would, in like circumstances, have done the same. His

"In person" is good. He ignominiously fled from the field of Molvitz!

end accomplished, he owed it to humanity to stay the effusion of blood. He engaged in the war without France, who became his ally on the occasion to suit her own purposes; he was at liberty to get out of it without her, and the more, when suspicion of treachery on her part became certitude."

It was the culminating trait in the genius, and gave character to Frederic II., that he, in the whole of his remarkable career, consulted plain common sense, and condemned abstractions. What he undertook was done after due reflection; hence, he never ultimately failed in accomplishing his object; and hence, such men as Louis XV., his minister, Cardinal Fleury, and Marshal Belle Isle, were as completely instruments as was any general in the Prussian army. The great age and vacillating character of Cardinal Fleury, and the real incapacity of the King of France, led the nation into the alliance against Austria; while George II. of England, with equal impolicy, and less necessity, lent himself to the King of Prussia, and by coincidences having scarce a parallel in history, friends and enemies served alike to secure Silesia to the Prussian monarchy.

France and England remained at war, and left Frederic to reap the fruits of his victories, profound policy, and their strife. Charles VII., the phantom Emperor, was rapidly approaching the tomb, while the Empress Queen, most anxiously desirous to see her husband elevated to the imperial dignity, had another and most powerful motive to gain the voice of Frederic in the Electoral College. In the mean time, the active genius of the king knew no repose. Inspecting his fortresses, examining into the condition of his new subjects, the manœuvres of his troops, and attention to the general political movements of his neighbors, every wakeful moment, we might suppose, would have been inadequate. Yet, amid all these occupations, this monarch, in his thirtieth year, neglected no one part of his duty, in the government and melioration of his hereditary dominions. To abridge the hitherto circuitous communication between the Elbe and the Oder, he had constructed the canal of Plauen. The port of Stettin was enlarged, and the natural channel of Swine made navigable. With most assiduous care the silkworm was acclimated in the harsh air of Prussia. Numerous other manufactures were established, protected,

and made flourishing. The Royal Academy of Sciences and the Fine Arts was new-modeled and improved in form and revenue, and general education encouraged, indeed enforced, by the government.

But though Austria had ceded all that Prussia claimed of Silesia, such a man as Frederic could not be deceived into an assurance that no secret design of resumption was not harbored. The vigilance of the Prussian monarch was kept awake by the increasing military force of Austria; the ardor of the King of England, his uncle, to uphold that power; the reconciliation of Maria Theresa with the King of Sardinia, and the consciousness that the Empress Queen could not but regard the treaty of Breslau as a humiliation. An intercepted correspondence between George II. and Maria Theresa, in which he was menaced and insulted, induced Frederic to accept offers of reconciliation with France.

The drama was rapidly opening. A treaty, concluded at Worms, and ratified at Turin and Warsaw, against Charles VII., was entered into between the Empress Queen, the Kings of England and Sardinia, the States of Holland and Saxony. In this coalition, the conduct of George II. exhibited at once impolicy and disregard of good faith; as, by the express terms of the treaty of Breslau, he was bound to communicate to the King of Prussia any treaty he might sign; but in entering into that of Worms, he avoided the fulfilment of his former engagement, as the latter stipulations annulled those of Breslau. From the Hague Frederic received the first authentic information of the danger by which he was menaced, as, in effect, though nominally against the Emperor Charles VII., the real object was the King of Prussia.

To discover the necessity to act, and to act, was cause and effect in quick sequence with Frederic, who instantly sent to aid his minister in France—the old and inert Baron de Chambier—a Frenchman domiciliated and nationalized in Prussia, Count Rottemburg. The new mission was well-timed and successful. In a very short time the king of Prussia had attached to his cause, France, the emperor Charles VII., the Elector Palatine, and as Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, the king of Sweden, by the Treaty of Frankfort, May 22d, 1744. Everything now from Paris to Warsaw breathed

war. The ministers of Frederic ventured to advise peace. Frederic heard their counsels and obeyed his own. In the midst of the festivities attending the marriage of his sister Ulrica with Adolphus Frederic, Prince Royal of Sweden, the king made preparations for the ensuing campaign.

With that celerity which marked every part of his conduct in peace and war, and to supersede his enemies, on the 12th August, 1744, the king of Prussia rushed into Bohemia like a torrent, with seventy thousand men, in three columns; one under his own immediate command, entered by Saxony; the second, under Prince Leopold of Anhalt Dessau, entered by Lusatia; and the third, under Marshal Schwerin, by Silesia. Early in September the army reunited, and invested Prague, which surrendered on the 16th of the same month with sixteen thousand men.

France, during the whole reign of Frederic, was in a state of paralysis. When we compare the physical force and resources of France and Prussia, during the period of thirty-four years from the accession of Frederic to the death of Louis XV., we cannot avoid astonishment at the energy of the Prussians and lassitude of the French. History affords no stronger example to prove the effects produced on nations by their supreme rulers.

Ably opposed by the Austrian generals, particularly Marshal Traun, and feebly aided by the French under Marshals Noailles and Coigni, he was unable to sustain himself in Bohemia, and the end of the campaign was as disastrous to his arms as its opening had been glorious. It may, however, be doubted whether the check in Bohemia was not the safety of Prussia, as it concentrated the force of Prussia, too restricted in effect to admit of development beyond narrow bounds.

The retreat from Bohemia was followed on the 20th January, 1745, by the death at Munich of Charles VII., an emperor without provinces, and who, from the day of his election, found repose only in the tomb, and whose death affected European policy far more effectively than did his elevation. The League of Frankfort was dissolved, and a sure path to the Imperial crown opened to Francis, Duke of Lorraine, husband of Maria Theresa. England, or rather the House of Hanover, held in its direction

one-third of the Electors. Saxony leaned to Austria as a tower of strength against Prussia. The Elector of Mayence, at the time highly influential, was devoted to the Empress Queen. As to that female monarch, though above vain elation, she could not view the posture that affairs had assumed, without indulging rather too strong hopes of recovering Silesia. Her troops invaded, but were speedily repulsed from Upper Silesia.

The real interest of France and England both, would have been to let the Germans give the title of Emperor to whoever they chose; but France, true to the false policy of the court at the time, sought another phantom in Augustus III., Elector of Saxony and King of Poland. As he had done from the commencement of his reign, Frederic II. made France the instrument of his designs. Secretly disgusted, as a German and the most important member of the Electoral College, at the open pretences of France to impose an emperor on the nation, while, however, preserving openly his alliance with France, he made advances towards a reconciliation with England. The Prussian armies were put in excellent order, and early in 1744, the king quitted Berlin and joined his army in Silesia, and there learned the submission of the young Elector of Bavaria to necessity, by a treaty on the 12th April, 1745, by which the elector renounced all claim on the States of Austria, and by that means secured his own hereditary States. The last remnant of the League of Frankfort was thus destroyed. Though denounced by the Court of France, the best and most candid of such French authors as have noticed the circumstances, excuse, and some applaud the prudence of Maximilian Joseph, Duke of Bavaria, in avoiding the fate of his father.

The chagrin of France was on this occasion soon dissipated by the great victory gained over the English and their allies, May 11th, 1745, at Fontenoy; but though not altogether foreign to our subject, the transactions in the Netherlands were too remote to admit further notice in this place.

With allies on whom he placed slender confidence, and environed with powerful enemies, Frederic reposed for safety on his own talents, and the energy and fidelity of his people, and was not deceived. This extraordinary man, in some mo-

ments of great success, evinced caution, but never was wanting in the hour of peril. His very soul seemed to rise in majesty in proportion to the extent of danger, and every resource of his genius and moral energy reserved for the crisis. To all human appearance, when the campaign of 1745 opened, such was the disparity of forces, that destruction awaited Prussia, and yet its events were marked by a series of victories in favor of Frederic and his troops.

In the latter part of May, the combined Austrians and Saxons made an irruption into Silesia, and took Kosel, but were met between Jauernick and Schweidnitz, on the 2d of June, by the Prussian army, commanded by the king in person, and utterly defeated. This battle, called from one of the villages near which it took place, Hoen Friedberg, saved Silesia to Prussia, and placed its king at the head of European generals of that age. But on this occasion, as on every other of his life, military talent was the least of his merit. A few days after the battle of Hoen Friedberg, two thousand Protestant peasants, exasperated by persecution, requested permission to expel the Catholics from their neighborhood. He acted the Apostle, received them kindly, but enjoined peace, forgiveness of injuries, and forbearance. This man, great in every relation, regarded ignorance as the source of crime. He repeated on every necessary occasion—"The people, if wisely directed, would always conduct themselves with affection towards each other." Such was his intimate conviction. Such were the fruits of this conviction, that during his long reign of nearly half a century, his zeal never abated to destroy fanaticism, without the exercise of violence against the fanatics.*

In the midst of the operations of war, in 1745, Frederic, both from policy and necessity, became more and more estranged from France, and sought the far more natural alliance of England. George II., obstinate as he was, could not refuse the advice of those who urged the policy of detaching Prussia from France, and in a short time after the battle of Hoen Friedberg, signed a convention with Frederic at Hanover. The Empress Queen, though mortified at the defeat of her troops, and what she regarded as defection on the part of her ally, George II., was in a great degree consoled by the election of her hus-

band to the Imperial dignity, on the 13th of Sept., 1745, under the title of Francis I.

Thus circumstances balanced each other, and war continued. Frederic, by the intermission of George II., made overtures of accommodation, but the Empress was not yet sufficiently humbled, and her confidence in the King of England impaired; they were rejected. The King of Prussia, finding peace refused, put his army in motion, and on the 16th of October, 1745, gave the Austrian army, under Prince Charles of Lorraine, a severe defeat at Scor. The season so far advanced, the King of Prussia, notwithstanding his two recent victories, judged it prudent to withdraw his troops from Bohemia, and prepare for winter-quarters in Silesia. This retreat effected, and leaving the army under the command of Leopold, Prince of Dessau, the King set out on his return to Berlin, where he arrived on the 28th of October, 1745.

Such was the great disparity of physical resources, that, under any other man, Prussia must have fallen. The successful operations of the campaign, in favor of the weaker power, tended rather to irritate than weaken the stronger. With armies more than two-fold more numerous than her enemy, Austria had sustained two disastrous defeats; but the King absent from his army, and France, the only ally who could give him aid, more than lukewarm after the promulgation of the convention of Hanover, and winter advancing, the active genius of Maria Theresa devised, and in part effected a plan, which placed the very existence of Prussia in danger. These armies were to be put in motion simultaneously. One by Lusatia was to rush into the march of Brandenburg, under Prince Charles of Lorraine; the second joining the first at Berlin; while the third was to pour into Silesia. The combined forces were, to all ordinary appearance, overwhelming; and at the news of its advance, alarm was general at Berlin. Happily, in the hour of the most imminent danger, the master-mind maintained all its force, and that calm and cool prudence which evince ability of the highest order. Under all the circumstances of the crisis, who but such a man as Frederic would have thought of offensive operations? While preparing for active operations, Frederic took every precaution necessary in case of defeat. The Royal Family, the Archives of the

* Paganel's Life of Frederic II., Vol. 1, Page 303.

Kingdom, and the Supreme Councils were to be removed to Stettin, in Pomerania.

Having thus prepared for the worst, Frederic, on the 10th of November, left Berlin for Silesia, to join his veteran army, thirty thousand strong, under old Anhalt. Aware that time and activity was everything, Frederic put this army in motion, and five days changed the whole scene. The Prussian army passed the Queiss, and by able manœuvres deceived Prince Charles, attacked in detail three regiments of Saxon cuirassiers, and a regiment of Saxe Gotha, destroying or dispersing the whole; seized Goerlitz, with the Austrian magazines, made the garrison prisoners, and fixed there the head-quarters of the Prussian army. These rapid and decisive movements forced the Prince of Lorraine to retreat into Bohemia, without magazines or baggage, and with the loss of five thousand men.

The Austrians had no better success on the side of Silesia, from whence they were repulsed with severe loss. The Elector of Saxony was compelled to leave his capital, and take refuge in Prague. One week removed terror from Berlin to Dresden, to where the victorious Prussians were every hour expected. The command in that quarter was confided by Frederic to the Prince of Anhalt, to whom, after the defeat and retreat of the Austrians, under the Prince of Lorraine, he wrote the famous letter which has been compared to the "*I came, I saw, I conquered*," of Cæsar. "I have struck my blow in Lusatia," says Frederic to Anhalt, "strike yours at Leipsic, and we will meet at Dresden."

The Prince of Anhalt struck his blow with terrible effect before the King could join him. On the 15th of December, the Saxon army was attacked and utterly defeated at Kesseldorf. The two victorious armies joined, on the 17th, under its walls, and on the 18th were, by capitulation, quartered in Dresden.

The wisdom, humanity and sound policy of Frederic were in no other part of his checkered life more conspicuous than on his complete triumph over Saxony. His previous offers of peace, rather disdainfully rejected, were renewed, and his admirable letter to Villiers, the Ambassador of George II., at the Court of Saxony, ought to be before the world. If we cannot give the words by translation, we can the spirit:

"Fortune has seconded my cause," wrote

the King, on the 18th of December, the day he entered Dresden; "and placed me in a position to severely resent the unjust and equivocal proceedings of the King of Poland, Elector of Saxony; but far from thinking of vengeance, I offer to him, for the last time, my friendship. My success blinds me not. I always indulge a preference of peace to war. Myself and army you will see perish rather than I will relax the most minute part of the treaty I offer. If, therefore, the Queen of Hungary is willing, once for all, to make peace, I am ready to sign it, according to the convention of Hanover; if she peremptorily refuse, I shall consider it my right to raise my demands against her. Send then to me the last resolutions of the King of Poland, and let me know whether he prefers the total ruin of his country to its conservation—the feelings of hatred to those of friendship; and, in a word, whether he prefers to add fuel to the flames of this war, or to contribute to reëstablish peace with his neighbors, and the general pacification of Germany."

This was the language of true greatness. The olive-branch offered by the victor, without one word of insult to the vanquished, and gloriously was he rewarded for a magnanimity above all praise.

A few days after the receiving of the king's letter, Mr. Villiers arrived from Prague with full powers for the Saxon minister. Count Frederic de Harrack, Envoy from the Empress Queen, soon followed, and on the 25th December 1745, the peace, since known as the peace of Dresden, was signed, under the mediation of England. By this treaty, Silesia and the county of Glatz, was again confirmed to Prussia.

Three days after the interchange of treaties, Frederic returned to Berlin, where he was justly received under triumphal arches, with heartfelt acclamation, by his people, and who then saluted him with the title of **FREDERIC THE GREAT**, which history has confirmed.

At the Treaty of Dresden, Frederic had been on the throne five years and seven months, and had conducted his nation through two successful wars, and what a change! In the acquisition of, besides others of less note, the fine Province of Silesia, the population and territory of the kingdom was greatly enlarged. In these material advantages much was gained, but of comparative small value, when contrasted with the great character given to the nation. The

Prussian monarchy hitherto ranked only as the principal German Electorate, now rose in Europe as a new and influential element in European policy. In the field and Cabinet, its king stood in his thirty-fourth year at the head of the monarchs of the age, as far as reputation gives eminence.

At the opening of 1746, Silesia was Prussian beyond recall, the nation again at peace, and at its head, a man who neither sought or suffered the indulgence of repose. At his voice, new life was breathed into Justice, civil and criminal, into agriculture, manufactures, commerce and education. Every avenue to public prosperity, seemed to widen as if by supernatural power. So great and rapid were the meliorating changes, that Frederic appeared rather the founder, than the restorer of his country. In these respects, however, it would be very unjust to give all the credit to the king; as if he proved an able workman, the nation afforded admirable material. If the monarch devised, or comprehended the plans of others, he found little ignorant resistance.

The Oder, particularly in that part of its course below Silesia, was in a state of nature bounded by immense marshes; to drain and render healthy and habitable those wastes, Frederic, after the Peace of Dresden, caused immense works to be performed along the Oder, from Swinemunde to Custrin, or from the outer mouth of the river into the Baltic, upwards of one hundred and twenty English miles to the influx of the Wartha. A canal was formed from Custrin to Wrietzen, draining the swampy intermediate country, and soon 1200 families were in possession of ease and abundance, where formerly only wild animals could exist. "It was," said with joy by the king himself, "a new province conquered by industry, from ignorance and idleness."

Foreign manufacturers were invited into Prussia, and, encouraged by good laws, well administered, and under a steady political system, flocked to augment the strength of their new country, and provide for their own happiness. While the improvements of the rural districts advanced, physically, morally and intellectually, towns and cities rose, as if by miracle. In the ten years between the Treaty of Dresden, and the commencement of the seven years' war. Prussia enjoyed almost uninterrupted

peace. Near three hundred villages rose at different points of the kingdom. The surest mode of securing royal favor, was to be usefully employed. The encouragement given to education and useful labor, banished at once ignorance and idleness.

Already remarkable for the order of its financial system, new regulations gave it greater perfection. The fiscal year commenced on the 31st of May, the date of the accession of Frederic to the throne. Such was the strictness of the system, and honesty of those employed, defalcations were almost unknown, but when occurring were most condignly punished.

The effects of such improvements in government, the arts of life, and security of person and property, became annually more and more apparent; while peace and plenty were enjoyed, population and revenue augmented. But, with the far more powerful monarchies of Austria, France and Russia, on three sides, and Austria brooding over the loss of Silesia, and otherwise inimical to Prussia, an army invincible by its number, perfect discipline and devotion to its country and king, was indispensable. Consolidating the works of his predecessor, and while improving every part of this powerful organization, which had already secured to Prussia a preponderance out of all proportion to its comparative national strength, Frederic II, felt and acted upon the conviction, that it was the base of the new born grandeur of his country, and of his own proud title of GREAT.

Some authors have criticised the Prussian system of confining the grade of officer to the nobility. These strictures were founded, on applying the theories of the writers to Prussia, and to the time and place where these more modern ideas were inapplicable. If Frederic the Great was more preëminent for any one quality than for another, it was as we have already remarked, for the keen and rapid perception of what was practicable, and for the steady adherence to whatever experience proved to be most suitable. There were few persons of any rank, certainly none either near or on thrones, who in the middle of the eighteenth century, more clearly understood, or more powerfully contributed to the progress of the human mind at that epoch. In his policy, however, he acted on the actual condition of things, and the effects were consequent to the prudence of the system.

Confining the grade of officer to the nobility, within that circle two principles were sternly applied. First, rigorous apprenticeship; second, relative merit. It was of no advantage, the fortune or elevation of family; the aspirant had to pass from the lowest to the highest grade. Favoritism was so utterly disregarded, that during the long reign of forty-six years, there did not occur a single instance of any man receiving the title of officer, without performing the functions; and it demanded the express permission of the king, for a military man who had quitted the service to wear the uniform.

From the time of the great Elector, a foreign officer joining the Prussian service, was at once advanced a grade. Under this rule, James Keith, a native of Scotland, but who had in consequence of political troubles left his country, and after other vicissitudes, entered the Russian service, whence he was obliged to fly for like cause, joined the standards of Prussia, and there held the rank of field-marshal, to his death in the battle of Hoch-Kirchen, 14th October, 1758. At his accession, there were several native field-m Marshals, but Frederic raised none to that grade. In his opinion, the expense overbalanced any military rank, above the highest grade of generals.

Perhaps, no other human system, civil or military, was ever so perfect in its organization, to fulfil the purposes of its creation, as was the military system of Prussia, during this astonishing reign. The discipline was as severe, if not more so, to the field-marshal, as to the common soldier. No dispensation for absence from duty, in peace or war, was admitted but that of sickness. In exercise, march or battle, any fault committed by an officer was as severely punished, as if committed by a common soldier.

Constantly ready to take the field in case of war, the Prussian army never lost sight of the king as Commander-in-chief, as he never laid aside the dress and ensigns of a general officer. The nominal Minister at war, was only a mere intendant, charged with details, whilst the real administration of the army was constantly, not simply held, but performed by the monarch. Hence the unequalled personal attachment of the troops to Frederic; who, though so severe as a disciplinarian, was otherwise a father to his officers and soldiers. Another circumstance that gave great efficiency to the Prussian army was, that even in the hour

of victory, and in an enemy's country such were the habits of order and humanity instilled into every rank, that history affords no other more remarkable examples of the avoidance of useless cruelty, even, as will be shown, when, treating on the seven years' war, it demanded no little forbearance to avoid retaliation.

Though not directly connected with the history of Prussia, we cannot well maintain a clear view of what really concerned that monarchy, without briefly noticing the events of the neighboring states, from the Treaty of Dresden to that of Aix-la-Chapelle.

The Treaty of Dresden not being common to all the belligerent powers, war continued between the house of Austria and England on one side, and France and Spain on the other. On the side of Flanders, the genius of Marshal Saxe chained victory to the standards of France. From the 21st of February to the 10th of September, 1746, Brussels, Antwerp, Mons, Saint-Guillain, Charleroi, and Namur, were taken by the French. On the 11th of October, in the same year, Saxe gained the battle of Rocoux, and though thus triumphant on one side, no important result immediately followed. The king of France offered terms of peace, which from doubts of sincerity were rejected, and the war only in part suspended by winter.

The campaign of 1747 opened with two events, in which Prussia, from its connection with Holland, was in some measure involved. An overwhelming French army was marched into Dutch Flanders, which invasion was the spark which set fire to the combustibles of revolution. Lowendahl, who gained by its results the baton of Marshal of France, and who commanded the advance of the French army, told some Dutch officers, that the invasion was made by concert with their government. The House of Orange, closely connected with the reigning family of Prussia, and which had been by a former revolution deprived of the Stadtholderate, found its interest in forming public distrust of the existing government, and the charge of treason. These popular feelings were not permitted to subside. Town and fortress after town and fortress, were taken by the French. Convinced that they were betrayed, the Orange name resounded, and the whole Dutch nation demanded the re-establishment of a family, interwoven with the

very existence of their nationality, and a form of government under which the Republic had achieved all their glory and prosperity. Open revolt against all the existing powers burst out in the Island of Zealand, which rapidly spread over the country, and on the 15th of May, 1747, William Charles Henry Frison, was by the States General, declared Captain General and Admiral of the Union.

This revolution, so singular in itself, produced, in the name of a republic, a real monarchical government in Holland, under a prince newly elected, but without armies or finances, and whose best troops were prisoners in France. Some hopes were indulged that the revolution in Holland would lead to peace; but the real or supposed interests of England and Austria, and the very natural irritation of the Dutch, were adverse to any reasonable terms—the more, as the moderate tone of France was regarded with distrust—and the war continued.

It may not be irrelevant to remark, as singular, that the two most able generals in the service of France, at the epoch before us, were both foreigners—Maurice, Count Saxe, a German, son of Augustus I., Elector of Saxony, then a Marshal of France, and Waldemar, lineally descended from Frederic III., King of Denmark. The former closed his brilliant career by gaining, on the 2d July, the decisive battle of Lawfeldt, and the other procured his Marshal's staff on the 17th of September, 1747, by taking Berg-op-Zoom.

The otherwise insane expedition of Prince Charles Edward Stuart into Scotland, and the exhaustion of the parties, with the alternate reverses in the Netherlands and Italy, compelled recourse to negotiation. "*Peace within the walls of Maestricht*," said often Marshal Saxe, and who, to prove the soundness of his opinion, took that place in April, 1748, and on the 18th of October, of the same year, the definitive peace was signed at Aix-la-Chapelle, and terminated a war which threatened more and very different results from those it produced. The reestablishment of the Stadtholderate in the United Provinces of the Netherlands, was the only revolution of the epoch. The only belligerent nation engaged in the long struggle, who did not lose more than it gained, was Prussia. The only monarch who secured his object was Frederic. He alone saw his previous conquests not simply secured, but solemnly guaranteed.

"Whoever," says Paganel, "studies

carefully the clauses of the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, will see clearly that necessity dominated over the parties. Anxious to escape from present difficulties, the most important questions were passed over slightly, and on the whole, that it was rather a cessation of arms than a real peace. It was with one hand extinguishing a conflagration, and with the other collecting combustible materials to spread fire and ruin at a future day."

But from the same author, and from the united testimony of the writers of that age, it is evident that Europe never before enjoyed such times as passed from 1748 to 1755. Commerce flourished. The fine arts were cultivated and in honor. An active correspondence between nations was opened, far beyond all precedent. Real civilization began to be more distinctly comprehended on principle, and consequently enlarged in practice. Much that the intervening century has made realities were then launched as theories. The human mind was effectually roused. A true, and to more or less effect in time and place, a general revolution had commenced—a revolution to the success of which one man rose preëminent. The world is yet unaware of its debt of gratitude due to a royal name. Ever wakeful to the progress of a cause he distinctly understood, Frederic gave to it all the power of his rank and all the energies of his genius. From the days Solomon, here was the only instance of a monarch who dedicated every moment of his time, not demanded by the cares of government, to elegant and profound study, or in conversation and correspondence with the greatest living minds. We cannot pass over, however, the truly remarkable fact, that Frederick the Great was the only one, the head, true, but the head only, of an extraordinary family. The House of Brandenburg, at that time, stood intellectually at the head, not of Europe, but of the world. It was said most appropriately, that if Frederic was the Julius Cæsar, his brother Henry was the Hannibal, of the eighteenth century. In war, Frederic committed faults—Henry, calm and reserved, never. Their brother William, though amiable as a man, was in point of talent very inferior, and the youngest of the brothers, Ferdinand, still more so, to the King and Henry. But what was wanted by two of the brothers was most amply compensated by three of the sisters,—the Margravine of Bareith, Amelia, Abbess of the Protestant Nunnery of Quedlingburg, and more espe-

cially Louisa Ulrica, Queen of Sweden. Among the many noble qualities of Frederic the Great, none other exhibited the qualities of the man separate from the monarch in so attractive a light as his kindred affection for his sisters, and which was indeed repaid with interest. Of these sisters, the Queen of Sweden was the only one who was placed in a situation to imitate a brother she adored. Married to Adolphus Frederic, then the adopted Prince Royal of Sweden, 1745, and Queen in 1751. More than the consort of its king, Ulrica became the good genius of Sweden. Not her courtiers, but her rivals, friends and fellow-laborers, were such men as Linnaeus, Cronstadt, Clingenstierna, Wallerius, and others. Under the auspices of this admirable woman, were, in 1753, founded the Academy of *Belles-Lettres*, and the vast Library in the Castle of Drottningholm. A cabinet of natural history followed, collections of painting, and, in fine, everything which could enlighten, soften the manners, and secure prosperity and happiness to a people. Her memory is yet, and for ages to come must be, cherished in Sweden.

There was, however, at the middle of the eighteenth century, no court in Europe comparable to that of Prussia. Everything breathed a moral and intellectual grandeur. On the 12th of June, 1732, Frederic, then in his twenty-first year, was, by the imperious will of his father, married to his cousin Elizabeth Christina, of the Brunswick family, with whom, for reasons never clearly known, he never cohabited. The union, such as it was, endured through the whole residue of the life of Frederic, as the queen lived to the 13th November, 1797, surviving her husband eleven years and six months, and having reached the great age of eighty-three years. There was much in this royal union to awaken a high degree of interest. During the long reign of her husband, the real court was held by Elizabeth Christina. Her residence was at Berlin, and she never was invited, nor even visited Sans-Souci or Potsdam. At set days and hours she received ministers, generals, diplomatic characters, and other distinguished persons, among whom, when at Berlin, was the king, who per-

sonally treated his wife with marked respect, but there all their intimacy ended. On the part of the queen, an enthusiastic admirer of her husband, no complaint was uttered; on the contrary, no person, of any degree, dared mention aught favoring of censure of him in her presence. When engaged in war, no wife could feel more anxiety. Frederic, who knew and honored the feelings of his wife, by frequent and brief letters, gave her the first account of any memorable event in which he was concerned.

Resting on his laurels, but devoted to the real prosperity of his people, so far from dreading instruction, Frederic showed himself truly great in becoming the most firm supporter of national education. He expressed his conviction, and acted in such a manner as to prove his sincerity, that the most secure basis of government was in an enlightened public. Even in all the tumult, and reverses even, of war, the attention of Frederic was never entirely diverted from the paramount object of education. In a kingdom where tolerance sat on the throne, every religion possessed its own schools.

It was the opinion of Frederic that a king ought to have his heart in his head, and that sensibility ought to be subordinate to reason. In private life he was mild, agreeable, affectionate, and peculiarly susceptible of family attachment. Few indeed were the sisters, in any rank of life, who have received from a brother so steady and warm affection.

Such was the King of Prussia in the period of six years from the signing of the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle to the outbreak of the seven years' war. We may here introduce remarks which in some manner anticipate time, and apply to the entire reign of Frederic. In the whole period thus embraced, the only contemporary sovereigns in Europe who in any essential degree rivaled the King of Prussia in talent, were Charles Emanuel III., King of Sardinia, Prosper Lambertini, or Pope Benedict XIV., John Vincent Anthony Ganganelli, or Pope Clement XIV., the Empress Queen, Maria Theresa, and Catherine II., Empress of Russia.*

Gibbon, in his autobiography, expressly gives the opinion that, "*except the incomparable Frederic,*" the palm of

* Sophia Augusta Frederica, of Anhalt Zerbst, better known as Catharine II., Empress of Russia, was the daughter of Christian, Prince of Anhalt Zerbst, and Field-Marshal in the Prussian Army. She was on the 1st September, 1745, married to Charles Ulrich, Duke of Holstein, and, under the title of Peter III., Emperor of Russia. Catharine II. was reared and educated in Prussia. Human history offers no page more remarkable than the fortunes of this woman.

being the first of European monarchs was due to Charles Emanuel, King of Sardinia. If, however, we pay due attention to the position and relations of the Papacy, we must regard as a very singular trait in the character of that age, and of the powerful attractive qualities of Frederic II., the unbounded admiration of two succeeding Popes. Benedict XIV. was Pope from 1740 to 1758—Clement XIV., from 1769 to 1774. Though diverse in character, these two Pontiffs were esteemed by the whole Christian

world, and in no small degree more beloved by the Protestants than by Catholics. They were, in brief, above their age. With the exceptions named, the monarchs of Europe were, we might almost say, struck with imbecility, which presaged and demanded what really ensued near the close of the century—a disrupting revolution.

In our next number we shall follow the fortunes of Prussia and her King through the war of seven years.

TACITUS.

STANZAS.

We never more may meet, Mary—
Years have between us rolled,
And hearts that loved us dearly once,
In distant graves are cold;
And all the friends of youth, Mary,
The deeply tried and true,
Are scattered like the flowers that smiled
When childhood's feelings grew.

Our hearts were like the buds, Mary,
That simple Nature weaves,
And our feelings did together run
Like dew-drops on the leaves;
But our hearts have like the buds, Mary,
Been withered long ago,
And feelings like the stainless dew
We never more may know.

I know not if your heart, Mary,
Be altered in its truth;
Or if it still retains for me,
One feeling of your youth;
For distance can divide, Mary,
And time can waste away
The dearest things of love and hope,
That blossom in our way.

But fresh and green to me, Mary,
Are childhood's memories yet;
And I have wished a thousand times,
I only could forget:
But, still those shades, like spirit-bands,
Come stealing back to me,
And night and day, like fairy hours,
Keep whispering of thee.

We never more may meet, Mary—
I would not, if we might;
For time and change must make me now
A stranger in thy sight:
Far better dream we are the friends
We parted long ago—
With a shade upon thy heart that mocked
The light upon thy brow.

HAMOR.

POE'S TALES.*

WE fear that Mr. Poe's reputation as a critic, will not add to the success of his present publication. The cutting scorn with which he has commented on many authors, and the acrimony and contempt which have often accompanied his acuteness, must have provoked enmities of that kind, which are kept warm by being assiduously "nursed." It might be too much to expect praise from those, on whose brows he has been instrumental in fixing the brand of literary damnation; but still we think that even an enemy would be found to acknowledge, that the present volume is one of the most original and peculiar ever published in the United States, and eminently worthy of an extensive circulation, and a cordial recognition. It displays the most indisputable marks of intellectual power and keenness, and an individuality of mind and disposition, of peculiar intensity and unmistakeable traits. Few books have been published of late, which contain within themselves the elements of greater popularity. This popularity it will be sure to obtain, if it be not for the operation of a stupid prejudice which refuses to read, or a personal enmity, which refuses to admire.

These tales, though different in style and matter from the generality of such compositions, lack none of the interest of romantic narrations. Indeed, their peculiarity consists in developing new sources of interest. Addressed to the intellect, or the more recondite sympathies and emotions of our nature, they fix attention by the force and refinement of reasoning employed in elucidating some mystery which sets the curiosity of the reader on an edge, or in representing, with the utmost exactness, and in the sharpest outlines, the inward life of beings, under the control of perverse and morbid passions. As specimens of subtle dialectics, and the anatomy of the heart, they are no less valuable and interesting, than as tales. Their effect is to surprise the mind into activity, and to make it attend, with a curious delight, to the unraveling of abstruse points of evidence, through the exercise of the most piercing and patient analysis. This power is employed, not on any subject apart from the story, but to relieve the curiosity of the reader from the tangled mesh of mystery, in which it is caught

and confined. It likewise makes him aware of the practical value of such mental acuteness in the ascertainment of truth, where the materials for its discovery seem provokingly slight, or hopelessly confused.

The first story in this collection—a collection, we believe, that does not include more than one-sixth of what Mr. Poe has written—is "The Gold-Bug." Few could guess at the character of this tale from the title. It is exceedingly ingenious and interesting, and full of acute and vigorous thinking. The account of the intellectual process by which a cryptograph is decyphered strikes us as a most remarkable instance of subtle observation and analysis. This is one of the author's most characteristic tales, and well illustrates his manner and his mode of arresting and fixing the attention of the reader.

The "Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Mystery of Marie Roget," and the "Purloined Letter," are all illustrations of forcible analysis, applied to the disentangling of complicated and confused questions, relating to supposed events in actual life. The difference between acumen and cunning, calculation and analysis, are admirably illustrated in these tales. No one can read them without obtaining some metaphysical knowledge, as well as having his curiosity stimulated and his sympathies awakened. A lawyer might study them to advantage, and obtain important hints relative to the sifting of evidence. We extract the commencement of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," in order that the reader may learn, from Mr. Poe himself, his notion of the analytic power:

"The mental features discoursed of as the analytical, are, in themselves, but little susceptible of analysis. We appreciate them only in their effects. We know of them, among other things, that they are always to their possessor, when inordinately possessed, a source of the liveliest enjoyment. As the strong man exults in his physical ability, delighting in such exercises as call his muscles into action, so glories the analyst in that moral activity which *disentangles*. He derives pleasure from even the most trivial occupations bringing his talents into play. He is fond of enigmas, of conundrums, or hieroglyphics; exhibiting in his solutions of each a degree of *acumen* which appears to the ordinary apprehension

* Tales. By Edgar A. Poe. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

preternatural. His results, brought about by the very soul and essence of method, have, in truth, the whole air of intuition.

"The faculty of re-solution is possibly much invigorated by mathematical study, and especially by that highest branch of it, which, unjustly, and merely on account of its retrograde operations, has been called, as if *par excellence*, analysis. Yet to calculate is not in itself to analyse. A chess-player, for example, does the one without effort at the other. It follows that the game of chess, in its effects upon mental character, is greatly misunderstood. I am not now writing a treatise, but simply prefacing a somewhat peculiar narrative by observations very much at random; I will, therefore, take occasion to assert that the higher powers of the reflective intellect are more decidedly and more usually tasked by the unostentatious game of draughts, than by all the elaborate frivolity of chess. In this latter, where the pieces have different and *bizarre* motions, with various and variable values, what is only complex is mistaken (a not unusual error) for what is profound. The *attention* is here called powerfully into play. If it flag for an instant, an oversight is committed, resulting in injury or defeat. The possible moves being not only manifold but involute, the chances of such oversights are multiplied; and in nine cases out of ten it is the more concentrative rather than the more acute player who conquers. In draughts, on the contrary, where the moves are *unique*, and have but little variation, the probabilities of inadvertence are diminished, and the mere attention being left comparatively unemployed, what advantages are obtained by either party are obtained by superior *acumen*. To be less abstract—Let us suppose a game of draughts where the pieces are reduced to four kings, and where, of course, no oversight is to be expected. It is obvious that here the victory can be decided (the players being at all equal) only by some *recherché* movement, the result of some strong exertion of the intellect. Deprived of ordinary resources, the analyst throws himself into the spirit of his opponent, identifies himself therewith, and not unfrequently sees thus, at a glance, the sole methods (sometimes indeed absurdly simple ones) by which he may seduce into error, or hurry into miscalculation.

"Whist has long been noted for its influence upon what is termed the calculating power; and men of the highest order of intellect have been known to take an apparently unaccountable delight in it, while eschewing chess as frivolous. Beyond doubt, there is nothing of a similar nature so greatly tasking the faculty of analysis. The best chess-player in Christendom *may* be little more than the best player of chess; but proficiency in whist implies capacity for success in all those more important undertakings where mind struggles with mind.

When I say proficiency, I mean that perfection in the game which includes a comprehension of *all* the sources whence legitimate advantage may be derived. These are not only manifold but multiform, and lie frequently among recesses of thought altogether inaccessible to the ordinary understanding. To observe attentively is to remember distinctly; and, so far, the concentrative chess-player will do very well at whist; while the rules of Hoyle (themselves based upon the mere mechanism of the game) are sufficiently and generally comprehensible. Thus, to have a retentive memory, and to proceed by "the book," are points commonly regarded as the sum total of good playing. But it is in matters beyond the limits of mere rule that the skill of the analyst is evinced. He makes, in silence, a host of observations and inferences. So, perhaps, do his companions; and the difference in the extent of the information obtained, lies, not so much in the validity of the inference, as in the quality of the observation. The necessary knowledge is that of *what* to observe. Our player confines himself not at all; nor, because the game is the object, does he reject deductions from things external to the game. He examines the countenance of his partner, comparing it carefully with that of each of his opponents. He considers the mode of assorting the cards in each hand; often counting trump by trump, and honor by honor, through the glances bestowed by their holders upon each. He notes every variation of face as the play progresses, gathering a fund of thought from the differences in the expression of certainty, of surprise, of triumph, or of chagrin. From the manner of gathering up a trick he judges whether the person taking it can make another in the suit. He recognizes what is played through feint, by the air with which it is thrown upon the table. A casual or inadvertent word; the accidental dropping or turning of a card, with the accompanying anxiety or carelessness in regard to its concealment; the counting of the tricks, with the order of their arrangement; embarrassment, hesitation, eagerness or trepidation—all afford, to his apparently intuitive perception, indications of the true state of affairs. The first two or three rounds having been played, he is in full possession of the contents of each hand, and thenceforward puts down his cards with as absolute a precision of purpose as if the rest of the party had turned outward the faces of their own.

"The analytical power should not be confounded with simple ingenuity; for while the analyst is necessarily ingenious, the ingenious man is often remarkably incapable of analysis. The constructive or combining power, by which ingenuity is usually manifested, and to which the phrenologists (I believe erroneously) have assigned a separate organ, supposing it a

primitive faculty, has been so frequently seen in those whose intellect bordered otherwise upon idiocy, as to have attracted general observation among writers on morals. Between ingenuity and the analytic ability there exists a difference far greater, indeed, than that between the fancy and the imagination, but of a character very strictly analogous. It will be found, in fact, that the ingenious are always fanciful, and the *truly* imaginative never otherwise than analytic."

The last sentence in this extract, referring to the imaginative element in analysis, is forcibly illustrated in the "Purloined Letter." In the last tale, the whole cunning and ingenuity of the Parisian police are baffled by the seeming simplicity of their antagonist. He is a poet, and, in imagination, identifies his own intellect with that of his opponents, and consequently understands what will be the course they will pursue in ferreting out the place where the letter is concealed. They act upon the principle, that every man, who has anything to hide, will follow what would be their own practice, and therefore they search for their object in the most out-of-the-way holes and corners. The man of imagination, knowing this, puts the letter in a place, the very publicity of which blinds and leads astray his cunning opponents. This identification of the reasoner's mind with that of his adversary, so as to discover what course of action he would in all probability pursue in given circumstances, is, of course, an exercise of imagination, just as much as the delineation of an imaginary character. No force or acuteness of mere understanding, could do the office of the imagination in such a case. The thousand instances which arise daily in actual life, where such a power of analysis as Mr. Poe describes, might be of great practical utility, are too obvious to need comment.

"The Fall of the House of Usher," though characterized by intellectual qualities in no way dissimilar from those apparent in the tales to which we have just referred, is still one which has a more potent pictorial effect on the imagination, and touches with more subtlety the mysterious feelings of supernatural terror. In this story is a fine instance of probing a horror skillfully. It is wrought out with great elaboration, and displays much force of imagination in the representation of morbid character. Each picture, as it rose in the author's mind, we feel to have been seen with the utmost distinctness, and its relation to

the others carefully planned. The kind of shuddering sympathy with which we are compelled to follow the story, and the continuity of the impression which it makes on the mind, are the best evidences of the success of the author's design. "A Descent into the Maelström" is also conceived with great power, and developed, in its details, with almost painful exactness. The singular clearness with which the scene is held up to the imagination, and the skill with which the thoughts and emotions of the author and sufferer are transferred to the reader's mind, evince uncommon intensity of feeling and purpose. In both of these compositions, it would be difficult to convey a fair idea of their merit by extracts, as the different parts bear the most intimate relation to each other, and depend for their true effect upon being read consecutively,—still we cannot refrain from giving the conclusion of the "Fall of the House of Usher:"

"No sooner had these syllables passed my lips, than—as if a shield of brass had indeed, at the moment, fallen heavily upon a floor of silver—I became aware of a distinct, hollow, metallic, and clangorous, yet apparently muffled reverberation. Completely unnerved, I leaped to my feet; but the measured, rocking movement of Usher was undisturbed. I rushed to the chair in which he sat. His eyes were bent fixedly before him, and throughout his whole countenance there reigned a stony rigidity. But, as I placed my hand upon his shoulder, there came a strong shudder over his whole person; a sickly smile quivered about his lips; and I saw that he spoke in a low, hurried, and gibbering murmur, as if unconscious of my presence. Bending closely over him, I at length drank in the hideous import of his words.

"Not hear it?—yes, I hear it, and *have* heard it. Long—long—long—many minutes, many hours, many days, have I heard it—yet I dared not—oh, pity me, miserable wretch that I am!—I dared not—I *dared* not speak! *We have put her living in the tomb!* Said I not that my senses were acute! I *now* tell you that I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin. I heard them—many, many days ago—yet I dared not—I *dared not speak!* And now—to-night—Ethelred—ha! ha!—the breaking of the hermit's door, and the death-cry of the dragon, and the clangor of the shield!—say, rather, the rending of her coffin, and the grating of the iron hinges of her prison, and her struggles within the coppered archway of the vault! Oh whither shall I fly? Will she not be here anon? Is she not hurrying to upbraid me for my haste? Have I not heard her footstep on the stair? Do

I not distinguish that heavy and horrible beating of her heart? Madman!—here he sprang furiously to his feet, and shrieked out his syllables, as if in the effort he were giving up his soul—*“Madman! I tell you that she now stands without the door!”*

“As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance there had been found the potency of a spell—the huge antique panels to which the speaker pointed, threw slowly back, upon the instant, their ponderous and ebony jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust—but then without those doors there *did* stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the lady Madeline of Usher. There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold—then, with a low moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and in her violent and now final death-agonies, bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terrors he had anticipated.

“From that chamber, and from that mansion, I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued; for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon, which now shone vividly through that once barely-discernable fissure, of which I have before spoken as extending from the roof of the building, in a zigzag direction, to the base. While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened—there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind—the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight—my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder—there was a long tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters—and the deep and dank tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the ‘*House of Usher*.’”

“The Black Cat” is a story, exceedingly well told, illustrative of a theory, which the author has advanced in other writings, respecting perverseness, or the impulse to perform actions simply for the reason that they ought not to be performed. For this devilish spirit, Mr. Poe claims the honor of being “one of the primitive impulses of the human heart—one of the indivisible primary faculties, or sentiments, which give direction to the character of man.” The theory is ingeniously represented in the case of an imaginary character, and supported by a skillful use, or abuse, of certain facts of consciousness, revealed in morbid states of the mind. The story is not without power and interest, and is

doubtless a fair exhibition of the inward life of the criminal whose motives and actions are narrated; but it is not much to our taste. The perverseness, to which the author refers, seems to us to be rightly classed, not among the original impulses of human nature, but among the phenomena of insanity. In its lighter manifestations in human character, we think it would be possible to show that it is one of those secondary feelings, produced by the moral discord of the mind, and to be classed among the other frailties or sins of human nature. It is a moral disease, not a primitive impulse. The best illustration of it, perhaps, is Shelley’s “Cenci.”

In this review we have merely indicated some characteristics of these tales which strike us as eminently original, and as entitling them to more attention than is usually given to fictitious compositions bearing the same general name, but not belonging to the same class. We have not space to enter into any discussion respecting the justness of the author’s views on some debatable questions in ethics or metaphysics, or to point out occasional offenses against good taste in his mode of opposing antagonist opinions. In a volume like the present, bearing on every page evidence of marked individuality of thought and disposition, and interesting the reader as much by the peculiarity as the force of the mind which produced it, it would not argue critical skill, so much as critical impertinence, to subject it to tests which it was never intended to bear, and try it by laws which it openly contemns. In each of the tales the author has succeeded in the object he presented to himself. From his own point of view, it would puzzle criticism to detect blunders in thought, or mismanagement in the conduct of the story. The objections to the volume will vary according to the differences of taste among its readers. But whatever may be the opposition it may meet, from persons whose nature is essentially different from that of the author, it would be in vain to deny that it evinces a quickness of apprehension, an intensity of feeling, a vigor of imagination, a power of analysis, which are rarely seen in any compositions going under the name of “tales;” and that, contemptuously tossing aside the common materials on which writers of fiction generally depend for success, the writer has shown that a story may be all the more interesting by demanding for its full development the exercise of the strongest and most refined powers of the intellect.

HELICON IN HOT WEATHER.

YES! Yes!—a stone pitcher.—A large one, boy, about like yourself, with a small head and big belly. Fill it with ice to the brim, my chubby fellow, and turn in as much Croton as won't run over. Hurry now, Ariel, Mercury, Puck!—make haste!—and don't wait to be rung for.

O, Phœbus! Doubtless thou hast a delight in shining. It is thine honor—thy divinity. Thou art a God, and wouldst have thyself known; and, indeed, we are thy worshippers. We acknowledge thy presence, (faith, it would be difficult doing otherwise, these days!) and are accustomed to welcome thee

"When thou upcomest from thy Delian bed!"

But, oh! "Far-flinging" Apollo!—*just now*—moderate thy glory! Give us but the "tae half" at once! Remember, we are but mortal, and would not, like Semele, court the "present blaze" of deity to the extent of being quite burned up!—Ha! or is it more likely a visit of wrath than of love!—And what rash men (among the *Yankees*), like the wise old wanderer's silly comrades, have provoked him, eating up (instead of taking them to market!) his sacred oxen—"high-pathed Hyperion's?"

Νήπιος, οἱ κατὰβοῦς ὑπερίονος Ἡελίου
Ἡσθιον.

—What a glorious roll of vowels! There was never any language *but* the Greek!
* * * Where *is* that imp of slowness! If this old bell-cord were fastened to his ears!—Patience? The wide atmosphere is one vast sudorific, and that quality in us is *melting*—*melting*:—it never was *very* cool. And there is no benefit, as one would suppose, in thinking of shady and delectable places. We have tried that, and it "refuses to work." Of what use to lean back in our chair—shut eyes—and imagine ourself courting the gray surf and the sea-wind among the islands of Buzzard's Bay, or the coasts of Casco—yes, dream ourself alone—half-way from Rockaway to Montauk, where the central forests of Long Island—uninhabited as yet—stretch down to meet the ocean rolling in on the white beach from the shores of Africa? We start, and find

the sweat running from our nose upon our shirt bosom!—Heigh! he! oh-ah-aw ee-yah!!—what a yawner we have become!—But cooler thoughts are from inland. Right! We twist our head over the other chair-post, and locate ourselves in the hollows of the Meriden hills, where the century-ice (bless that boy, with his ice-pitcher,—Puck, with a vengeance!) never melts, or in the shadowy valleys of Berkshire. Nay! we bury us deep in the wilds of Maine—by Moosehead Lake,—glorious region! or Chesuncook, or the great bases of Mount Katahdin—ah! yes, or wander, would you believe it! *week by week*, through a primitive wilderness in our *owen* "Empire State"—from Horicon to the Saranac—and far north to the fountains of St. Regis—mountains, mountains, those old Mohegans! haunts of the bear and panther—small lakes, frequent and solitary, and lonely cool streams in the deep woods, abodes of the smooth-furred tribes—truly, a most savage and delightful country, within sixty leagues of the Great City, yet as wild and almost as unknown as it was three centuries ago.—Hillo! Apollo is rather hot on our left shoulder. Only ten of the morning, and he contrives to look fiercely in upon us, though we slanted our blinds for mid-day. A worthy feat, Chaser of Daphne, filching our good humor at this rate!—Well, we give it up. We have tried to consider ourselves *shady*—and with what effect! Imagination thoroughly failed us. * * *
* * * Neither is memory any better! Did we not suddenly, like a cloud a-fire, (but with no breath of wind to help us!)—hurry away from this Great Babel—this eternal extent of mortar and brick, brick, stone, and mortar, that is crushing one end of old Manhattan into the water—houses tumbling, houses building—care-worn crowds, sweltering and busy—streets, streets, streets—dust, roar, and caloric—did we not escape, plunging into the dark ravines of the Catskills—strange places, where the tinkling rivulets and springs have hid themselves for centuries, and the dew hangs all summer on the mossy rocks, and the sun does not find it!—yes, hasten off still farther, and make ourselves solitary in the wide

woods of Ontario, and swathe us in the windy spray and gray whirling mist of the Monarch of Cataracts? We remember this—ah! very well! What then? It does not cool us a jot! Here we are again—the old Babel around us—except something larger by *two weeks' absence*!—dust—business—a wilderness of brick—and the same “mighty hum”

“Paining the calm blue heaven,”

and, hotter than ever, the antique sun, “*aliasque et idem*,” incontinently visits us through the window, though we clap to the shutters in the red face of him!

But we must not quarrel with Apollo! We want his help—Not in the way of poetic fury for ourselves—Grace save us! no! We did versify once, at a wide rate, though mostly in *narrow* measure—and thought ourself an honor to Parnassus. Suddenly, we perceived that almost everybody was doing the same! We quit, of course, for the “Divine few” are now those who have no experience of the Moon and the Muses—and we plead guilty to being a *very little* exclusive. Were Flaccus alive, he would certainly point his scorn of the rabble—“*Odi profanum Vulgus, et arceo*”—at the legions of verse-mongers—taking care to turn his words into aristocratic prose! No more would he have written “*me gelidum nemus, etc.—secernunt populo*.” Everybody now wanders in “cool woods,” feels inspired, stands by “Niagara,” “worships,” thinks Nature was made for him and he for Nature, and takes occasion, very likely, to express his contempt for all who are not “poets born.”

However, we have need of Apollo's help. The efforts of these “sacred many” have accumulated on our table during the dog-days. We may want some inspiration to see where their beauties are. The pile is something large. *Fly-time* is a prolific season—“*flagrantis atroce hora caniculæ*.” We must be “sudden and rash,” or we shall never get through.

We “lay hands” on the topmost, with a benediction, as will appear.—“IMMORTALITY, and other Poems: By Alfred Wheeler.”—Immortality!—a lofty subject, certainly, but—

“O, Alfred Wheeler!—Phœbus! what a name
To fill the speaking trump of future fame!”

Not that it would be impossible for a

man with the name “Wheeler” to write a poem. Since Capt. Simms *thought* of sailing through the centre of the earth, entering by a hole at one Pole, and coming out at the other, nothing ought to seem impossible. Besides, “Alfred,” fortunate pronomen, is something heroic, and sounds well.

Mr. Wheeler's motto is a good one—at least very convenient. “Kind Reader, take your choice—to cry or laugh.” We accept the alternative. We might weep at the idea of a young man of *talent* “throwing himself away,” as business men feelingly express it of promising youth turning poets; but as we do not know that there is *any loss* in this case, we shall reserve our tears for some bright fellow of whom we may have heard—suffered by his friends to “appear in print.” Looking farther, we are afraid we ought to be more grave—nay, respectful. Mr. Wheeler appears to be poet-laureate to “THE NEW YORK SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.” Of this institution we have never heard. It is not old, indeed, but evidently hopeful; it has held *two* anniversaries, at both of which Mr. Wheeler was crowned, afterwards rhyming at the crowners. In the fullness of inspiration, Mr. W. scorns prose in his dedication to these “*Dii Minores*”:—“trusting that the *sunshine of prosperity, which has illumined your pathway, may ne'er be shadowed by a single cloud*, I have the honor to be—ALFRED WHEELER.” This we like. When one takes it upon him to be inspired, it is satisfactory to see him, as it were, *totally “possessed,”* like the Scripture maniac “among the tombs,” that kept “cutting himself with stones,” and was hard to chain!

Earthly “immortality,” the emptiness thereof, &c., is a theme particularly affected by weak-winged poetic aspirants. They have such a sense of the “end of all things!” The present, hundred and seventieth, descant is happily on few pages,—only nineteen,—and loosely printed. What it lacks, however, in sublime compass, it makes up in variety; being in the space of nine leaves exhibited under thirteen different measures, with two or three that are no measures at all. Like John Bunyan—first of tinkers!—Mr. Wheeler proceeds under the “similitude of a dream.” Also, for further effect, the dreamer is a “Pilgrim”—not a Palmer, “gray Palmer from Galilee's wave”—nor even an old man

—as he says, “no curved or bended form,” “no crooked staff”—but a youth “of twenty years,” who had strayed probably from his mother’s house as far as the woods. After spoiling the melody of a beautiful passage from Byron’s “Dream,” by misquoting it for a motto, our bard opens, of course, with blank verse. No especial farrago of rhyme ever begins but with blank verse—“exceeding blank.” Of this there are some twenty lines, broken in the middle by a felicitous freak of four short lines in rhyme—like a sparkling puddle with mud piled on each side. e. g.,

“It was the noon,
And birds, escaping from the fervid flood
Of heat that poured upon the shadeless
fields—

[No wonder—just the middle of August, no doubt! We have not seen a warbler to-day!]

Amid the cooling branches of the grove
Had nestled. Some with plumage bright
and gay,

Unequaled hues of *Heaven’s own work-
manship!* &c. &c.

While gentle zephyrs sweet
From hill and dale,
O’er grove and vale,
Their glad some music meet,
And rustling leaves

With music like *Æolian* harps, from tree
To tree, gave back the music,—” &c.

entirely in “flat” notes for some nine lines—breaking with sudden but extreme grace into bastard anapestic—a kind of mellifluous *hip-a-te-hop*:]

“*In short*, the scene was a joyous scene,
In this greenwood wild and free;
The winds at play on the leafy green
Amid Nature’s melody.”

The lilting warble of this “melody,” after five such *quatrcins*, ends in a long liquid “trickling mellowness”—as, e. g.

“Oh! tell me, mother, may not I, like them,
immortal be!”

an anxious inquiry, said to have been uttered by the “Pilgrim” when he was a “shaver,” on hearing his mother speak of great men. But—

“Friendless, now, and lone he stood, be-
neath the greenwood tree,
And mused upon his pilgrimage to Immor-
tality;”

till “weary with his fate,” he lay down and went to sleep! This position of things is connected with what follows by

four original lines, constructed altogether without the knowledge of the gods.

“And fancy now, with quick and magic
power
On the sleeper cast the thralldom of an hour;
And lo! the wild romance that preyed upon
his soul,
In dreams, still bowed his spirit to its own
control.”

The dream, in four parts, presents to the dreamer four phases of earthly “immortality,” in the persons of Belshazzar, Voltaire, Bonaparte, the Puritans and Washington. Belshazzar’s state is, of course, a model of emptiness:

“And the pilgrim dreamer murmured low,
If this be Immortality,
Father of mercy, hear my prayer, oh!
Let me not immortal be!”

a measure which may be called *Æol-
(y-e-ou-!)-ic*, *cat-a-trimeter*, *scat!-a-lect-
ic*, “lacking one foot”—that is, going on *three legs*—originally imitated, it is supposed, from the scampering of a midnight *catavauler* over the eaves-gutter. Voltaire, &c., follow, all in different measure—a few good lines—more, decent—most, miserable—till the dreamer wakes. What then? Any moral? No. Any deep impression abiding with the dreamer through life? No. It is simply said that he woke; was *properly* ambitious; grew old; grew melancholy; hardly knew what ailed him, neither did his wife—who “doubted of his love!”

“His pilgrimage was well nigh o’er,
And his soul from earth must soon be
free;
But oh! how much his spirit bore,
As the price of IMMORTALITY!” (!!)

How fully can the Poet enter into the Pilgrim’s sense of the emptiness of earthly aspiration!

The “Maniac Bride,” which comes next, is all equal to the opening:

“Oh! dark was the night and bleak the air,
And the stormy winds were free,
And alone on the heath was a lady fair,
A picture of misery!”

Almost everything is of like order. There are two prayers, in blank verse, more pious than powerful, and the rhymed pieces are constantly full of such passages—“most tolerable and not to be endured”—as

“May we meet them above, far, far through
skies,
Where beauty ne’er fades, and hope never
dies.”

There are occasional verses, in which he does not halt, and is not *entirely* common-place. We quote one or two, as good as any we find:

"TO A LADY ON HER NINETEENTH BIRTH-DAY.

"Another year has rolled its cycle round,
To swell the measure of the greedy past;
Its voice still echoes with a ceaseless sound—

Thus come the dreams of youth to fade
at last.

Thy bloom has faded not; thy hopes are bright;

Thy heart still beats as happy and as gay;
Thy spirit has not mourned the cheerless blight

Of hopes that smiled on thee—then
passed away.

* * * * *
And while the year steals on, my earnest prayer,

That God may bless thee, shall be fondly given;

And every birth-day, though it bring its care,

Shall tell that thou art so much nearer Heaven."

So the song, "Farewell," not very original, is sweet and flowing, and the "Hunter's Song" quite spirited; yet always, close by passages no better than these, are others irredeemably wretched. Whole pieces, besides, are palpable imitations. Here Tom Moore shines through—there, Burns; Brainard's beautiful "Epithalamium" is transferred to one place—to another, the whole measure and spirit of Willis's "Annoyer," one of the most exquisite things in the language.

Then Mr. Wheeler's "Satire"—but that will be entirely too hot without ice! True, "THE NEW YORK SOCIETY OF LITERATURE" heard it all, *at once*—they had to! But that was in the middle of January, with the thermometer at zero. Now, the mercury stands at—let me see—117°!! as we are sinners—that is, by *our* thermometer.—It has been dropped two or three times, to be sure, and may be the quicksilver became jolted a little too high to start correctly. We must rap it a trifle, some day, on the other end, and rectify it! But call it 111°—!!—Heavens! We must put some ice under the bulb!—that is, if we ever get it. Ho, boy! bring up that pitcher! "Ring-twingle"—we've pulled this old thing nine times already—"ting-ting-a-ling"—we can hear the

rusty tinkle four stories down, in the cellar; but *he*—"twing—TWING—tink-a-tink." It's of no use! Wing-heeled Mercury, with a murrain to him! He must be a joy to his mother, running on errands!

Well—"THE AGE; a Satire."

"Alas! kind friends, how poorly can my pen
Fulfil its part!"

Right! No one will dispute that! If they did, the continuation would prove it. The satirist skillfully introduces in the *beginning* (see 6th line) the word, "farewell." He then flies off at right angles, to tell the affecting story of "a maiden once," who, parting from her lover with a "farewell!" long afterwards, hearing of his death, died, saying only "farewell!"—an incident in itself, quite simple and touching, but having about as much place in a *Satire*, as a rose in a bed of red-peppers. However, Mr. W. would have spoiled it anywhere. But the transition is happy. Hurling scorn at those who will not cry at such affecting things, "because it is not in the fashion," the poet proceeds:

"And here of *fashion* let me say a word,
If 'tis not out of place, *nor yet absurd*. (!)
To speak of themes that number more than
one
Less sad than that with which I have begun.

It is a fact that's no less strange than true,
That men will be so weak, and women too,
As to descend from their high god-like station,

To be so monkey-like in *imitation*."

Enough! The rest is "like unto it." In the whole seven hundred lines of "The Age," there is not a gleam of humor, nor a line of poetry. Still, it may have satisfied the "NEW YORK SOCIETY OF LITERATURE"—and heaven forbid that we should find fault.

We have spent ten times more space and time on these productions, than they deserved. We have done this for a reason. Mr. Wheeler's efforts are but a small sample of that immense quantity of thorough common-place, and barren imitation, that is constantly put forth for poetry by the "rising generation." Probably, fifteen or twenty such volumes as the "Pilgrim's Dream, and other Poems," are issued among us every year—sinfully printed, like that, on the loveliest paper, and with a wasteful beauty of typography. They do not sell; they

do not live. They bring neither money nor fame. They simply daunt, weaken, break up, the youthful energy of their authors, by disappointment. Now, we wish to urge these young men, who have mostly the *aspiration* without the *afflatus*, to turn their attention to other fields of intellectual labor. They need not turn tradesmen because they have failed as poets—though many of them had better. But let them remember how few in the whole history of letters, in eight or nine cultivated nations, have triumphantly trodden the "Divine Heights." They have, many of them, perception, taste, talent. Let these qualities find other spheres. If any one really *feels the wings in him*, and *knows* he failed only from flying too early, he will wisely—*warr*. Mr. Wheeler we do not know. If we did, we could not have spoken otherwise. When we candidly assure him, that, in all he has published, there is not only no new thought, but not a single expression which has not been used before, what advice would he have? He may possibly take encouragement from the hint about "the wings!"—"*perge modo!*"

Oh! you've come, have you? "Dainty Ariel!"—"Why, that's my *fleet* spirit!" Did you *make* the ice,

"Running upon the sharp wind of the North?"

or did you *dig* for it

"i' the veins of the earth,
Where it is baked with frost?"

You would be the one to put "a girdle round the earth in forty minutes!" Well, set it down. Here, this way!—in the middle of the room: let it radiate coolness on every side!—and put a small piece in that thermometer! That will do. Now—take your thumb out of your mouth!—see, now, how much faster you can go away than you came! *****

Lips to the pitcher—would it were

"The old oaken bucket! the moss-covered bucket!"—

Yet how glorious this Croton!—coming from many miles away, among the cool hills! Forever honored be the skill, and energy, and far foresight of the Sons of Men! And shall not we, now, in this New World, place ourselves without disparagement by the side of the Pyramid Builders of the Nile? Yes! or those who led the long *aqua-ducts* of lasting marble under the earth for the "hook-nosed Ro-

mans?"—A stone pitcher, and cold water—ice-cold—"my Helicon, I ca' that!" What weather, indeed, for spiced potatoes!

"Heating our Trojan blood with Greekish wine!"—

—"Extremum hunc, Arethusa!"—"one draught, the last"—then, with renewed enthusiasm,

"Set forth the labors that adorn the age!"

"The Sale of a Distillery."—Blank verse,—good, we hope—but the steam from the subject is quite too much for this weather. Death seems to have been auctioneer; but whether the man that sold, or the purchaser, had the worst of the bargain, is not evident at once.

"The Pedler, and other Poems."—Another "Excursion!"—but from quite another country than high-cheeked Scotland. We can see him!—a long-sided, loose-jointed, double-fisted fellow, with a goose-bill nose, and gray eyes full of laughing intelligence!—He's the chap!—all his home-spun cut too short—wandering away from some New England homestead—bound for anywhere in general, but in particular for the auspicious South or easy-hearted West. And then his wagon and contents!

Tin,—tin,—tin,—

Above below, without, within,
Wherever you look you can't begin
To see anything your money to win,

But tin,—tin,—tin;
And yet he will squeeze
By hook or by crook
From out some nook

Whatever you please,

If so it will help him a bargain to pin—
And when he is paid, there's nothing more said,
But lumbering onward with clatter and din—

Tin!—tin!—tin!—

Let him go! The glitter of this sun on that culinary ware is too much for our eyes!

"The Lost Pleiad and other Poems."—Especially "*other Poems*"—Too many of them!—some seventy—fugitive! fugitive! However;—

"And though thy saintly form be hid
Beneath thy *screwed-down* coffin-lid,"—
that's not a bad couplet!—But we must lay all these aside till a *different* day.

"The Coming of the Mammoth, The Burial of Time, and *other Poems*."—"Other Poems" again!—as if saying

to the reader,—if you don't like the *body* of this polypus, perhaps you will fancy some of the *radii* better!—We only know as yet, about the *animal* part of the book. Of that we informed ourselves slightly the other morning. It seems, as Mr. Hirst tells us, the continent, formerly, was black with MAMMOTH—terrible fellows—so huge, that

“*Lake and river,*

A draught of theirs made *dry forever*”!!

The Indians prayed, and the Great Spirit slew his “favorite cattle” with thunder-balls and fire—all but one. A hardened old patriarch sinner—*he*! His hide was proof. He simply turned tail to the storm, with some bellowing—shook his horns at the thunder, and his heels at the lightning—bounded over the Mississippi—leaped on the top of the Rocky Mountains—and with *one jump* plunged into the Pacific Ocean!!—A sprightly old fellow! But, for our part, we believe it: our idea is, that the electricity which had got into him, by the time he reached the Mississippi, made him limber. But it would really be too warm work to follow the animal this noontime.

Poems by W. W. Lord—Beautifully printed! Let us open it at random. “St. Mary’s Gift,”—hum, one hasn’t forgot the “Eve of St. Agnes!”—“The Golden Isle”—

“A Peak that from the sea
Shoots upward like a spire—
The clouds far down around it lie”—

Abrupt—“*Buccaneer*”—ish!

“Higher, and higher, climbed the sun”—
Something like Coleridge, that!

—And then the measure—this
noontime, or *something*, is most sleep-
oppressive!—The meas—

• • • • •

—Ancient Mar—Golden Isle
—Lord—Coleridge—

• • • • •
genius—Buccan—Shelley

—Keats, too—Lord—

• • • • •
—fire!

—Faith! we must have slept? We must have done it! Thought we heard ourself talking in sleep—about—what was it!—some *mariner’s golden isle*, or something—and about old bards, that lived a great while ago!—Thought it grew hotter and hotter—the sun turned

red—the sky grew brazen—and how scorched were the fields and wide forests—*charred*, almost!—Remembered—ah, how it came into our mind!—the terrible language of Scripture: “And the heavens over thee shall be *brass*! and the earth *iron* under thy feet!”—Thought then—strange!—of those quaint lines:

“All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon
Just up above the mast did stand;
No bigger than the moon.”

But whether they were Mr. Lord’s, or Coleridge’s, we could not recollect!—Then, suddenly, the sun fell down, and—the world was a-fire!—Ah! what a time!

How is the mercury, I wonder?—
—Whew! Boiled—baked—stewed—fried—singd—roasted—toasted—and whatever like terms are significant of fire!—What’s the use of water?—We’ve drunk a pitcher-full!

“Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!”

—that is, if this “dew” would only be cool, then, like that which lies down in narrow glens, or on the under side of “low-browed rocks!”—What time can it be?—One hour “ayont the twal”—just the highest heat!—

“The bloody sun at noon
Just up above *our chamber* stands.”

Yes, and has it all to himself—as he has had for a month! No one disputes his “fierce sovereignty.” On every side—from the long sea-coasts to great Northern Lakes and “rivers of the west,” fields, cattle, men, are scorched brown. Only a deep stretch of forest, here and there,—impenetrable greenness!—holds its own. We begin to think that fond Phœbus has yielded again his reins and day-steeds to rash Phœton, and the youth—giddy with sudden power—has been whirled by the fiery coursers through unwonted regions of the North, and not very far above the earth.—What a time to talk about poetry! For it needs *some* inspiration to discuss it properly—a fact lost sight of by the great race of small critics! But now—your Helicon, of “margent green,” is a very steam-bath—the singing swans would scald their legs in Arethusa—and we doubt if the springs of Delphi have trickled down those mossy cliffs for a week.—And what a time must the Cyclops and swart Vul-

can have of it under Etna! Ah! even we are better off! Yet, if we had a *little* more breathing-fluid.

"O winds,
That in the impalpable deep caves of air—"

But we are quoting from Mr. Lord prematurely. True, what we say, must be said hastily. Still, steady approaches are befitting for a subject which was solemnly announced to the world by conclave—and has, indeed, announced itself in person—as a minister mediate between us and Nature.—It is proper to pause five minutes.—

The literary commissaries and sutlers of the public have an extraordinary aptitude for the extremes of blessing or cursing. They know no such thing as "a decent medium." Nor can the objects of their notice ever be permitted to steal along unobtrusively in the middle. Like the Spirits of Good and Evil, in the Indian legend, they alike overwhelm with their bestowments—whether of stones or fruit—such simple-minded ones, that try to keep somewhere between, at the bottom of the valley.

We have seldom seen an author more indiscriminately belabored or bepraised, than this new poet. Friends, before and after publication, piled up encomiums—"Pelion upon Ossa." Rival Critics, inspiring themselves with "Pythian rage," have let go opposing avalanches of heaped epithets upon his head. But that tremendous "I" which stood

"The two-fold centre and informing soul" to Niagara, [*Hymn to Niagara*, p. 38,] cannot, perhaps, be much in danger, from either material or verbal avalanches!—

Yet it is really unfortunate for Mr. Lord—as it is for any author, especially at his first appearance,—that he should have been so introduced by his well-wishers to the public. If he *were* a true modern prodigy, inheritor of Coleridge's mantle, worthy co-mate of Wordsworth—nay, the *greatest* since Milton—all which opinions were somewhat broadly intimated—it was not wise to say so. It only provoked excessive abuse *per contra*. And the public were far more likely, in the end, to give credence to the latter, since they are always certain to take revenge for over-praise. We fear they have done so; and an indifferent observer *may*, hereafter, (though we hope not,) in view of the failure of such

efforts to float Mr. Lord's convoy too triumphantly, call to mind the Epigram applied to the British Admiral, Howe, who was sent out with a large fleet and great expectations, but experienced a wretched dispersion:

"Lord Howe, he went out,
And—Lord! *how* he came in!"

We believe ourselves to be entirely unprejudiced in the matter. We do not know Mr. Lord. We have read all his poems carefully; most of them two or three times. We *know* we are not influenced by anything we have read on either side. If anything, we were inclined towards him from the previous commendations of some accomplished mutual friends respecting his general attainments. We shall speak sincerely, we hope justly.

The great and most unpleasant impression gathered from reading the poems—insulting the reader with their bareness and frequency—is that of imitation, *imitation*, constant similarity and borrowing, to call it by no harder name. On almost every page we are reminded of the spirit and tone—often of the very thought, cast, and language—of some favorite passage, in some great and favorite author, who happened to live before Mr. Lord. It must be impossible for *any one*, of poetical reading, not to see it. Thus, the first and longest piece, "Worship," is, very much of it, in some way, caught from admired masters. The more evident model of a large portion of it will appear (to *many* readers) in Coleridge's "Hymn in the Vale of Chamouny." The great objects of Nature are called upon to praise the Deity. Thus Mr. Lord:

"Break forth, ye Winds!
That in the impalpable deep caves of
air, &c.
Break forth ye fiercer harmonies, ye storms!
That in the cavernous and unquiet sea
Lie pent, &c.
All sounds, all harmonies break forth!
and be
To these, my thoughts and aspirations,
voice;—
Rise, rise, not bearing, but upborne by
them,—
Rise through the golden gates uplift and
wide!
In through the everlasting doors, and join
The multitude of multitudes, whose praise
With mighty burst, &c.
Ye Winds! ye Storms! all sounds and
harmonies,
O thither rise! be heard amidst the throng

Let them that dwell within the gates of
light,
And them that sit on thrones—let seraphs
hear;
Let laureled saints, and let all angels hear—
A human soul knows and adores its God!"

Mr. Coleridge thus:

"Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest!—Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart,
awake!

Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn
Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the
Vale!

O struggling with the darkness all the
night, &c.

—wake, O wake, and utter praise!

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely
glad!

Ye Ice-falls!—

Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!

Who made you glorious as the gates of
Heaven?—&c.

God! let the torrents, like a shout of na-
tions,

Answer, and let the ice-plains echo, God!

God! sing ye meadow-streams with glad-
some voice,

Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-
like sounds!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal
frost!

Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-
storm!

Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the
clouds!

Ye signs and wonders of the element!

Utter forth God, and fill the hills with
praise!

Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! &c.

—Rise, O ever rise,

Great Hierarch! and tell the silent sky,

And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
*Earth, with her thousand voices, praises
God."*

The similarity here is manifest enough. But both Mr. Lord and Mr. Coleridge are deeply indebted to Milton, an old bard of some note formerly. We are glad to find that Mr. Lord is familiar with him. Coleridge has been accused of plagiarizing from a German poet, both in the form of his Hymn and much of the language. If so, the German must have acquainted himself with that sublime Hymn which Milton puts into the mouth of Adam and Eve. It is the unquestionable prototype of the whole. It is surprising that Coleridge has not been referred before to that source: but *Paradise Lost* is too little read! The *cast* of Mr. Coleridge's is quite different, and the *tone* of it altogether his own. That great

man never failed to transfuse his own genius into what he borrowed. But Mr. Lord has modeled his Hymn directly upon Milton's; borrowing, however, a secondary character from Coleridge's peculiar *tone*. For complete evidence, and to show the infinite superiority of England's "Blind Mæonides" to all his imitators, we quote from Milton nearly in full:

"Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of
light,

Angels. * * * Ye in Heaven,
On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without
end.

Fairest of stars, last of the train of night,
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy
sphere.

Thou Sun, of this great world both eye
and soul,

Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his
praise.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now
fly'st,

With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that
flies,

And ye five other wandering Fires that
move

In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up
light.

Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth.

—Let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.

Ye Mists and Exhalations, that now rise
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with
gold,

In honor to the world's great author rise,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.

His praise, ye Winds, that from four quar-
ters blow,

Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops,
ye Pines,

With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,

Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his
praise.

Join voices all, ye living Souls; ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven gate ascend,

Bear on your wings and in your notes his
praise.

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,

Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,

Made vocal by my song, and taught his
praise."

Thus it is seen that Mr. Lord is not the first who has represented Nature as worshipping the Deity. Milton himself took a little from the old Greek Callimachus' "Hymn to Jove;" and a vast

deal more from that source of two-thirds of all modern poetry—the Old Testament. The remainder of the piece—several pages—is but an extension of this idea of Nature “worshipping,”—enumerating the various parts and modes assigned to different objects and elements. The only idea superadded, seems to be, that, “insentient Nature” is made for “our use only”—standing really, of herself,

“A shadow in the else unbroken light
Of God’s pure being”—

and that all her perpetual “sights and sounds,” are a kind of Catholic service, to be employed by us in adoring—

“In the earth and heavens clothed,
Stand up and worship!”

The idea is partly filtered out of Wordsworth, though Mr. Lord has more definitely set it forth. It is no decided honor to either of them. The uses of the objects and elements of Nature are in gradation to myriad different creatures; and though the universe of things together makes a very magnificent medium for men to worship the Highest through, and its great design, beyond any question, is for the THOUGHT that is in it, it would not, we imagine, be utterly useless or less fair, if the race of Men were swept from being, or had never been. The idea, however, was originally quite poetical and lofty. But Mr. Lord, by a knack peculiar to him, has contrived to spoil what he borrowed, by presenting the external universe—called Nature—as in itself, a “shadow,” a kind of blot before the face of Deity, only tolerated by Him for the sake of his creatures. Absurdest! As if for ages which no eyes have measured, every world,—coming suddenly, to the wonder of angels! forth from the darkness and abysses of chaos, glorious in beauty—were not thought into existence in the calm visions of the Infinite Intellect, to be forever afterwards a joy to the Soul of Deity. Mr. Lord seems, indeed, to have half entertained this idea, also. Some four pages afterwards, he finds himself saying,

“The flowerets are God’s thoughts—
Beautiful thoughts that, long before he gave
Their loveliness to bless thy thankless
sight,
Blossomed and shed their fragrance in his
soul.”

A beautiful conceit, and original perhaps, with him, as applied to flowers; but what

of the contradiction? Which does Mr. Lord consider the orthodox faith respecting Nature? But this kind of excellence is characteristic of the whole poem. It is the most confused “worship” we ever listened to. Like a priest overcome with the splendor of a new temple, he keeps repeating the service—constantly driving at some great conception which he succeeded in half developing before. We defy any one to tell at the end of the piece, what the bard really set out to say. This kind of confusion is increased by a pleasant complexity of style. The Poet, burdened with thought, has so much to say between two full stops! Twenty and thirty lines in a sentence, with seven kinds of pauses, (see especially the Odes,) are a trifle to his wants. But perhaps he thinks himself fortunate in this medium of translating himself. With him, as with Coleridge, the philosophical must have a fair chance with the poetical! This is to be, by making language difficult to get through with; and the bard-philosopher proceeds to the seige of a great thought, with as many circumambulations, and nearly as much noise, as the Levites with their rams’ horns about the city of Jericho.—By the way—and we are reminded of it by a passage in “Worship” about “harmony” building constantly the “frame of the heavens,”—an idea, however, as old as the Greek Fables—what very different effects different kinds of music are found to have! Amphion, with one sort of melody built up the walls of Thebes; the Israelites, with another sort threw the walls of Jericho down! Mr. Lord’s music is, at times, we think, of a nature to be effective rather in the latter kind of execution.

But the greatest confusion of all is created by the constant appearance of fragmented thoughts and expressions, which we half (often, indeed, wholly) remember to have seen before—gleaming in upon us, sometimes among things of original and striking beauty, sometimes by the side of such as, we are at once too well aware, could hardly belong to any body but himself. The pavement he has laid down—taking the whole collection of the volume—and which so much fuss has been made to have people admire, is a kind of Mosaic—quite peculiar and curious. An extensive traveler observes materials in it from all parts of the world. Here shines the marble of Penticus, or “Parian stone so fair”—there, dark fragments of polished pillar and cor-

nice, from the Tiber or the Arno. Somewhat rougher and sublimer, the ruined glory of Zion has been made to contribute—and, ruder yet, the massive and solemn masonry of the Runic North. Some broken granite and sandstone may be noticed, from old castles of the Rhine,—and *very many* pieces clipped from the mausoleums, and tombs, and low graves, of England—ah! not spared even where the moss had grown around their names! There are, too, with the rest, not a few pebbles belonging to curious countrymen of our own, *found smooth* by our lake or sea-shores; an occasional brick is seen, manufactured by Yankees, *at home*, and now and then a slice of soap-stone! We are afraid Mr. Lord cannot “worship” with great sincerity on all parts of this tessellated work. We should think it would be especially hard on this first rod of it—where he particularly stands and calls on us and Nature to hear him “worship.” As this charge of imitation—still more, of plagiarism—is one of the greatest that can be made against any author, most of all a poet, we shall further substantiate what we have said, by making a few notes through the volume. On p. 2d of “Worship,” is an imitation, *in form*, of one of the finest passages in the small remains of Brainard—a gentle man among us once, who was simple-hearted enough to die singing. Mr. Lord, after describing the sound of winds and waters through a number of quite beautiful lines, suddenly asks:—

“Yet what is all this deep, perpetual sound,—
These voices of the earth, and sea, and air,—
• • • • •

All these,—what are they?—in the boundless void,
An insect’s whisper in the ear of night,
A voice in that of Death,—in thine, O God,
A faint symphony,” &c.
Then what is one weak voice,” &c.

This whole effect of sudden question and answer is plainly caught, we think, from Brainard’s noble lines on Niagara:—

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we
That hear the question of that voice sublime?

Oh! what are all the notes that ever rung
From war’s vain trumpet, by thy thundering side?

Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In this short life to thy unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him,

Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far

Above its loftiest mountains? a light wave,
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker’s might.

Now this, for any charge of *imitation*, is no great matter, yet we dislike to be so immediately and inevitably reminded of so peculiar and beautiful a *form of expression*. Besides, it is more closely repeated in the “Magian Hymn.”

“—— Then what are we
Who worship thee in Sun, and Moon, and Stars,
And earthly fires unseen of eyes impure!
Motes in the gleam of all-creating Light?
Thin shadows, atoms,” &c.

As to the Hymnic part of “Worship,” it has been shown to be a most palpable copy of Coleridge and Milton. On the succeeding leaf to that we find:—

“Of all that tread the earth or wing the air,
Of every plant and flower, she offers up
Her daily and perpetual sacrifice:
The clod beneath our feet, the soil that clothes

Her discontinuous valleys ridg’d and pierced
With naked mountains, is the kneaded dust,
Relics and ashes of her offered dead.
The clouds above that overhang the Earth,
And ancient hills that seem created old,
And stand like altars vast, are but the smoke
That from the mighty holocaust ascends.”

Notice here the sudden and entire change of style. The flow of the verse, tone, *character*, even a part of the thought and expression, are from Bryant’s *Thanatopsis*. No one can mistake it. “Temple-haunting martlets,” p. 8th, is, we believe, from Shakspeare. At least, p. 13, we have—

“There is in nature nothing mean or base
But only as our baseness thinks it so—”

a simple transcript from Hamlet’s—

“For there is nothing either good or bad
But thinking makes it so.”

Such imitations in single lines are quite numerous. Mr. Lord was even bold enough to appropriate one of the most famous and wonderful lines in all Milton. The Blind Poet speaks somewhere—in *Paradise Lost*, we think—of music that

“Might almost
Create a soul under the ribs of Death.”

Mr. Lord (p. 148) has chosen to steal this twice within the space of nine lines. We have, first—

"My voice made deep and passionate wail,
That with its longings *almost might create*
The thing it sought."

Again we have a tone—

"So musically plaintive as *might wake*
Oblivious wonder in the ear of death."

The whole of "St. Mary's Gift," the longest poem in the book, is more than an imitation—it is a complete transfusion—of the spirit, tone, diction, and many of the particular images of Keat's "Eve of St. Agnes." There is no use of going over them together. Any one who has ever read that delicious Romaunt will recognize it at a glance. A single verse quoted would be sufficient, where, in both poems, the maidens are seen kneeling to the Virgin—the whole accompaniments being much the same, with much the same language—Mr. Lord simply turning the moon into the sun, about as wisely as the Ostrich thrusts its head into the sand and conceives itself hid. There is throughout, also, the same affectation of a quaint and delicate style—which, on Mr. Lord's part, could be nothing else than an imitation. Then, the principal incident in the tale is borrowed from "Romeo and Juliet." The girl, like Juliet, takes a sleeping potion, to make her look like one dead; like Juliet, she is laid in a vault; like Romeo, the lover finds her there, and thinks her dead; and like Juliet, again, the maiden wakes up in the tomb. However; perhaps there is only a (*printer's*) mistake in the title, and it should read "St. Mary's Theft;" the author having a desire to see, by the help of the saint, how dull-sighted the public really are.

Sagacity of a different kind is displayed in the "New Castalia."

"On the old and haunted mountain,
(There in dreams I dare to climb,)—
Where the clear Castalian fountain,—
(Silver fountain,)—ever tinkling,
All the green around it sprinkling,
Makes perpetual rhyme," &c.

"And within the pool lay drifting
Shapes and shadows ever shifting,
Ever shifting, ever lifting,
Like bats and vampires upon swift wing."

What is this meant for? A cunning device? We have found nobody could tell. It has been mysteriously whispered that this was intended as a parody or burlesque upon "The Raven!" and other quaint rhymings of the "new school." Why did not Mr. Lord—like the painter, who wrote over his picture of that animal,

"THIS IS A COW"—write "Parody?" There would have been no mistake then, and Mr. Poe and his friends, and the "new school," whatever that is, would have been relieved from an agonizing degree of uncertainty. The wit here is like Mr. Lord's "naked Soul," a most forlorn impalpability!

By the same sign that he has been *burlesquing* Mr. Poe and others, in "The New Castalia," we may know that he is also burlesquing "The Ancient Mariner," and Dana's "Buccaneer," in the ballad of "The Golden Isle"—which for nineteen pages is a perfect tissue of other poets' fancies, more or less distinctly gleaming among his own fantastic conceits. Especially does he try to imitate, as near as he can come to it, the *measure* of Coleridge's utterly inimitable and exquisite production. Neither do we know what to make of it, whether a dream or otherwise. A "Ballad Fantasia," he will have it called, as if that could cover up the sin of its being nonsense. There are several beautiful expressions, lines, verses, in the course of it, and some striking miniature pictures—a part of which are Mr. Lord's *own*; but as a whole, it is certainly a most preposterous farrago, ending in nothing, and with no meaning in the middle. We should care less, however, if the medley as it stands, were, only original.

Another unpleasant impression unavoidably following, to any reader, the perusal of these Poems, respects the egotism of their author. What is worse, he is not original even in *this* quality.

Whether great poets are privileged to be great egotists, in right of superior Genius, we shall not inquire. That it is not unnatural—certainly not unusual—is manifest enough. The strength of genius lies in the *force of being*, the intense *individuality*, of the man. But looking—*feeling*—always, through such a medium, Genius is affected, as it were, *in person*, by every thing around it, and as a natural consequence, places itself in intimate connection with the whole Universe. This makes the egotism of Genius:—but remember, it should be perfectly unconscious. Here, however, lies a difference between the eminent bards of a later day and that sublime race of egotists—the "elder gods." Milton, and Shakspeare, and glorious Chaucer, knew where they stood, and the dignity of their great office; but they scorned to let the world see that they were always thinking of it. Of the modern race, Shelley and Schiller, betray

the least consciousness of their exalted individuality among "worshippers." Byron's egotism was exceeding intellectual and selfish—a gigantic and gloomy shadow, of which we find it difficult to say, whether more of it was in heaven or on the earth. Coleridge and Wordsworth are lofty egotists, and of a far nobler stamp; but they constantly show that they know themselves to be the high-priests of Nature, and are forever blowing trumpets and making sublime gesticulations, that the people may be aware how grandly they can "perform the service." Now, it is from the last two that Mr. Lord borrows his exhibition;—though the materials for it may have existed in him originally! He, too, is a priest of Nature. He knows it—but the world must know it also! Accordingly he takes his stand—and he has really improved upon the manner of his masters. Thus, while Milton makes *Adam and Eve* call upon angels, the stars, and sun, wind, woods, and waters, to praise the Deity—while Coleridge, (speaking *himself*), calls on the torrents, the ice-falls, the eagles, the lightnings, and the "dread, sovereign Mount," to tell the sky and the sun, that

"Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God—"

Mr. Lord bids the "winds," and "storms," "seraphs," "laureled saints," and "all angels," to hear that,

"A human soul (Mr. Lord's) knows and adores its God."

Having got through with this, and something more, he asks his "Maker," in great surprise—imagining himself at that point to be "worshiping" in a church, "a dim, low-pillared aisle"—if it is possible, that *he*, Mr. Lord, is the one—

"Whose soul, making the winds its voice, Entered the storm and sung it in Thine ear, And bade the harping choir of heaven be mute!"—

"That I ——— am the same Who clad myself with Nature, and put on Her glory like a vestment, and with thought Illimitable pervaded all her frame, And in the earth and heavens clothed, stood up And worshiped!"

Another Poem has this beginning:

"Proclaim, *my soul*, where thou—though not unused (!)
To high communion (!) with the powers [of Nature]

—hast nearest been
To the Invisible!"

And *where* was this?—We know something of Niagara. We lived most of our early life within the roar of it; and we know every foot of its sublime gorge and ruined rocks, and of the wild shores above that wall in forever the mighty and eternal on-press of its fated waters! We do not object, therefore, to one's being powerfully affected by the Cataract. Still, the result of the interview between the Cataract and Mr. Lord might have been made known in a different way. Listen!

"Proclaim, *my soul*, proclaim it to the sky!
And tell the stars, and tell the hills, whose feet
Are in the depths of earth, their peaks in heaven,
And tell the Ocean's old familiar face,
Beheld by day and night, in calm and storm,—
That they, nor aught beside in earth or heaven,
Like thee, tremendous torrent, have so filled
Its (Mr. Lord's soul's) thought of beauty,
and so awed with might!"

Mr. Lord was, at first, entirely "confounded and overwhelmed;" but afterwards, as he says, he got the better of the Cataract, and "over all felt conscious mastery!" Nay, "retired within and self-withdrawn," he stood "the center and informing soul" of the whole affair—and converting the cataract's voice to his own use, he

"poured a hymn
'Of praise and gratulation,' like the noise,
Of banded angels when they shout to wake
Empyrean echoes."

Finally, anticipating the "end of all things," when the Cataract shall have no longer need to roar, or be green, and Mr. Lord is to be translated to a world where he expects to undergo some expansion, the latter utters a great wish:

"Oh, give me then,
Although of heaven's bright habiliments,
Haply then thine more gorgeous, disarrayed;
Give me thy sea-green robe, and these white mists,
These veiling glories painted by the sun;
Give me thy thunder!—and amongst the throng
Of loftiest Archangels let me move
Nearer the cloudy throne, and in His ear
Forever and forever utter praise."

There are different tastes in color. Most persons dislike green. Grass-green, pea-green, and bottle-green, are especially eschewed by the *beau monde*. But Mr. Lord probably thinks with the "Milkmaid,"

(See Webster's Spelling-Book,) that "green becomes his complexion best;" and sea-green is an uncommon shade of that color. Besides, there would be some variation by means of the "white mists"—so that Mr. Lord would, on the whole, be dressed to considerable effect, though rather uniquely, it may be, for that company. The only drawback, then, would be in the necessity for immense expansion to make Niagara's "sea-green robe" set otherwise on Mr. Lord than as a decided loose robe, a kind of Neptune's shirt. But a few cycles might remedy that, even if they had a smaller body to start with. So attired, Mr. Lord would, of course, desire to "utter praise" in a different manner from the rest of them. The "chauntings innumerable" of the multitude of seraphs and "glorified spirits" (of whom Scripture tells us) "voiceful and golden-lyred"—the accordant melody of whose choral strains, rising around the Throne, and swelling far away—in long billows—over the Immortal Plains, off into the void of Night, can charm the confused soul of Chaos to a brief uneasy quiet—this were not enough for *him* there, who already *on earth*, usurping the "winds" and "the storm" to worship with, had "bid the harping choir of HEAVEN be mute"! Very properly, therefore, does Mr. Lord exclaim, prospectively:—"Give me *thy Thunder*!" With equal propriety does he wish not to be with the common multitude of mere angels there, nor to stand at an humble distance—but

"Amongst the throng
Of loftiest ARCHANGELS———move
Nearer the cloudy throne."!!

In fact, if Niagara, in the person of Mr. Lord, is to act such a part in Heaven, probably even the Archangels would prefer giving him some space to himself—say, a quarter of a mile on each side—both to be able to hear their own voices, and to avoid being constantly wet.

To be serious—though we have been enough in earnest in all this—we beg Mr. Lord to believe that self-display is never under any form acceptable to the public. Even the sacred garb of poetry can seldom make it seem beautiful; and even Wordsworth is open to broad censure in this respect. We do not accuse Mr. L. of any "dark idolatry of self;" yet, though he may be aware that he *sees* and *feels* the beauty and grandeur of the universe, he should not too openly show to the world that he is so—remembering,

that this genius is *not* the querulous Power which lashes up a mist, that only shows some strength, and hides the sun; but rather the calm element in which a reflex of the universe is shown, and lies as unconscious of the pageantry of sky, and cloud, and cliff and tree, *given out to the gaze of others* from its face, as a still lake asleep among the mountains!

From minor faults the book is by no means free. Mr. Lord has either little knowledge of the laws of blank verse, or he is unpardonably careless. Such lines are constantly occurring, as:

"Of a thought as weak, an aspiration
Struggling up to thee on wings that beat
the air."

"Rise like the deep and quiet breathing
of the Earth."

"Of grace, magnificence and power."

"Not then were deemed unconscious in
each other's sight."

"That shamed the foam, the Naiad, or less
happy she."

"And I, so rapt, as I had been Apollo's
self."

All such were intended to be blank verse lines, and of course to be of ten syllables; but some are twelve, some nine, some eleven, some thirteen. Several very awkward grammatical mistakes also occur. There is much affectation of old words, withal. "Speare," on p. 99, besides being out of date, except with the Scotch, has no business there, for it means "ask," which makes nonsense of the line. So, too, he must borrow from Burns the word "*drumlie*," which Mr. Lord, nor any one else, ever saw in an English book. "Uncertain" he must write *incertain*, and fifty things of the same kind.

And now, shall we stop here? Successful, unhappily, in finding fault, shall we break off triumphantly—like many pleasant gentlemen of letters, who are able, when they choose, to find only "evil continually?" We trust our nature is otherwise. And first, let us quote a piece which would almost redeem the volume, if every line besides were borrowed or balderdash.

THE BROOK.

A little blind girl wandering,
While daylight pales beneath the moon,
And with a brook meandering,
To hear its gentle tune.

The little blind girl by the brook,
It told her something—you might guess,
To see her smile, to see her look
Of listening eagerness.

Though blind, a never silent guide
 Flowed with her timid feet along;
 And down she wandered by its side
 To hear the running song.

And sometimes it was soft and low,
 A creeping music in the ground;
 And then, if something checked its flow,
 A gurgling swell of sound.

And now, upon the other side,
 She seeks her mother's cot;
 And still the noise shall be her guide,
 And lead her to the spot.

For to the blind, so little free
 To move about beneath the sun,
 Small things like this seem liberty—
 Something from darkness won.

But soon she heard a meeting stream,
 And on the bank she followed still;
 It murmured on, nor could she tell
 It was another rill.

Ah! whither, whither my little maid?
 And wherefore dost thou wander here?
 I seek my mother's cot, she said,
 And surely it is near.

There is no cot upon this brook;
 In yonder mountains dark and drear,
 Where sinks the sun, its source it took,
 Ah, wherefore art thou here?

O! sir, thou art not true nor kind,
 It is the brook, I know its sound;
 Ah! why would you deceive the blind?
 I hear it in the ground.

And on she stepped, but grew more sad,
 And weary were her tender feet;
 The brook's small voice seemed not so glad,
 Its song was not so sweet.

Ah! whither, whither, my little maid?
 And wherefore dost thou wander here?
 I seek my mother's cot, she said,
 And surely it is near.

There is no cot upon this brook;
 I hear its sound, the maid replied,
 With dreamlike and bewildered look,
 I have not left its side.

O go with me, the darkness nears,
 The first pale stars begin to gleam;
 The maid replied with bursting tears,
 It is the stream! it is the stream!

What think you? Is that worth the
 moment's glance of your eye over it? Or,
 read so carelessly, even, will you ever
 forget it? To our mind it is faultless.
 The incident it embodies is inexpressibly
 touching; and the language, in which it

flows, perfectly simple, of a pathos that
 fills the eyes with tears, and musical as
 the brook that murmured along for the
 poor girl's "timid feet." It has haunted
 us since we first read it. We do not think
 it could be improved. It is besides, we
 conceive, in all respects, perfectly origi-
 nal—a pure creation of the poet's im-
 agination and heart—resembling, even
 remotely, nothing that we have ever
 seen. We take your hand upon it, Mr.
 Lord—nay, man, look us kindly in the
 eye—we sincerely think, that nothing
 superior to it, of the kind, has been
 written in the language for some years.

Other things, too, betoken in Mr.
 Lord the genuine capabilities and heart
 of a poet. Some lines to his sister are
 striking and noble—the last six ex-
 ceedingly. How simple are they—and
 how different from that bombastic, not to
 say impious, wish about personating
Niagara in Heaven!—

And shall we meet in heaven, and know
 and love?
 Do human feelings in that world above
 Unchanged survive? blest thought! but
 ah, I fear

That thou, dear sister, in some other sphere,
 Distant from mine, will find a brighter
 home,

Where I, unworthy found, may never
 come;—

Or be so high above me glorified,
 That I, a meaner angel, undescried,
 Seeking thine eyes, such love alone shall
 see,

As angels give to all, bestowed on me;
 And when thy voice upon my ear shall
 fall,

Hear only such reply as angels give to all.

Of a different kind, but exquisite beyond
 cavil, is the Sonnet, "Birds in Winter!"

BIRDS IN WINTER.

How still the air within this forest brown;
 So still, you hear the snow fall through
 the trees,

And on the yellow leaves beneath them
 strewn;

And thick it falls, unwavering by the breeze,
 As if the white clouds piecemeal should
 come down;

And mark these little birds that sit and
 freeze,

With half-closed eyes, and ruffled feathers,
 known

As them that fly not with the changing
 year.

O birds! had I your wings would I be here?
 And yet, why not? the winter has its
 flowers

Varied and wondrous—crystals, stalactites,
Nor undelightful these soft fleecy showers;
And why not birds?—whom love of these
invites
More than the summer with its green de-
lights.

"Calliope," p. 145, though the tone of it is, we think, not altogether his own, and there are some abominably long lines for blank verse, is beautiful, and to be remembered. The Ode that follows it, "To an American Statesman," (Henry Clay,) has bold and stirring passages. "The Sky," p. 41, finely expresses the dreaminess, the awe, the uncertainty that comes over one who lies down—in June it should be, or the early bright days of September—on some grassy place, under the clear canopy, and gazes up and up, into the blue depth that seems growing bluer and deeper as he strives to fathom it—till the earth seems to be floating away from under him, leaving him to the embrace of a boundless expansion which he has no power to compass or comprehend. Words, says the poem, cannot express it—nor any vast sound, as of the ocean or the wind—for—

"All sound hath measure, and each tone
Is linked in thought to things that die:
In the unfathomed depth alone
And power of silence doth it lie
To speak the sight, that to thine eye,
(To eye or thought before unknown,
Or known but as Divinity,)
Seems, as it spreads, vast, boundless,
one,—
The shadow of Infinity
Over the trembling finite thrown."

The "Magian Hymn" is fine; the "Hewbrew Hymn" is better, because more original. The description of the Creation is particularly noble—representing it as rising, when the Creator simply gazed down into the void:

"But when within the abyss,
With sudden light illuminated,
Thou, thine image to behold,
Into its quickened depths,
Looked down with brooding eye,
Earth with its mountains rose,
And seas, and streams,
And o'er them, like a cloud,
Rose the blue firmament;
And the sun burst forth
With wide and sudden blaze,
That made the dazzled night
Know its own darkness—and the stars
Rose glimmering in his skirts;
And nearer to the earth, the moon
Above the mountains' blue and skiey peaks
Rode pale and beautiful."

It is sadly marred, however, by the bad grammar of "looked" for the second person. So also in the 3d line of the Hymn, "nor dare not." Why will not Mr. Lord have respect to Murray and some other syntactical gentlemen, "dry but useful." We had as lief be

"Thumped upon the back,
By one who hails us 'Tom' or 'Jack,'" as to be knocked suddenly by a grammatical blunder. The "Ode to England" is, on the whole, a fine production; though we are often met with gleams of *resemblance*, that take away vastly from its credit. It is also very unequal. The passages referring to Chaucer and Spencer are good; those to Milton and Shakespeare, are entirely inadequate; as, indeed, it was more difficult to do them justice. Of Keats, he says:

"Oh, gold Hyperion, love-lorn Porphyro,
Ill fated! from thine orb'd fire struck
back,
Just as the parting clouds began to glow,
And stars, like sparks, to bicker in thy
track!
Alas! throw down, throw down, ye mighty
dead,
The leaves of oak and asphodel
That ye were weaving for that honored
head,—
In vain, in vain, your lips would seek a
spell
In the few charmed words the poet sung,
To lure him upward in your seats to
dwell,—
As vain your grief! Oh! why should one
so young
Sit crowned 'midst hoary heads with
wreaths divine?
Though to his lips Hymettus' bees had
clung,
His lips shall never taste the immortal
wine,
Who sought to drain the glowing cup too
soon,
For he hath perished, and the moon
Hath lost Endymion—but too well
The shaft that pierced him in her arms
was sped:—
Into that gulf of dark and nameless dread,
Star-like he fell, but a wide splendor
shed
Through its deep night, that kindled as
he fell."

We quote this both because it is exceedingly beautiful, and because we entirely disagree with him in the sentiment. Keats will live: the fragment of Hyperion is hardly second to anything since Milton.

We have copied enough to show that Mr. Lord is a poet, whatever his sins

may be. Even in those pieces which we have most severely condemned, as full of imitations from all sides, there are yet passages of great beauty, and equally original. Some of these we will quote without comment, for they need none.

Thus in "Worship":

— "Winds that in the sedge,
And grass, and ripening grain, while nature
sleeps,
Practice, in whispered music, soft and low,
Their sweet inventions."

"Long, harp-like shrillings, or soft gush
of sounds."

— "Ye winds!
That in the impalpable deep caves of air,
*Moving your silent plumes, in dreams of
flight,
Tumultuous lie.*"

"A sound so deep and loud, that at its might
The pillared heavens would fail, and all
their frame

Of ancient strength and grandeur sink at
once,

But for its soul of sweetness that supports,
And mightier harmony that builds them
still."

"That I who feel a *clinging awe* descend
From this dark roof, and dim, low-pillared
aisle,
And to my knees persuade me."

So, also, a passage in "Niagara" is the
most perfect description, in little, we have
seen of a view unequalled in the world:

"Thy *inland sea*, with its embosomed isles,
Far-stretching and commingling with the
sky,—

And nearer, its *swift lapse and whitening
speed,*

And the green slide of waters, that around
The abyss, and 'round the rising clouds,
Which heaven with rainbows painted as they
rose,
Stretched, sky-like, in a *broad and whelming
curve.*"

"The rocks around,
From whose *high-piled and adamantine fronts*
Ages have fallen like shadows, without power
To crumble or deface them."

And in "Saint Mary's Gift," when the
maiden wakes up to her lover from seem-
ing death:

"*And each unto the other was a dream;*
And so they gazed, without a stir or breath,
Until her head into the golden stream
Of her wide tresses —"

We have thus endeavored to do Mr.
Lord complete justice. We desire he
may continue to write: we consider him
capable of noble things; but we earnestly
beg of him to avoid all appearance of
imitation. It is the great American fault,
and it is time that, as individuals and as
a nation, we adopt, in intellectual and
social interests, some path of our own.
Any writer, at least, who is to *live*, must
take such a course. If Mr. Lord pro-
duces many things like "The Blind Girl
and the Brook," he will not long want a
reputation.

And now is our pen like that of the
sage, Cid Hamet Benengeli, disposed to
repose in some final paragraph. The sha-
dows of the tall houses and the red light,
streaming low over the Hudson, and up
the long streets, turning even the dusty
trees of the city to a golden foliage, be-
token the going down of the hot Day to
cool himself in the "Ocean stream." Our
throbbing pulses have grown calmer; we
invoke the silent descent of Evening, in
the exquisite words of Collins:

"Oh, Nymph reserved, while now the
bright-haired Sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed."

ERLEDEN.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Challenge of Barletta. By MESSINO
D'AZEGLIO. New York. PAINE &
BURGESS, 62 John-street.

THE proposed series of translations from
the Italian, entitled "The Medici Series,"
by C. Edwards Lester, U. S. Consul at
Genoa, is to consist of four works: "The
Challenge of Barletta, An Historical Ro-
mance of the Times of the Medici, by
D'Azeglio; The Florentine Histories, by
Machiavelli; The Citizen of a Republic,
by Ceba, a Genoese; The Autobiography
of Alfieri.

The Challenge of Barletta we have read
with very much more interest than we an-
ticipated. We admire a well-constructed
story, as we admire a symmetrical man.
The expression of proportion in either
case is a pleasant study. Now we have it
the articulation of elegance and grace, and
now the bolder outline of sinewy strength.
What we most imperatively demand in
both is a clear definition—a decided cha-
racter, one way or the other. This "The
Challenge" distinctly possesses. We do
not often, in these days of miscellaneous

production, happen upon a more vigorous and artistic story. The chief aim of the Romance—which is laid in the chivalrous and brilliant times of the Medici, and the great Spaniard, Gonzales—is to redeem the memory of Italian chivalry from the aspersions which French writers have suffered themselves to fling upon it. This object is well attained, through a great number of interesting scenes. Another very evident—a doubt has crossed our mind whether it is not, in reality the chief—purpose of the book, is, to leave the horror of an unutterable loathing and disgust associated in the reader's mind with the name of Cæsar Borgia; and it is most consummately effected. All the plot and personages of the tale are made to subserve this object, and a more elaborately hideous picture of ferocious and detestable villany than is here struck out in a few masterly touches, (for Borgia is kept much in the background,) has rarely been conceived. One lays aside the book with an oppression of loathing at the heart, which it would require much of the ingenuity of historical sophistry to alleviate. Such efforts have been made to relieve the memory of this infernal wretch from something of the infamy heaped upon it—but the indignantly earnest, yet skilful simplicity of this Italian carries with it a mountain of evidence against him. The catastrophe of the story is peculiarly noble—almost as much so as that of the “Bride of Lammermoor.” The manner, indeed, of young Fieramosca's death somewhat resembles the fate of the unfortunate and melancholy “Lord of Ravenswood.”

The translation is beautiful. Mr. Lester has executed his part of the work well—if we except a few inaccuracies of style, which a little more care would, and *should*, have obviated.

Of the value of the other works in the Series, it is unnecessary to speak. They

are exceedingly elegant writings, and have long been famous in Europe: two hundred years have made Machiavelli a classic. No translations of them have been circulated in this country, and Mr. Lester is doing us a service by his labors. We shall take occasion to speak of those hereafter.

—
THE FARMER AND EMIGRANT'S HAND BOOK. *Being a full and complete guide for the farmer and emigrant—comprising the clearing of forest and prairie land, gardening, farming generally, farriery, cookery, and the prevention and cure of diseases, &c. &c.* By JOSIAH T. MARSHALL. New York: APPLETON & Co.

This belongs to a class of books we are always glad to aid in circulating when they are well got up. In addition to the thousand hints and practical truths conveyed, which may be useful to the experienced Farmer himself, we perceive many things in this volume of great importance to those migratory legions annually pouring Westward from our Atlantic border. Hundreds leaving the desk—throwing aside the leather apron—the yard-stick—and sometimes even (O rara avis!) the dandy's switch—and manfully shouldering that potent instrument, the axe—are tramping sturdily away to the road-song of “Westward ho!” They go to hew out for themselves new homes in the deep forests, or in some wooded island of those flowery seas, the Prairies—where they may drink the breath of untainted winds—let their hearts freshen, and their limbs grow strong! God speed them on their noble march!—for they are leading all the train of social and civil virtues out into the wilderness, to adorn and beautify its desert places. This book will be very useful and suggestive to them. We could wish that some of our scientific men might be induced to undertake something more detailed and elaborate on the same basis as this work.

The following books have been received. The notices of them crowded out of this, will appear next month. From Harper & Brothers, “The Travels of Marco Polo,” “A Treatise on Domestic Economy,” “Praise and Principle,” &c. From Appleton & Co., “Reid's English Dictionary,” “Arnold's Lectures on History.” From Wiley & Putnam, “Lyell's Travels in America,” Prof. Wilson's “Essay on Burns,” and other fresh vols. of their popular series. From Ticknor & Co., Boston, “Confessions of an Opium Eater.” From Little & Brown, No. XIII of “American Biography,” From Wardwell & Co., Andover, “Selections from Bishop Hall's Writings.”